

An Iowa Boy
AROUND THE
WORLD
IN THE
NAVY

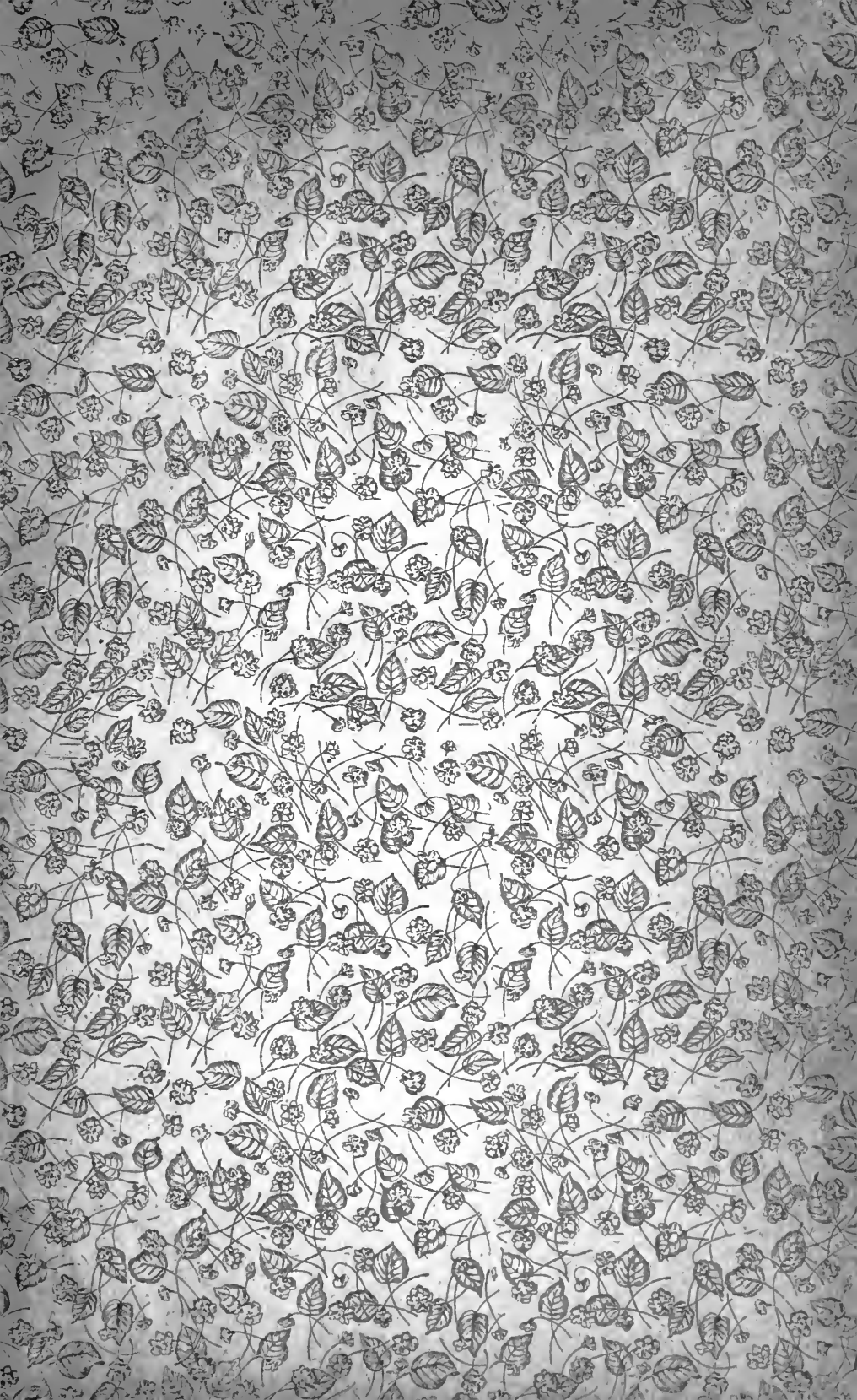


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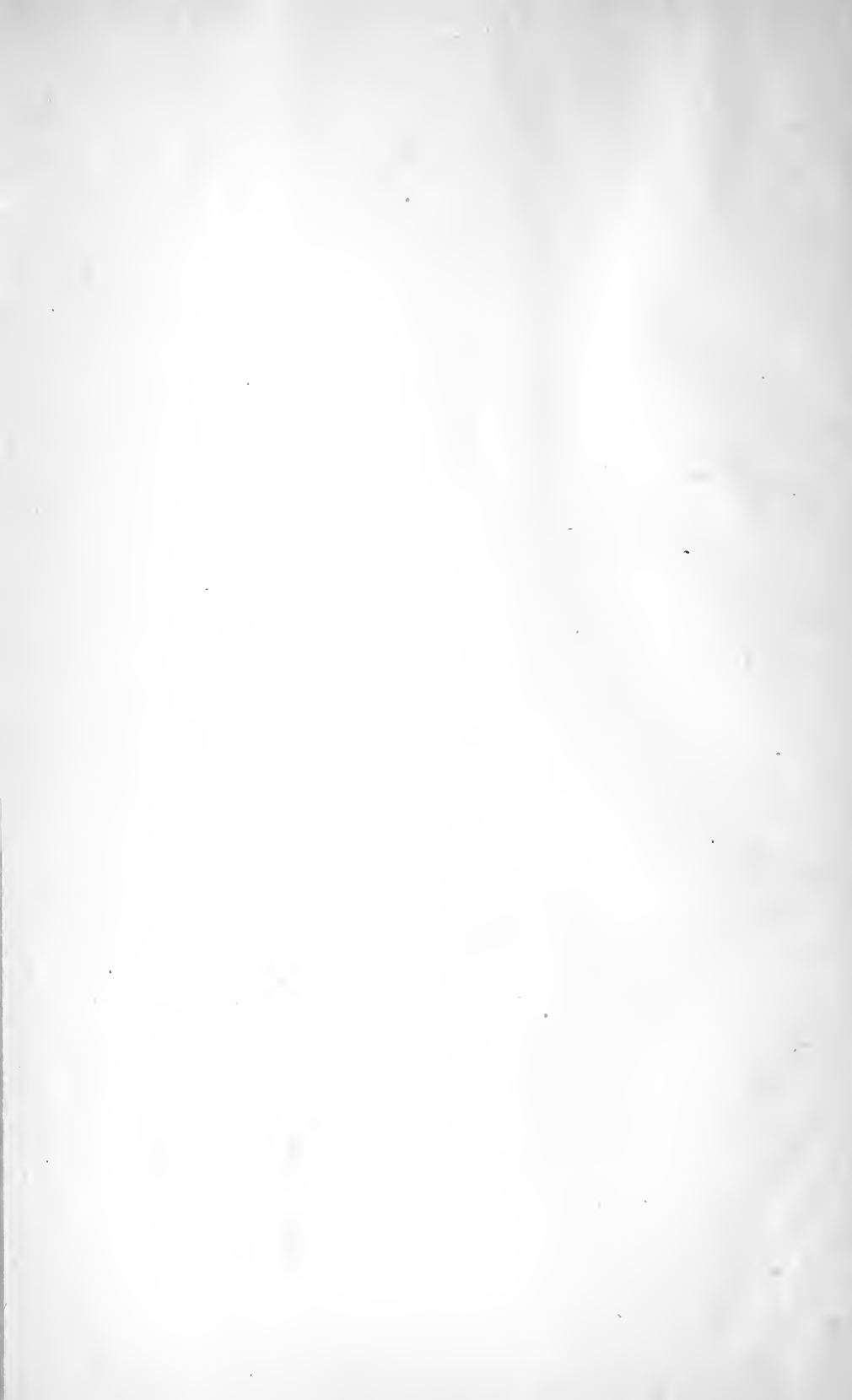
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JOHN W. SWIFT,
Chief Yeoman, U. S. Navy.

AN IOWA BOY AROUND THE WORLD IN THE NAVY.

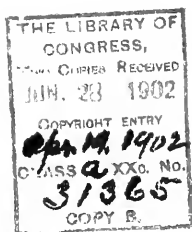
A TRUE STORY OF OUR NAVY

BY JNO. W. SWIFT,
BLOOMFIELD, IOWA.

1898-1902

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PREFACE.

IT IS, perhaps, a man's duty to write of such experiences as are related in this book, for the benefit of young men, who, knowing not what they want, want everything.

Those who may feel skeptical as to the truth of these writings are respectfully referred to the following newspaper article and letters:

The Davis County Republican, Bloomfield, Iowa, Thursday, January 16, 1902.

HAPPY REUNION AT OTTUMWA—JOHN W. SWIFT, A DAVIS COUNTY BOY, RETURNS AFTER SERVICE IN THE NAVY.

AS ANNOUNCED in these columns last week John W. Swift has returned home after three years' service in the United States navy. He was interviewed in Ottumwa by a Courier reporter after which the following appeared in Saturday's paper:

A happy family reunion took place in Ottumwa last night when J. D. Swift and family, a stock farmer whose home is near Bloomfield, met and exchanged greetings, for the first time in four years, with his son, John W. Swift, late chief yeoman on the United States cruiser Brooklyn and confidential stenographer to Admiral George C. Remey, commander of the Asiatic squadron. The son was married at Whitney's Point, N. Y., last week to Miss Edythe M. Allen, of that place, and they spent yesterday in Ottumwa, meeting his relatives in this city last evening. They are now at the Swift homestead in Davis county and will make their future home in or near Bloomfield.

Mr. Swift left Bloomfield about four years ago and joined the First Ohio Volunteer cavalry. This regiment did not get nearer to the seat of war than the camps in the southern states and this did not satisfy the Davis county volunteer; who had enlisted because he wanted to see service. After being discharged from the cavalry, Mr. Swift enlisted in the navy as a landsman, the lowest rating in the service. He requested to be sent to the Philippines and the request was granted.

The trip to the far east was made via the Suez canal route, and when Mr. Swift arrived in Asiatic waters he was assigned to the Bennington as captain's writer. About this time President Schurman of Cornell University, chairman of the peace commission, made a visit to the Philippines for the purpose of investigating conditions there. The Bennington was detailed to take President Schurman on his tour of the islands, and on this trip Mr.

Swift visited all the important Philippine ports and obtained a splendid insight into the affairs of the Filipinos.

During his service on the Bennington, Yeoman Swift was afforded some exciting experiences during engagements with the Filipinos. The Bennington was regularly used as a cruiser, with instructions to watch for contraband of war. Daily it hailed and stopped Filipino boats, some of which showed fight and some refused to stop. These were sunk. The Bennington also took part in the bombardment of San Jose on the island of Negros, and near Albay, on the island of Luzon, the cruiser conducted another successful bombardment in which a number of Filipinos were given a good understanding of the ability of the Americans to shoot accurately.

Just before the siege of Peking, Yeoman Swift, who had meanwhile been promoted in turn to the positions of third, second and first class yeoman, was made chief yeoman and transferred to the Brooklyn, Admiral Remey's flagship. He was on the ship off Taku, China, the naval base during these exciting times, from July 8 to October 11, 1900. Here messages from Minister Conger and others who were in the besieged capital city at the time were received, having been carried through the native lines by faithful Chinese who managed to make their way without being killed.

Six or seven copies of each message were entrusted to as many faithful Chinese and these heroic men would make a dash through the lines for the coast. One or two of each group would get through while their comrades would be killed in the attempt. The messages were received on board the vessels of the allied powers in the bay of Taku, the ones from the Americans going to the Brooklyn, where it was Yeoman Swift's duty to transcribe them into cipher and make them ready for the cable operators at Chefoo, where the China end of the trans-Pacific cable was located. This was the work which was done by the Davis county man during the months at Taku, in addition to other official and confidential work for Admiral Remey.

Mr. Swift wrote the order which sent the Vicksburg on her voyage in the Philippines to support Gen. Funston when that famous Kansan captured Aguinaldo, and the admiral's chief yeoman handled much other official business of importance and national moment. So satisfactory was his work that on leaving the service in November, 1901, at the expiration of his term of enlistment, Mr. Swift was given two letters, one from the chief in the clerical department, and one from Admiral Remey himself, commending the yeoman for his excellent, painstaking, faithful work. These documents are naturally valued very highly by Mr. Swift.

While on board the Brooklyn, Mr. Swift made the voyage to Melbourne, Australia, when the first Australian parliament was opened. Here the Brooklyn was the center of attraction, and it was estimated that during her stay in the Australian harbor she was visited by thousands of people who desired to inspect the ship which had helped to bring about Admiral Cervera's defeat in Santiago harbor.

Mr. Swift announces that he has quit the navy for good and all. He will go into business somewhere in Davis county and spend the rest of his life in the United States. He expects soon to write a book regarding his experiences and his views of the country's navy, something of which has been given in the preceding.

Office of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

*UNITED STATES NAVAL FORCE ON ASIATIC STATION
FLAGSHIP BROOKLYN.*

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, Nov. 15, 1901.

Jno. W. Swift, Chief Yeoman U. S. Navy, has served in this office under my immediate supervision and direction, for sixteen months, and leaves now only because his term of enlistment is about to expire.

As a stenographer and typewriter he has fully proved himself to be capable, careful, industrious and willing. The work in this office has required long hours, with little regard to Sundays and holidays, and the conditions of climate and shipboard life have been at times very trying. I have good reason to recommend Swift for zeal, interest and faithfulness in his work; and would be glad to have his services again.

(Signed) R. R. BELKNAP,
Lieutenant, U. S. Navy,
Aide to Commander-in-Chief.

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*Office of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF*

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*UNITED STATES NAVAL FORCE ON ASIATIC STATION  
FLAGSHIP BROOKLYN*

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YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, Nov. 15, 1901.

J. W. Swift, Chief Yeoman, U. S. Navy, has served as a stenographer and typewriter in my office for nearly eighteen months. I have no personal knowledge of the details of conducting the work of my office, but my aide in charge of it has repeatedly spoken in approving terms of the yeomen; and the papers prepared by them as they came before me testify to their competency. The work has been voluminous for the small force to handle it, and has had to be done with dispatch often under trying conditions. I consider myself fortunate to have had such capable men in my office as Swift has shown himself to be.

As he leaves the station now, going to the United States for discharge, upon the expiration soon of his enlistment, I wish him success in his future occupation.

(Sgd.) GEO. C. REMEV,  
Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy,  
Commander-in-Chief.





## . CHAPTER I.

GREAT BROADWAY, NEW YORK—MEN WANTED TO GO TO WAR—  
CHUM WANTED TO FIGHT—ENLISTED—ILL IN HOS-  
PITAL—PROMOTED—TWELVE THOUSAND MILES  
VOYAGE VIA SUEZ CANAL ROUTE TO THE  
ORIENT.

**I**N THE EVENING of December 1, 1898, the bitter cold northern wind whistled down great Broadway, hacking the faces of rich and poor alike as they flitted about the corners of the great buildings, intent, as New Yorkers always are, each on his own particular mission, but all familiarly akin in that mad turmoil of business.

The streets of the city were filled to overflowing with the multitude of jostling, tired and hurrying people; natives of every country on earth intermingled in one great seething mass of humanity, moving constantly onward in two streams—from the city to suburban homes, and from suburban factories down town to lodgings. There were men, women and children from every walk of life, scurrying onward, their faces set in all the varieties of expression peculiar to mankind. In sympathy with this endless double stream of humanity completing the scene of great Broadway, came the thundering rattle of traffic intermingled with the roaring commands to “move on” of those greatest of earth’s peacekeepers and life savers, the Broadway police.

How sad it is to tread great Broadway and read the separate story of each pedestrian in his or her face as we pass; to note the great majority of unhappiness. I was studying these people, and, as we often do, comparing the history seen in their faces with my own; and, as I thus witnessed the panoramic view of lives, it slowly dawned upon me that my lot was a fair one; that, after all, it was tolerably happy, almost without my knowing it.

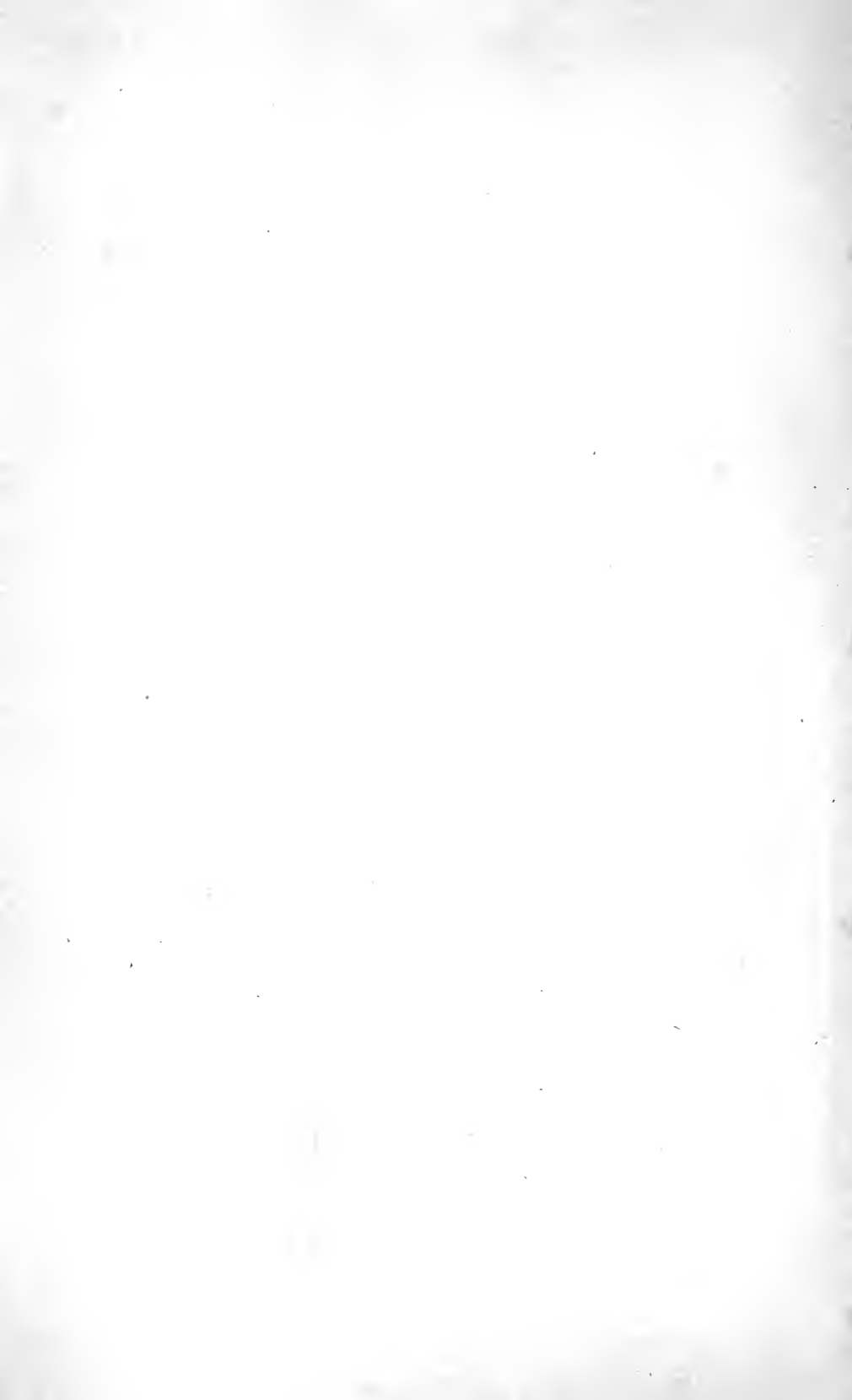
Chum inquired the reason of my protracted silence, remarking that life in New York made him dull, and wished that we might hit upon some plan for excitement. I reminded him that, as long as we had health and good positions, we should be satisfied with well enough, and censured him for his discontent.

As we turned off Twenty-second street in the direction of our lodgings we noticed a large placard reading, "Men Wanted to Fight." We stopped and read all about it. Uncle Sam wanted men in his navy to go to the Philippines and "lick" the natives. Chum immediately wanted to fight. I laughed at him, reminding him of our unsatisfactory experience during the war with Spain, fighting mosquitos in Chickamauga, Florida and Alabama camps, merely to earn the appellation of "tin soldier," but he would not listen; said he was looking for just such excitement, and if I would not go with him he would go alone, and I might go to the dickens. I told him I had no great desire to go to the dickens, wherever that might be, but thought possibly that was better than the Philippine Islands.

Now, Chum was a good fellow, but he had one very, very, bad habit—he wanted to "run things." This was all right in



“Enlisted.”



itself, and interesting, but for one fact—I had the same habit. Consequently his determination to fight the “wily Filipino” led to a heated discussion that evening when we reached home, with the usual result—I got the worst of it and had to give in a little, because he could talk louder. In brief, we decided that he should enlist in the navy and I should go my own way; but withal we continued friendly.

Promptly at nine o'clock the next morning we were at the recruiting office at the New York Navy Yard, on the old United States receiving ship *Vermont*. I can see now, in fancy, the entrance of two dudish looking young fellows on that old vessel which has taken so many boys from home, and can, now that I understand the customs of men of our navy, imagine with what amusement we were looked upon by these jolly boys of the sea. To an old sailor it is one of the funniest sights possible to witness the awkward embarrassment of a “rookie.” They appear to be unaware that anyone from the outside world is about to enter their realm, their faces remain calm and apparently disinterested, but all the while they are watching with the deepest cunning for “green remarks” or “blunders” of this “rook,” so that they may attach a nickname that will be characteristic and follow him to the end of his service. They are very friendly, however, and when once the “rook” gets into uniform, will assist him in every possible manner with regard to lashing his hammock, packing his clothes in the queer canvas bag used in the navy, and other duties necessary in the education of a man-of-war’s-man.



After standing in line for about two hours, waiting our turn in the recruiting office, we were finally admitted. The recruiting officer looked us over and remarked that there were "too darn many kids running away from good homes to see the world, and for us to get back to dad as fast as our legs could carry us." He said they did not generally enlist boys who wore good clothes and looked under age except with their parents' consent.

It was with no little trouble that we finally managed to make this gentleman understand that Chum really wanted to fight, and had the right to enlist in Uncle Sam's navy. However, it was finally settled, and, as he stooped over to sign his name for three years' service, pausing with uplifted pen, with all the honest affection of a thorough chum, he said: "Say, John, you are not going back on me now, are you? After all we've been through together for years?"

I hesitated, and thereby was lost. I, too, signed my name for three years' service, and we went below to the doctor for physical examination, each with the grandest feeling of proven affection that man can understand.

When a mere man so far forgets others as to imagine he is vastly superior because he wears good clothes, it would be a kindness like unto the love of God to send him to a recruiting doctor's office. There he will learn just how much of a man he really is; stripped to the skin, standing in a row of sturdy figures, all his fine raiment gone, the overwhelming fact appears that the poor, ragged, dirty, unkept, miserable tramp, that he felt the deepest heartache for a few moments ago, is,

in fact, a man beside whom his own poor, miserable, ill-shaped, shivering figure can make no possible comparison.

Though the latter description is most accurate of my personal physique, the doctor passed me into the navy, but of all the ridiculous pranks of circumstances here appeared the worst, Chum was found to have defective teeth and debarred from enlistment.

We said a few things that would look ill in print; the doctor said other things that would look worse in print; and, finally, between the doctor's desire to impress upon us the dignity of his office and our desire to have Chum enlisted, a few words were spoken that could not be printed at all. But, after much persuasion, he was finally admitted, defects being waived.

After nearly a day's attendance on various officials, we were finally able to walk on deck with a fine outfit of sailor "togs," and forty-five dollars in debt for them, with salaries of sixteen dollars per month with which to settle the account.

The next morning we were promenading the gun-deck, trying to imitate the old sailor walk and manner, so that we might not be considered "rookies" or green men, as the term "rookie" is the most galling title a "jackie" can have. At night amid strange surroundings, in a hammock swung between two beams, had given us ample opportunity to realize the magnitude of the step we had taken. To feel that you have given up all independence of action or speech is to look with the deepest regret upon the days of freedom, and to yearn with all the power

of daily increasing eagerness for the return of such independence.

Sailors in the navy are kept from the terrible state of insanity by constant employment of body and mind, regardless of the necessity or importance of the work performed, so that it was nothing extraordinary when a big brute of a Dutchman seized me by the arm, roared out a terrible oath, and asked "who the devil" I was; then before I could frame a reply to such an astounding approach, gave me a push and ordered me in no gentle manner to "take them 'spit-kits' out and clean them." Choking back wrath desperately, I contemplated first the "spit-kit," as he called it, and then the "spitter," and, though it was half a keg and six inches deep in tobacco mixed with other ingredients too numerous to mention, I concluded that of the two the "kit" was preferable, and accordingly stooped over to lift it, when some one sang out my name. I answered at once, of course, and was told to "lay below" to the "captain's office." I promptly left both the "kit" and the "spitter," and "layed."

Stepping over the threshold, I at once recognized instinctively the atmosphere of culture and refinement. Having read of the education and refinement of Annapolis graduates, and of the brutal coarseness of common sailors, I jumped to the conclusion that the captain's clerk must be an officer. However, we must all learn by experience, and it was not till many months later that I thoroughly learned that gentlemen are born, not made. Mr. Doyle had been just a common sailor for many years, and was then holding a warrant position of mate

in the navy, and had never seen Annapolis officially. With what patience, kindness, and encouragement that good man led me into the knowledge of the duties it was my lot to perform during the next three years! Carefully, gently, firmly, he guided the "rookie" until very soon that appellation of unhappiness ceased to be connected with me.

Dear old Chum was sent in two days to the cruiser *Chicago* for duty as berth-deck cook, while I remained temporarily in the office of the captain until, at the end of a month, the doctor pronounced me contagious with erysipelas of the face and ordered me to be transferred to the Brooklyn Navy Hospital. Among a great number of men disease runs rampant, and my case was nothing out of the general rule.

With all baggage I was at once ambulated to the pest-house, as the contagious ward is called; where I made the sixth patient. In accordance with the run of my luck during that period of life, the nurse, who had been detailed to take care of us, became quite ill, and it was necessary for me to volunteer to nurse myself and all the others. All clothing was sent to the fumigating room except what we wore, making it necessary to either wear soiled clothing or wash it and remain in bed until it was again ready to wear, as "Johnie Jones" is said to have made shift while his "Ma" mended his one pair of trousers. Two cases of measles, two of scarlet fever, the nurse with la grippe, a case of my own ailment and myself, made the position I occupied one of no little danger and responsibility.

To aggravate one's mental torment, under the situation, the dead house was just outside the window, where its ghastly occu-

pants could be seen ; the naval cemetery near by held daily receptions, and military death salutes reverberated with painful regularity through the air ; and last, coffins were stored in the garret, their carriage to and fro making one of the daily encouraging sights for the sick—encouraging, but not to recovery.

It was necessary, however, to get well if one wished to leave, therefore my recovery was quite rapid, and four weeks later found me back on the *Vermont* under orders to proceed in the United States steamer *Solace*, to Manila, to join Dewey's fleet, where I had requested to be detailed.

In the evening prior to my departure, Ohum came over from the *Chicago* to bid me good-bye, and the conversation between us will always remain clear to my mind. Through many trying situations that carried us, sometimes very near death's door, this capital fellow had proven himself true and it was with deepest sorrow and regret that we each bade farewell to a comrade dearer than men usually become, and could we have known at that time what later events have brought forth, our sorrow would have been ten-fold ; for we have never met again, and his trials and adventures if related in detail would be heart-rending. A noble man persecuted, it sometimes seems, by circumstances.

In the afternoon of February 1, 1899, the United States steamer *Solace*, laden with supplies of provisions, ammunition and a draft of 180 petty officers and seamen, steamed out of New York harbor on her long voyage to Uncle Sam's new possessions, the Philippine Islands.



Deep down in my heart, beyond the point of forgetfulness, lies the memory of that parting from my native land. Vividly as though it were but yesterday, the scene with all attendant partings and affections recurs to make me live again, in fancy, this sad leave taking.

Imagine a boy among strangers, in dress and surroundings unfamiliar, leaving home, friends, country, to take part in war, an unknown and an untried condition, with no kind relatives or friends to bid him a last farewell and wish him Godspeed, and you can guess, perhaps, my feelings on that eventful day. There is no certainty of returning from such a mission, and as I gazed upward at the great Brooklyn Bridge arched high over our heads on passing out of the anchorage, and looked, perhaps, for the last time upon the panoramic view presented before me, hot, rushing tears that would not be kept back came to relieve me. There were very few dry eyes on the ship.

One felt instinctively that some of his friends and relatives, perhaps the dearest ones of all, would not be there when he returned if he, through God's providence, should be spared. I will add that such has been the case, some are gone.

Joining the boys on deck I enjoyed some very pleasant scenery, and before long forgot pain for the time being in looking at the great forts, whose awe inspiring guns peeped down upon us from both sides of the harbor. Steaming down opposite Thompkinsville, the *Solace* dropped anchor for the night and to see that everything was in perfect order before trusting herself to the great treacherous Atlantic.

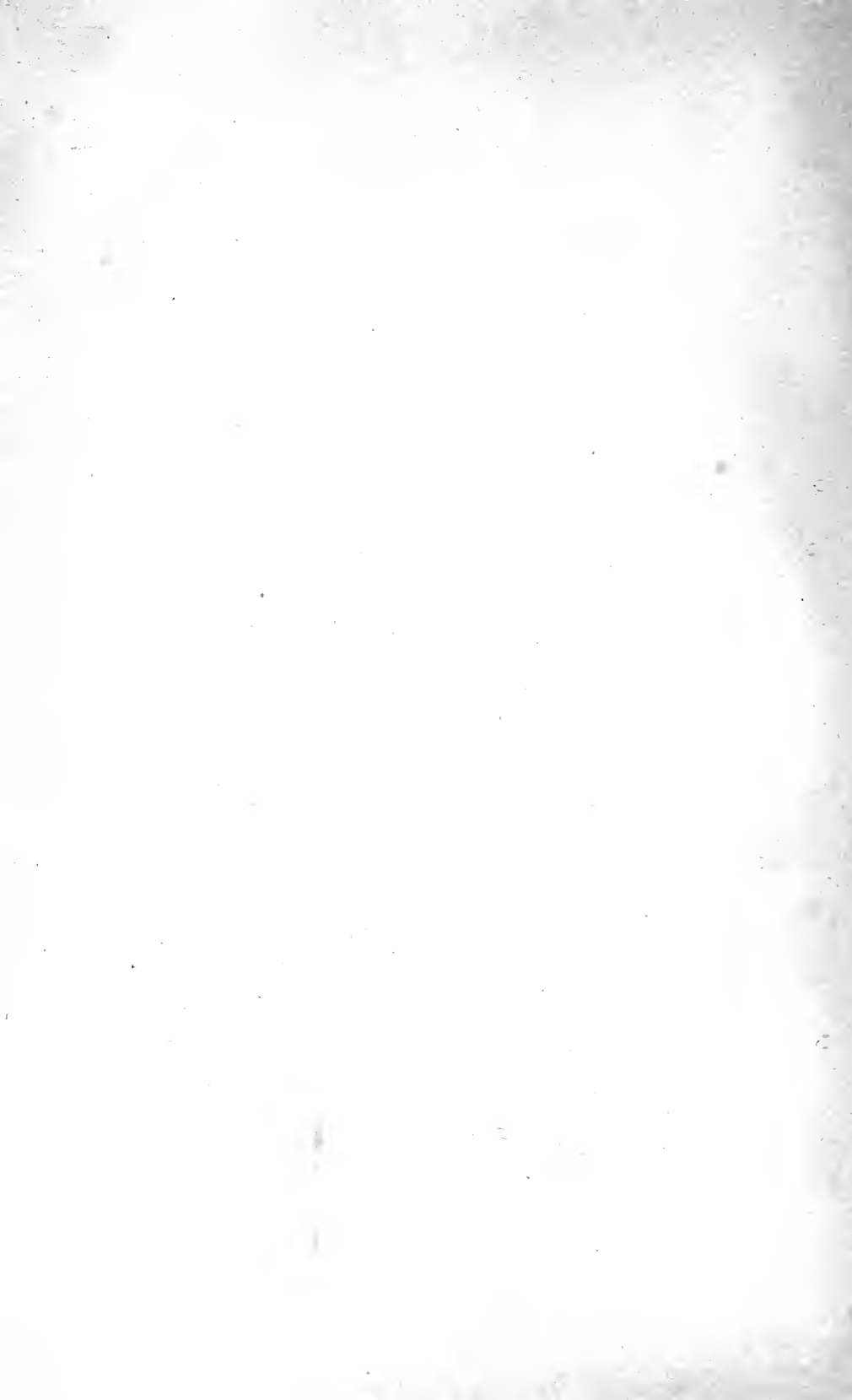
There was considerable fun going on that evening. All hands started in to make themselves comfortable for a forty day voyage, and not being acquainted with the rules of the ship many laughable occurrences took place. For instance, one young man approached the officer-of-the-deck and requested to be informed of the number and location of his room.

The look of disgust that came to that old sea officer was something comical. Calling his messenger, he ordered him to show the young man down to hook number two-thirty-four on the berth deck. The young man thanked him very graciously but asked the messenger as they went below, why the officer-of-the-deck had looked so queer when he asked him for a room. But when the messenger pointed out to him hook number two-thirty-four, and finally made him understand that his room consisted of two hooks on cross beams, a hammock and eighteen inches space in which to swing it, among a hundred other men, he understood. At least I think he did, by his language, and I believe he was actually homesick and wished for his trundle bed.

However, one soon becomes accustomed to the privation of ship board life and long before our voyage was ended we were thoroughly comfortable as to sleeping accommodations. Food was another question. We were ill-fed, and it occurred in this manner: The draft of about one hundred and eighty men was composed largely of rookies who had never been to sea. They did not know that to live well it is necessary to lay in sea stores, and with the navy ration then in use the cooks should be experienced. Unless handled by experienced cooks, the



Men of the American Navy: Part of the U. S. F. S. Brooklyn Crew.



navy ration then used would not make a man uncomfortably fat. Of course, the naval officials having had experience should look out for new men in such cases, but to the best of my knowledge, during that voyage, the paymaster simply served out the regular allowance and let the men look out for themselves. I can testify even now that I was hungry for the next forty-four days, until arrival at Manila where, on being transferred to regular cruising ships, we fared better. On the *Solace* fights occurred nearly every day, at meals, among men, and I credit their ill-humor principally to their lack of good wholesome food and plenty of it.

The next morning came clear, bright and majestic, with a sea smooth as glass. After the cold weather and disagreeable thoughts of the previous day, you may well believe that it was with much better spirits that we weighed anchor and started for the broad Atlantic.

To our rear the Goddess of Liberty, standing with upraised hand, seemed to bid us a pleasant voyage and safe return. Looking to the left I espied the Chicago World's Fair wonder, the "Ferris Wheel," standing high over Coney Island, and it recalled to my mind the greatness of the country I was leaving which was so well exhibited during that exposition. Then came the entrance to the harbor with strong fortifications on either side, standing silently by in all their greatness, whilst the representatives of all friendly nations pass through. On that morning we found the Atlantic as calm as the bay had been, and it remained so for several days.

It was the Navy Department's orders for the *Solace* to stand along the coast to Hampton Roads, where she arrived the next day. This place is quite pretty as seen from the sea. The greatest object of interest to me was the magnificent hotels on the beach. They are so arranged as to accommodate several thousand people, and are built in sections, which can be taken down and removed, it is said, without injury, in three hours, disclosing in their rear a long row of disappearing rapid fire guns. Just opposite the hotels across the bay on an island stands the old Fort Monroe, partly in ruins.

The most inspiring thought to me at that time was that I was on the exact spot where that great fight of the Civil War took place between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*.

Here the vessel was coaled, all hands assisting in that operation, and when I found myself passing baskets of coal in the hold of the ship, it was with a feeling of considerable disgust and a faint regret that I had undertaken the service.

Before leaving New York I was promoted from the lowest position, that of landsman, in which rating I enlisted, to yeoman, third class, a clerical position, and a third class petty officer. At Hampton Roads I was informed that third class petty officers must coal ship, but that those above that class were exempt, so I made up my mind at once that third class could not hold me long. There were eight of us promoted at the same time, all rookies. Of this number two of us, during the next three years, reached the position of chief yeoman, one yeoman second class, two died, two deserted, and the eighth was court-martialed and disgraced.

This is a fair per cent of good luck in the navy, I believe. There were no vacancies on the *Solace* for so many clerks, as she carried a regular ship's company, so we were not required to perform any duty after the first coaling at Hampton Roads until the completion of our voyage.

After a two days' stay in Hampton Roads, the *Solace* headed directly across the Atlantic for Gibraltar. Though quite chilly, the weather continued fair until the seventh day out, when a high wind arose which whipped, tossed and tumbled the mighty waves in a fashion that seem to try severely the powers of the *Solace*. She creaked and groaned while the tremendous waves pounded and slushed against her sides, or rolling at her stern lifted it entirely out of the water, sometimes lifting the great ship bodily on the crest of a wave, permitting her to slide down into the hollow of the sea bow on, until the decks were washed from bow to stern.

Many were ill, pots and kettles becoming loosened from their racks, clashed and clattered about the decks; hatches were battened down, and tables could not be set because of the terrible rolling and pitching. Several ridiculous mishaps occurred to give mirth to the occasion. One fellow succeeded, by holding on to the bag rail, in reaching the mess chest where his cook gave him a plate of "salt-horse," beans, a pickle and a tincup of coffee. With both hands full he attempted to cross the deck, during a lull in the motion of the ship, but a sudden lurch landed him fifteen feet away in the scupper, with the food and coffee on top of him. I took my plate and coffee and sat down on the deck at once, holding it safely

between my knees, when an unusually heavy roll simply slid me, victuals and all, nearly across the deck. Then as she rolled back the other way, I returned to my original position safe and sound, not even spilling a drop of coffee.

To aggravate those suffering from sea sickness, it is an old custom of sailors to tie a piece of fat pork on the end of a string and go about the decks proffering the use of it to various victims of the sea. The idea intended to suggest, I believe, is that it would be a pleasant pastime to have the meat pulled up and down one's throat.

A sailor of my acquaintance was very sea sick on this voyage, and in recounting his experience later remarked that at first he was afraid he was going to die, but later he was afraid he would not.

Several sharks followed us day by day, and a number of whales were seen spouting. Sea gulls from New York followed us three days out but finally reached the limit of their daring and returned. There is a specie of small gull that live in mid-ocean, which were constantly with us. I think they followed us the entire distance to Gibraltar.

After thirteen days without sight of land, the lookout in the "crow's nest" cried "land ho," and just as the golden sun was sinking below the horizon, we spied the great rock of Gibraltar. This is the greatest fortification in the world, is owned by the British and is the key to the European situation. Simply a gigantic rock pigeonholed with gun-ports from which protrude dozens of great guns that might defy the entire world with safety.



The *Solace* did not stop at Gibraltar, and it was my misfortune that she passed by that world-renown place at night. Though with all the lights it made a pretty picture, I should rather have seen it in daylight.

When morning came we looked upon the most magnificent body of water in all the world, the blue Mediterranean. Perfectly calm, like a great sheet of glass, the water lay dead as far as the eye could reach. Though in the month of February, the sun was shining warm and pleasantly upon the hills of Spain to our left, making the old wind mills, castles, cities and forests glisten and sparkle like precious gems, proving that beautiful country's right to the title of "Sunny Spain."

A couple of day's steaming brought us to Malta, off the coast of Italy, a beautiful little island lying rather low but sufficiently rolling to be picturesque. Valetta, the principal city, lies among cliffs on the northern side of the island and is owned by the English; who have heavily fortified it and make it a naval rendezvous. It is a very ancient looking city; houses all of stone, jammed in together, with streets from three feet to three yards in width. The natives are like Italians, but generally form the coolie class. It is a city bustling with commerce and a great fleet of ships of all nationalities and descriptions line the harbor. It is a place of beautiful canoes. All travel about the harbor in row-boats, and each individual endeavors to own a more elaborate one than his neighbor. Beggars were plentiful; cripples holding up a maimed limb, blind pointing to their disgustingly pitiful coun-

tenances, bum-boats, with fruit, merchandise and curios to sell, swarmed about the vessel in great numbers. Small native boys came off in boats in bathing dress, who, upon the tossing of a coin into the water would dive and catch it almost every time. Some of them passed entirely under the ship.

In Malta we found the weather quite warm and pleasant, and the naval uniform of the day was shifted from blue to white.

The land slopes from the beach to the center of the island, so when two or three miles at sea one can see the farms, vineyards, castles and all the country for many miles about as appears upon a picture or map. The old windmills turning upon the hilltops remind one of biblical scenes.

The condition of ordinary individuals in Malta shows the depths to which humanity may fall; in fact most foreign countries are spoiled by the same conditions—dense population and ravages of sin. An ordinary laboring man in America is rich when compared with these people.

From Malta to Port Said, Egypt, is only five or six days sail. Port Said is Egyptian all through; in describing it one would only repeat such descriptive matter as our Sunday school leaves have given. We see the primitive boats, ancient dress, almost the same as that worn by the Savior, and general mysterious ways for which Egyptians are noted. They seem in the question of manners and customs, not to have changed since the days of Christ.

Stopping at Port Said for a day we had some opportunity of observing them. Of particular interest to me was their

place and manner of worship. Quite near the vessel on the beach just outside the stone wall which surrounds the town, was a fountain and near it a flat stone standing upright about two feet wide and six feet in height, with another similar stone lying on the ground in front of it. While I watched, a number of natives came through the gate of the surrounding city wall, took off their shoes, bathed their hands and feet in the fountain, and then, stepping on the stone lying upon the ground, would "salam" (place their hands above their heads in the position of a diver and bend over several times) after which they would kneel, and placing their hands on the ground would repeat a long prayer, kissing the stone every ten or fifteen seconds. Some stayed but a few moments, others, who seemed to have a great crime for which to be forgiven, stayed even as long as half an hour, and one or two longer. I imagine they must have been very bad.

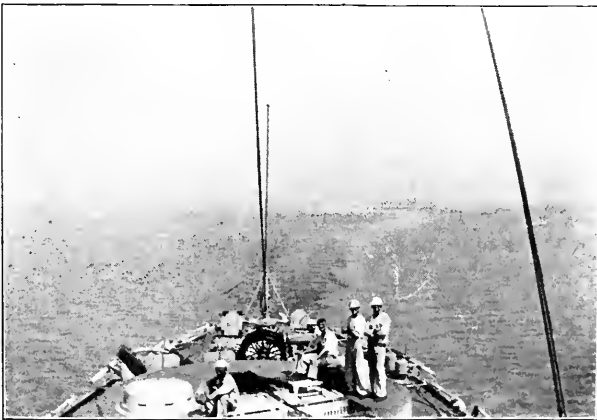
Only part of a day was necessary to secure our turn in passing through the Suez canal. Leaving in the afternoon, the *Solace* proceeded slowly (four miles per hour) down the canal. This is one of the greatest representations of the progress of man to my mind. For ninety-four miles they have dug through the sand of the desert a channel three hundred feet wide and about twenty-five feet deep, so that a large vessel may steam through in safety, and at several places it is broadened so that vessels may pass. The passage for the *Solace* cost about five thousand dollars. As she had no searchlight available, it was necessary for her to tie up at night. On both sides as far as the eye can reach there is nothing to be

seen but sand, so fine that it constantly drifts like snow. I can readily understand the stories of caravans buried in the sand during those dreadful storms. It is a case of constant fighting with dredges to keep the sand from filling the canal. About every five miles the entire length of the Suez canal is a station, and surely they are veritable Edens; cocoanuts, bananas, figs, oranges, etc., growing in abundance over a space of about five acres. How they manage to obtain this luxuriant vegetation I do not know, for with these exceptions I saw no other verdure along the canal. Several camel trains were seen moving snakelike in the distance toward the great Sahara desert. Also, an occasional Turk, fierce, wild and hungry looking, presumably of the class which are renowned for their terrible treatment of overpowered caravans.

Following along like an old comrade on the banks of the Suez is a little narrow gauge railway, several tiny trains passing us during the passage.

The *Solace* made successfully the canal passage through the Bitter Lakes and into the Red Sea at the city of Suez.

The country about the sea looks much the same as along the canal, except that high barren mountains of solid rock and sand skirt its shores. One sees many rocks and hills that are pyramidal in shape, but I have no explanation to offer. In passing through this sea of biblical fame, I could not help but feel a certain amount of awe and interest, but there was little to see except rocks and sand aside from two or three cities in the dim distance.



View on Flagship Brooklyn, Manila, 1901.



After the Red Sea came the Indian Ocean with nothing of particular interest until arrival at Colombo, Ceylon, off the coast of India. This is the garden spot of all, owned by the English. Its products are precious stones, spices, tea, coffee, tropical fruit, chocolate, cocoa, fine woods, mahogany, etc. It is the country-seat of Mr. Lipton, the great tea man and yacht racer. Most popular of all men there was the great writer Rudyard Kipling. The native papers were full of his affairs. This seemed to be the greatest place for "fakirs" of all; sharp, quick, subtle, but if to their interest as dull and ignorant in appearance as the occasion demanded.

The *Solace* took on nine hundred tons of coal here in about six hours. An interesting feature at Colombo is the pearl diving. We saw divers two or three miles out in the bay in small boats, diving for the beauties of the deep. A native told me he could stay under water two minutes without a diving apparatus. I saw them dive completely under the *Solace*. A great many fine rugs, gems and fine wood-work may be bought here.

After coaling the *Solace* proceeded on her voyage through the straits of Malacca, sighted Singapore, but we saw nothing of particular interest until March twenty-second, forty-four days out from Hampton Roads, when we steamed into the Bay of Manila and, anchoring alongside the Flagship *Olympia*, fired a salute to the flag of Admiral George Dewey.

## CHAPTER II.

MANILA—BATTLE OF MANILA BAY—WAR—DAILY ROUTINE OF A  
WAR SHIP—DEWEY IN MANILA BAY SURROUNDED BY  
THE CHARRED, SUNKEN WRECKS OF THE  
SHIPS OF THE NATION'S FOE.

**A**FTER THE long sea voyage, with all its attendant discomforts and monotony, it was with a feeling of considerable relief and pleasure that we looked upon the magnificent scenery about Manila Bay. Steaming through the entrance, past Corregidor, where the luxuriant vegetation covering the mountain sides sent off the sweetest perfume of flowers and made one almost believe he was dreaming of Paradise, the *Solace* headed straight for Manila, the city of so much interest to Americans at that time, which lay low upon the water at the foot of the mountain range skirting the bay.

To the right across the bay lies the city of Cavite, the early home of Aguinaldo, where the old Spanish naval rendezvous was situated, and where the United States Navy now makes its headquarters.

The *Olympia*, flagship of Admiral Dewey, was anchored just outside the breakwater off Manila. England, Germany, Holland and Japan were represented by men-of-war, and several of Admiral Dewey's famous fleet were grouped about their chief. Merchantmen from all parts of the world were anchored by themselves to the left of the man-of-war anchorage.



The great tropical sun stood high in the heavens, bringing out vividly the coloring of the Philippine metropolis. The first points to attract one's notice were the great dome of the Manila observatory, famous throughout the world for the work of the old Catholic priest in charge, the old walled city on the right bank of the Pasig river, with its great palace, church towers and other large public buildings. To the right of the walled city, or Old Manila, stretches far to the southward a line of low waving palms, which line the famous beach drive Santa Lucia, which broadens further on into the Luneta, where during Spanish reign, the people were accustomed to congregate in the mornings to witness the execution of Filipinos, and later, in the twilight, to hear the band play and vie with each other in the style and magnificence of their dress and equipage. Beautiful Spanish and Filipino belles are to be seen there, tastefully decked in cool, white, gauzy, low necked gowns, bare headed and elaborately coiffured. Later, when I visited the Luneta, fine bands from the army furnished entertainment for thousands of people. Many Americans, principally army and navy officers, mingled with the throng.

To the left of the Pasig river lies the new city of Manila, called Binondo, which city is more popular among the Americans than the old walled city. It is cleaner, more modern, has a purer atmosphere, and many pretty little parks and drives for recreation. While the walled city is our governmental headquarters in Manila, the new city is of most commercial importance, the principal street, the Escolta, being overburdened with traffic and business. The business has lately be-

come so heavy in this street that wagons, drays and other freight vehicles are prohibited from its use. Saloons were also made to move back on less important thoroughfares, to make room for more worthy houses of business.

One of the first things to attract my attention was the great need of improvement in the harbor everything appearing to have been long on the decline; but recently, I understand, \$5,000,000 has been appropriated for this work, which has already been undertaken.

It is well, perhaps, to give here a brief outline of the circumstances attendant upon the occupation of Manila Bay by the Americans, and a short description of the Battle of Manila Bay. Believing it would seem more realistic, I have availed myself of copies of the *Bounding Billow*, a newspaper printed on board the *Olympia*, flagship of Admiral Dewey, the following article being written by a participant in the battle:

"The United States fleet, consisting of the *Olympia*, *Boston*, *Raleigh*, *Baltimore*, *Concord*, *Petrel*, *McCulloch* (dispatch boat), and the transports *Nanshan* and *Zafiro* (merchant steamers carrying coal for the fleet) left Mirs Ray, China, April 27, 1898, for Manila, Philippine Islands, to engage the Spanish fleet stationed there.

"The ships made a very warlike and imposing picture as they steamed out of the harbor in three columns, with all colors flying, bent on their dire and fateful errand.

"A looker on would have thought that the ships were merely going on a pleasure trip, judging by the happy and careless demeanor of the crews; but unless they have experienced it,

they would never guess the strain that the uncertainty of whether we were really going to war or not, had put on the nerves of these men who had almost nothing to divert their minds. Once the suspense was relieved, however, and a definite move made, there was a complete change and they went about their different tasks as blithesome and gay as if it were extended leave instead of grim war.

“The second day out the following intellectual abortion was posted on the bulletin board. For arrogance and conceit it certainly caps the climax; as a sample of ignorance and idiocy it is unsurpassable:

“Proclamation issued by the Governor General of the Philippines:

“SPANIARDS:

“Between Spain and the United States of North America hostilities have broken out.

“The moment has arrived to prove to the world that we possess the spirit to conquer those who, pretending to be loyal friends, take advantage of our misfortunes and abuse our hospitality, using means which civilized nations count unworthy and disreputable.

“The North American people, constituted of all the social excrescences, have exhausted our patience and provoked war with their perfidious machinations, with their acts of treachery, and with their outrages against the laws of nations and international treaties.

“The struggle will be short and decisive. (It was.) The God of Victories will give us one as complete as the righteous-

ness and justice of our cause demands. Spain, which counts upon the sympathies of all the nations, will emerge triumphant from this new test, humiliating and blasting the adventurers from those states that, without cohesion and without a history, offered to humanity infamous traditions and the spectacle of a congress in which appear united insolence and defamation, cowardice and cynicism.

“A squadron manned by foreigners, possessing neither instruction nor discipline, is preparing to come to this archipelago with the ruffianly intention of robbing us of all that means life, honor and liberty. Pretending to be inspired by a courage of which they are incapable, the North American seamen undertake as an enterprise capable of realization the substitution of Protestantism for the Catholic religion you profess, to treat you as tribes refractory to civilization, to take possession of your riches as if they were unacquainted with the rights of property, and to kidnap those persons whom they consider useful to man their ships or to be exploited in agricultural or industrial labor.

“Vain designs! Ridiculous boastings!

“Your indomitable bravery will suffice to frustrate the attempt to carry them into realization. You will not consent that they shall profane the faith that you profess, that impious footsteps shall defile the temple of the true God, nor that unbelief shall destroy the holy images which you adore. The aggressors shall not profane the tombs of your fathers, they shall not gratify their lustful passions at the cost of your wives' and daughters' honor, nor appropriate the property

which your industry has accumulated to assure your livelihood. No, they shall not perpetrate any of those crimes inspired by their wickedness and covetousness, because your valor and patriotism will suffice to punish and abase the people that, claiming to be civilized and cultivated, have exterminated the natives of North America instead of bringing to them a life of civilization and progress.

“Filipinos, prepare for the struggle, and, united under the glorious flag of Spain, which is ever covered with laurels, let us fight with the conviction that victory will crown our efforts, and to the summons of our enemies let us oppose with the decision of the Christian and the Patriot the cry of “Viva Espana.” Your General,

“‘BASILIO AUGUSTINY DAVILA.’

“This unjust and cowardly manifesto aroused the anger and indignation of every man in the fleet, and many and deep were the growls and threats. The learned general would have fared badly had he been at hand. The following speech was made by the editor (being the literary organ and representative), in answer to the foregoing proclamation:

“‘SHIPMATES:

“‘You all, no doubt, have seen and read the rank and cowardly attack made by the Spanish governor at Manila, on the glorious flag and country we serve.

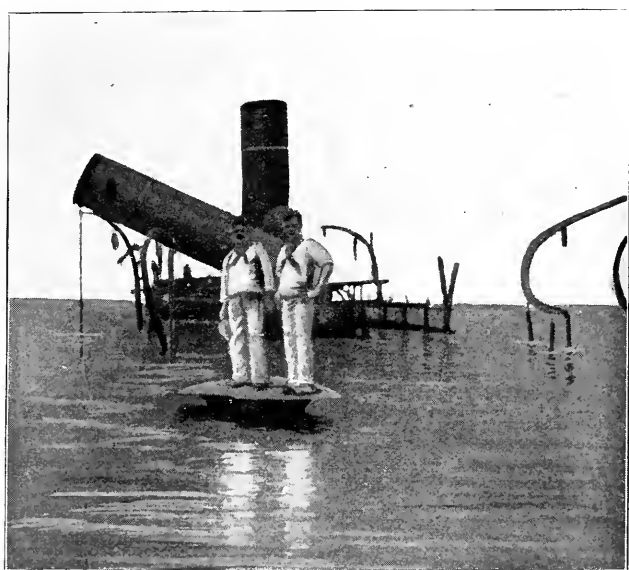
“‘In it he questions our bravery, our birthrights, the honesty of our government, and claims that we have no history! What do the acts of our forebears represent? What was the

glorious fight they made for independence in the war of '76? When father and son left their plows in the furrow and shouldered their muskets for liberty, while wives, mothers and sweethearts cheered them on to victory? What was the war of 1812? The Mexican war? Even our Indian wars? History all, and honorable, unstained history at that.

“‘What does he mean by saying we are a cowardly nation? ‘Old glory,’ the dear old flag we serve and love, harbors no cowards. Wherever seen it is recognized as the emblem of freedom and honor, the standard of a nation of heroes, and though he may prate and proclaim from now until hades freezes over, he will never make any but the most benighted or bigoted believe that he is even sane.

“‘The sight of our flag is like a breath of pure, fresh air. Its very colors are significant; the red is emblematic of the blood of heroes shed in the defense of our country; the white, the purity of our aims and objects; and the star spangled blue, the heaven we look to for guidance and strength.

“‘Then the Spanish Solomon goes on to inform the brave ‘muchachos’ under his sovereign command, that we are a gang of ‘cut throats,’ Protestant heretics, who will convert them ‘willy nilly’ into a belief in our faith; that we are marauders and thieves; that we are the scourgings of the earth’s gutters; social ‘excrescences’ (soft impeachment), and lastly, that we had veritably driven them on to war, manufacturing causes and insulting them because we knew, or rather thought, they were weak.



Reina Christina Sunk by Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay.





“Shipmates, you all know what has brought on this war. The barbarous inhumanities practiced by them in the island of Cuba, right before our eyes; old men and women cruelly tortured and slain, babes murdered on their mothers' breasts, thousands of peaceful homes ruined and destroyed by these Spanish fiends, the dear old stars and stripes trampled in the mud of Spanish streets, and last, worst of all, the tragedy that has been too lately enacted to be forgotten, the destruction of the *Maine*. When brothers, friends and shipmates were foully murdered through Spanish treachery and hatred, an act that has won for Spain the aversion of all civilized nations. These acts have brought on the war. Acts the wildest savage would disdain, crimes that none but the lowest of Lucifer's emissaries would commit. It is to avenge these wrongs, to give blessed liberty to an oppressed and down-trodden nation, and to uphold the honor of our country, that we are going to war with Spain. The governor says the Spanish flag is covered with laurels; perhaps, but they are laurels of infamy!

“Fellow patriots, when the hour arrives we will one and all gladly lay down our lives for the dear old flag and beloved country that has never had one stain to blemish the purity of its escutcheon.

“And now, shipmates, when we get to Manila and meet the Spanish murderers, let our battle cry be—

“Remember the *Maine*,  
And down with Spain.’

“About two o'clock Saturday morning land was sighted, and at daylight we were close on the coast of the enemy's country.

"We kept about five or six miles from the coast line, keeping a bright lookout for men-of-war or other craft of the enemy. During the morning the *Boston* and *Concord* were sent ahead to reconnoiter Subig Bay, as it was rumored that there were two men-of-war there. Later we sighted a couple of fishing schooners. The transport *Zafiro* was sent to board one. They informed the boarding officer that there were only two gunboats in Manila harbor. We knew they were lying, but allowed them to proceed without further molestation.

"In the afternoon the lighthouse on Cape Bolinao was sighted, and the *Baltimore* was sent ahead to reconnoiter. When the fleet reached Subig Bay, the *Baltimore* was close in shore, while the *Boston* and *Concord* were standing out toward us. They had seen nothing of the enemy. The fleet then formed in single column again and proceeded to Manila.

"It was Commodore Dewey's intention to pass the large fort on Corregidor Island, twenty-six miles from Manila, about midnight, if possible, without being seen. It was a bold move and certainly deserved the success that crowned it, for there was great danger of mines and torpedoes being placed in the entrance, to say nothing of the guns in the forts. The harbor had, in fact, been considered impregnable, and no doubt it was, but not against Yankee grit and daring. At about midnight we were starting up Manila Bay at a speed of four knots. We were in hopes that the moon would go down, as her light was rather annoying to our hopes of entering undiscovered, but she seemed determined to stay out and see the fun. The guns were all manned and kept trained on the forts, while eyes and

ears were strained watching and waiting for the shot that would indicate our discovery. Corregidor fort was on our left, while another battery somewhat further in was on our right hand.

"On board the ships everything was quiet and nothing could be heard but the officers giving the range in whispers and the monotonous swash of the waters. The strain was terrible, and not one of the men that manned the fleet will ever forget the morning of the 'First of May.'

"Suddenly a flash of light was seen on the fort on Corregidor. The men held their breath awaiting the report, but it was only a rocket. Soon another goes up, a light on shore flashes out signals, another on the other side, and we know we are seen. It was afterwards rumored that two torpedoes had been fired at us, but they did not have range enough to reach us.

"At seventeen minutes past twelve the battery on our right opened fire, the shell passing between the *Olympia* and *Baltimore*. The *Raleigh* answered immediately. Another shot between the *Concord* and *Boston*, which was answered by the latter and the *McCulloch*. The *McCulloch* then turned back to look after the transports. The flagship signaled to the *McCulloch*, "Are you all right?" *McCulloch* answered, "O. K." It was too dark for the *Boston* and *Raleigh* to locate the batteries, so they ceased firing. None of the ships were struck.

"About three-twenty word was passed to 'lay by your guns and take it easy.' Some of the men 'lay,' but 'taking it easy' was out of the question. The decks were sprinkled with sand,

and it would get into eyes, ears and nose, and scratch the skin and occasionally some one would stroll over your recumbent form as leisurely as if on parade, for all lights were out and the decks were as dark as Erebus. At four o'clock coffee was served out, and the stillness was broken by the clashing of bowls and the merry laughter occasioned by collisions in the dark. Everybody was as happy as though on an excursion, jokes and witty stories were going the rounds, while every once in a while some pensive nightingale would strike up the affecting song 'Just Before the Battle, Mother,' until some one spilled a bowl of hot 'boot-leg' over him and quieted him for a few minutes.

"The men were all in 'war clothes,' which consisted of almost nothing, and despite the joking and laughing, a determined gleam in their eyes showed that they meant business and were there to 'do or die.'

"We were standing in toward the city to reconnoiter. Several foreign sailing vessels were laying off Manila, but no men-of-war could be seen. At twelve minutes to five we broke 'old glory' at the mast heads and gaff and were saluted with a ten-inch shell from a battery on the south bastion of the city. This battery kept up a continual fire, but all shots fell short. We did not return their fire, but headed in for the navy yard at Cavite.

"The Spanish fleet was sighted at seven minutes to five. They were lying in line from Sangley Point to Las Pinas across Cavite and Canacao Bays. Their right flank was protected by Cavite Peninsula, on which was mounted a very heavy bat-

tery. The left flank reached to the shoal part of the bay near Las Pinas.

"The Spanish vessels were further protected by a huge boom covered with chains, lighters filled with stone and water, covering the water lines. The *Reina Christina* was standing off the left flank of the line, and had the Spanish Rear Admiral Montojo y Pasaron on board.

"At five thirty-five the ball was opened by the batteries on Sangley Point, and a shell fell near the *Olympia*. The American fleet then advanced to the attack, flagship leading. Commodore Dewey personally directed the movements of the squadron from the forward bridge. The captain directed the firing, while the captains in command of the other vessels handled their respective ships with a dexterity that was little short of marvelous.

"At five thirty-eight the *Reina Christina* opened fire, followed by the rest of the Spanish fleet. At five fifty-five the American fleet began firing and a rapid fire was kept up by the entire fleet during the engagement. A torpedo boat came out about ten minutes past six and endeavored to place itself in the track of the *Olympia*, but was driven ashore by the rapid fire guns. Another boat came out and fired a torpedo, which passed across the bow of the *McCulloch*, but did no damage. Before the boat could escape it was struck by so many shots that nothing was left of it but smoke. There were several torpedo attacks made on the other vessels, but luckily all were effectually repulsed or blown up. This was mainly due to the good marksmanship of the 'men-behind-the-guns.'

"The American fleet steamed along the entire length of the Spanish line at distances varying from five thousand to fifteen hundred yards.

"The order was given to fire on the arsenal in Cavite, and a well directed shot from an eight-inch gun sent it up in smoke. This was at six forty-five, and our fleet had just made the first round. We passed the line of ships and forts five times, three times from the eastward and twice from the westward. On the second round from the westward the Spanish admiral made a desperate effort to get outside the boom, but received a concentrated fire from the fleet. His ship caught fire and he transferred to the *Isla de Cuba*, first hauling down the colors on the *Reina Christina*. The American ships then stopped firing at the latter and kept a continual storm of steel raining on the enemy's other ships and forts.

"The *Don Antonio de Ulloa* also made a desperate but futile attempt to get out. She went down with her colors flying at her peak until the *Petrel* lowered a boat and cut them away. The flag was presented to Commodore Dewey. In the meantime the Spanish admiral returned to the *Reina Christina*, the *Isla de Cuba* being in a sinking condition. The Spaniards fought very courageously, many of them going down firing their guns until the last. Even amidst the horrors and cruelties of war, one cannot help remarking and admiring the valor of these heroes, Spaniards and enemies though they were.

"It was on this ground that the *Boston* stood like a fort for ten minutes, firing as fast as she could load and aim, receiving a concentrated fire of all the Spanish ships.

"The *Olympia* was twice hulled, but the shells did not penetrate sufficiently to do much damage. Although shot and shell rained thick around her, she was struck but eight times, and, marvelous though it may be, not a man was injured. The other ships in the fleet thought the flagship was sinking, for all that could be seen of her was a cloud of smoke and jets of flame bursting through.

"One shot struck the *Baltimore* in the starboard waist just abaft one of the six-inch guns. It passed through the hammock netting, exploding a couple of three pounder shells, wounding six men, then across the deck, striking the cylinder of a gun, making it temporarily useless, then running around the shield, it spent itself between two ventilators just forward of the engineroom hatch. The shell is in possession of the captain. The other vessels also, with the exception of the *Concord* and *Petrel*, were struck several times.

"At about half past seven the Spanish fire slackened. The *Reina Christina* was on fire and sinking, the *Castilla* was sunk, and many others were afire and crippled. The fort on the mole at Pasig river had ceased firing.

"At seven fifty-six we stood off shore for the middle of the bay, while the batteries in the forts on Sangley Point, along the beach of Cavite and on the south bastion of Manila, kept up a continuous but ineffective fire.

"The crews had breakfast and a rest, which they certainly needed, though they were every one anxious to continue and 'have it out.'

"The batteries on Cavite fort kept up a continual fire, but the range was too long and they did no further damage except to waste their ammunition.

"A conference of commanders was held on board the flagship, and at ten fifteen the fleet stood in to silence the batteries. The *Baltimore* led, the *Olympia* followed close behind, while the *Raleigh* and *Boston* formed on the right flank. The *Concord* and *Petrel* diverged to the left and maneuvered to get behind the point on which the forts were situated. The two leading vessels steamed in bows on and when about fifteen hundred yards from the batteries opened fire with their large guns. As the *Boston* and *Raleigh* came up, the flagship drew back while the *Baltimore* remained stationary, delivering shot after shot with such telling effect that in twenty minutes she silenced the two most dangerous guns.

"The *Boston* and *Raleigh* steamed along the point delivering broadsides as they went at the remaining fort on Sangley Point. In the meantime the brave little battleships, *Petrel* and *Concord*, steamed in behind the point and attacked the forts from the rear, utterly demolishing the Spaniards. The *Concord* fired a few shots at the transport, *Mindanao*, which had been run on the shoals off Las Pinas, and after being assured that there was no life on board, set the vessel on fire.

"At twenty minutes past twelve a white flag went up near Cavite and the bombardment ceased. The *Petrel* was sent up the Ciran river to destroy the gunboats that had retreated there.





“Who Wouldn't Sell Their Farm and go to Sea”?



"The *Boston* and *Concord* remained off the navy yard while the rest of the fleet proceeded to the city to silence the forts there, that had been so persistent in making itself heard. Just as we got in range they ran up the 'white flag,' and when the sun set that night its last rays rested like a benediction on 'old glory' waving proudly from masthead and peak of Uncle Sam's doughty arbitrators.

"Superior tactical knowledge and calm calculations, superior gunnery and coolness, together with Yankee daring won the day.

"The next day the *Petrel* went into the bay and brought out a number of steam launches, two tugs and a couple of small boats, which were distributed among the fleet.

"The surrender of all the vessels of war, forts and arsenals in the bay was demanded and given. The surrender of the city was delayed until the authorities at Washington were heard from.

"Apothecaries, nurses and detachments of men were sent on shore to assist in caring for and transporting the wounded to the hospitals and burying the dead.

"The effect of our deadly fusilade was simply frightful, the dead and wounded strewing the ground and buildings like leaves in autumn.

"One of the wounded from the *Reina Christina* could speak very good English, having been in America some time, but on returning to his native land on a visit, had been impressed into the service. He had both legs shot away. He stated that nearly all the vessels had double crews, many of them being volun-

teers from among the citizens and that the number of deaths would never be known. He also said that no sooner had a gun been loaded than a storm of projectiles would sweep away the gun's crew. At the time the Spanish admiral tried to get his ship out he received such a terrible fire that the deck was one mass of bursting shell. The captain, he said, was killed almost at the first discharge."

On the morning of our arrival on board the *Solace* in Manila Bay, smoke appeared above the cocoanut palm forests and the continual crack and boom of musketry and artillery reverberated across the bay, stirring one's breast with the deepest feelings of patriotism and excitement. For the first time in my life I heard the sounds of battle and felt its soul stirring enthusiasm.

The brave "boys in brown" had driven the insurgents out of Manila and were pushing them further and further into the province.

The fighting even appeared on the beach later in the day, and we witnessed the sallies and maneuvers of both friend and foe. Our friends had driven them to the beach when a signal was made from the flagship *Olympia*, from Admiral Dewey, to the monitor *Monadnock* to co-operate. She immediately got under way, and steaming in near the beach, poured a continual stream of fire into the trenches of the Filipinos, driving them with considerable loss back into the arms of the boys in brown, who by the increased firing seemed to know well how to receive them.

You can imagine with what impatience we stayed out there on the ship and watched all this; old gunner's mates of the navy, who had seen service before, paced the deck and grumbled at their hard luck. But the jackies visited us from other ships and assured us that there should be no worry, as no doubt plenty of opportunity was before us. This proved true, and before many months, we had all seen enough of it.

Late in the evening of the same day the *Solace* steamed across the bay to Cavite, where she anchored among the cruisers and supply ships of the navy. It is about seven miles across from Manila, and as we came in sight of the partly sunken charred hulls of the Spanish vessels of war, which opposed the entrance of Admiral Dewey's fleet on that memorable first day of May, 1898, one could almost imagine the scene as it must have appeared originally. The old fort of Cavite, with numerous gun-ports covering the approach, and on Point Canicao, running out toward Manila a small battery appeared, which was said to have done considerable in the Spanish cause.

Admiral Dewey had the business of the fleet well under control and the regular cruising ships took their stations and performed the work of co-operating with the army with great precision. There were in all about forty ships, including the captured small Spanish gunboats. The naval force was divided into stations, in importance respectively of Cavite, Ilo Ilo, Cebu, Zamboanga, Jolo, Lingayen Gulf and Subig Bay. It was the custom to detail a large gunboat or cruiser as station ship at these places, while her commanding officer acted as a sub-commander, or senior officer present, carrying on the direc-

tion of the smaller gunboats on his station and reporting to the commander-in-chief affairs of particular importance. When a vessel required coal, stores or repairs, she was ordered to Cavite and another detailed in her place. The principal duties of these vessels were cruising against contraband of war,—guns, ammunition and stores intended for the insurgents—and shelling the beach when the army required such assistance. Frequently it was necessary to land companies of sailors, equipped for field service to assist the army.

During the voyage of the *Solace* there were a number of infractions of the navy discipline among sailors, whom the commander found necessary to recommend to Admiral Dewey on arrival, for general court-martial. As mentioned in previous chapter, there were eight extra men of us in the clerical branch. Owing to the envious nature of certain influential parties on the vessel, who had taken a violent personal dislike to me, it had become tacitly understood that, of all the eight, I was the least capable in my rating. Consequently, when the judge advocate of the court, appointed to act for the *Solace* cases, asked for a man to do the stenographic work, all the others were interviewed in turn, each laughingly naming me as a more capable man, as they did not wish to undertake it themselves, and felt certain I was incompetent. After passing down the line until only I was left, the judge advocate, a noted marine officer, finally ordered me before him to do the work, not deigning to inquire whether I was competent or not.

Recognizing the emergency, I threw my whole heart and mind into requisition, and after six or seven days' and nights'

laborious exertion, finished the last case satisfactorily. Though I felt my own incompetency, the judge advocate recommended me so highly to the commanding officer that the "pick" of eight vacancies was given to me, that of yeoman to the commanding officer of the *Bennington*. Two years later I wrote the papers that placed the individual who had so maligned me behind prison bars. I mention these facts not through love of self praise, but to show young men that "To keep a stiff upper lip and saw wood" means success in this world.

All through my naval career I was often asked if I was the young man who wrote the court-martial records on the *Solace*, and it followed and assisted me to the end.

In order that those who may not be familiar with the daily working of a man-of-war, may hereafter perfectly understand what is stated, I will give here a concise outline.

In the cabin sits her captain who is her brain, her authority and her master. He must know her faults and virtues; he must know all that transpires above, on and beneath her decks. Outside his door continually paces to and fro his orderly (a marine—soldier at sea), whose duties are those of a combined messenger, sentry and guard.

The captain only is permitted to communicate officially with higher authority direct, all others must do so through him. He must sign all papers relating in any way to ship's business, which is facilitated by division into departments under the heads, viz., of Equipment, Navigation, Steam Engineering, Construction and Repair, Ordnance, Supplies and Accounts, and Medicine and Surgery.

Each of these bureaus are presided over by a commissioned officer, who, like the captain, is assisted by a retinue of clerks sufficient to carry on the clerical duties of his department. Machinists, electricians, gunner's mates, firemen, coal passers, seamen and deck hands each belong to their several departments, and are held responsible by their chiefs.

In each department the enlisted men best qualified are selected for the positions of (as they are termed) petty officers. So it appears that when a man is guilty of any infraction of the strict rules, he is called to account by the petty officer over him, that petty officer is reprimanded or reported by his chief petty officer, who in turn is called down by the officer of his division, who is "jumped into" by the executive officer (next to the captain), and he catches the "dickens" from the captain himself.

Discipline is severe; superiors must be obeyed, and not "talked back to." Now, a deck hand or coal passer is inferior to almost everybody and must "look out for himself." If he don't like his superior, he usually finds it good policy to go away quietly alone, take a good look around to make sure no one is listening, then, if the coast is clear, swear quietly and confidentially to himself. Instant obedience on board ship is a virtue and necessary for all; even the captain must obey his senior officer.

The "mast" is intended to be the place for righting all affairs of dispute or blame; if a fellow is reported for a wrong, he stands at the "mast" at nine o'clock with the rest of them. The man who reported him is there. The captain comes out of his



cabin and hears both sides of the case, and "makes it hot for you" according to the greatness of your sins. About the heaviest punishment is meted out for disobedience.

Every enlisted man, aside from chief petty officers and "special duty men," belongs to a watch and stands his "four hours on and four hours off" regular, day and night. He must be on time, in uniform, clean, sober, respectful, diligent in his duty, not overstay his liberty ashore, not have dirty clothes in his locker, not steal; well, I must not enumerate further, but he must, in all events, "look out for himself."

The mornings are mostly taken up with routine work, cleaning, etc., and the afternoons with drills, fire quarters, collision drill, abandon ship, general quarters (battle), boat drill, landing party and small arm drills. When the alarm sounds, there will be for ten seconds a great scampering of bare feet about the decks; a simple command or two is all that is said, at the end of ten or twenty seconds perfect quiet will reign, every man at his post, whether gun, boat, magazine or bridge. Each man will be armed with rifle, revolver or cutlass, standing at his post ready to fire a great gun, pass up ammunition, or act as sharp-shooter, or whatever his duties may be, at the word of command.

Should the alarm be for fire, the effect will be the same, but instead of arming themselves with weapons such as is mentioned above, this time it will be with hose and hand grenades.

After evening quarters, the bugle sounds "mess gear," and folding tables are taken down from the decks overhead and benches appear as if by magic. In five minutes, where there

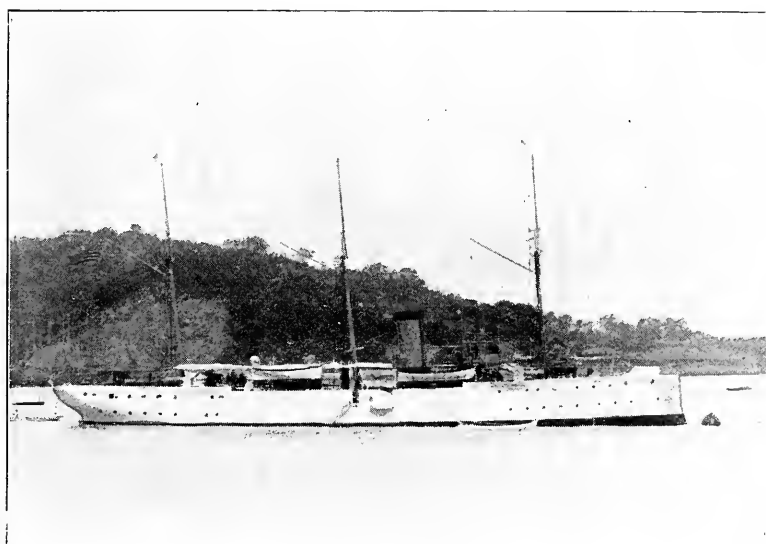
had previously been no sign of mess gear, food, etc., you will see tables prepared for supper, standing in rows on each side of the deck, the jackies standing or sitting about waiting expectantly. Some times an order from the officer-of-the-deck calls a division or two on deck, delaying the meal some, but generally as the ship's bell strikes out the hour, boatswains mates pipe supper, and all hands sit down simultaneously.

When in port the general run of food in the navy is fairly good, but to have it satisfactory it is customary for every man to add three to five dollars a month to the regular navy ration. As the messes usually have twenty to thirty members, this makes quite a change to the better.

Then, of all times a sailor loves, comes the frolics in the evening. After supper his day's work is done, unless he is on watch, lights are lit (generally electricity) pipes are filed, the smoking lamp lighted, and every jackie settles himself as suits best his idea of comfort. No chairs are furnished him, but he makes shift with a ditty box\*, or, if need be, can be quite comfortable on deck. Here a little group are playing cards, across the deck another crowd is listening attentively to some old tar's yarn, generally interesting. Now, a couple of two hundred pound coal passers have on the gloves and are doing their best to win applause from their audience by "knock'n the stuff'n out'n each other"; a few are scattered about writing fond letters to loved ones at home to be mailed at the next port. The deep melancholy of home sickness is often experienced, and the absence of feminine society adds much to the "all

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\*Small box for comb, brush, looking glass, thread, etc.



U. S. S. Bennington.



alone" feeling. At nine-thirty the bugler blows "taps," and all must be in their hammocks. There are one or two on board, maybe, who kneel down to say their prayers at night, but they are young, and, perhaps, after a few more weeks' absence from home they too will forget it. None are very bad, only careless. All live much as a great family, little quarrels, "hurt feelings" and "sassy" words sometimes, but usually in the best of humor and ready to skylark.

In the morning at eight bells (eight o'clock) "old glory" will be hoisted at the peak (taken down at sundown in the evening), and at the first note of the accompanying bugle, every jackie jumps to his feet, faces the colors, stands at "attention" and, as his very best sweetheart, the stars and stripes, reach the peak, his right hand comes up to his cap with a snap in the military salute. Under his breath he may mutter, "dollar," another day's salary earned, but his heart is right, and he "jumps into his work" determined to do it again.

The officers, Annapolis graduates, I will term them, rank respectively Admiral, Rear Admiral, Captain, Commander, Lieutenant-Commander, Lieutenant, Lieutenant Junior Grade and Ensign. Those of the ranks of respectively Lieutenant-Commander, Lieutenant, Lieutenant Junior Grade, and Ensign, as well as naval cadets, under instruction, act as executive officers, navigators, ordnance officers and perform line duty as officer-of-the-deck, etc. In the special branch there are the pay and medical officers and chaplain.

They are expected after the course at Annapolis to be cultured, refined and thorough gentlemen. Some of them are.

However, it is unreasonable to assume that all the competent men of the navy have graduated at Annapolis. Under the present system of promotion in the navy of the United States, the enlisted man has little or no show for advancement to commissioned ranks. It appears to me, after three years' experience and close observation of this matter, that if it were made possible for them to cross this great barrier, men of brains, competent in every way, would soon be found in the ranks of the navy to fill the best positions with equal satisfaction to the government. Of course, the "Sampson" affair brought out one step in the right direction, but it seems to me to be insufficient—five warrant officers are to be promoted to commissioned rank each year. But when you consider that Annapolis graduates hold the examinations and pass upon the merits of the cases, and that they are not in favor of promotion from the ranks, it is easy to guess how much chance the warrant officer has of securing promotion. A few have been so promoted, but, in my opinion, there will not be a great many such promotions.

The government is supposed to act for the best interests of our people. In the hearts of the American people all men should stand an equal chance. To carry out this noble principle, you must open the way to advancement in the navy, and make competition the life of trade, as in other affairs. Then, and not till then, you will find naval men of brains satisfied to spend years in the lowly positions in order to finally receive a suitable reward. If advancement is possible, boys in the navy will spend their leisure hours in study rather than in revelry, idleness and sin. Take away that non-American sentiment, that

one man serving Uncle Sam is any better or more deserving of promotion, except for meritorious service, than another, and all will be harmony in his service. The morals of the navy's personnel will be improved. Teach young officers at Annapolis to respect the "man behind the gun" as well as vice versa. Let the "man behind the gun" feel that by application and exertion he may hope to wear gold lace and be termed "a gentleman," as well as Annapolis graduates, and you will find a willing and worthy man. Let me say here, that this statement must not be brought to bear down upon the enlisted man; he is already a "worthy man," doubly so because he serves faithfully with no hope of reward, which patriotism puts to shame that of any navy man or men, let their policies be what it may, who seeks honor, praise and promotion for his achievements.

As an example, I entered the navy in the lowest position, that of "landsman," with pay of \$16.00 per month and ration. In eighteen months I had passed, without pull, through all the intermediate grades to the rank of chief yeoman, with pay of \$60.00 per month—the highest position an enlisted man can hold in the clerical branch of the navy at sea. It is but fair to assume that, if I could pass through all these grades in eighteen months, in years to come I might climb higher if, owing to the present system of promotion, it were not practically impossible. Why should I, at twenty-five years of age, be willing to come to a standstill professionally for the rest of my life, with no hope to satisfy a higher ambition?

No; congressmen, men of influence, citizens of Iowa, hear the prayer of an Iowa boy, who has proven himself by faith-

ful service, and who has not forgotten his old "shipmates" on the other side of the world—who are still struggling as he has done! For the good of thousands of these brave men of our navy, who, I believe, are not given a fair chance, you should *act* without further delay. Use, at once, your influence, bring the power of oratory and fame to bear for the cause, and secure, without delay, a board of twelve good, firm, clear minded, honest men to investigate the state of enlisted men of our navy. If you find that my ardor has biased my opinion, and that they are in no need of the searchlight of public opinion thrown upon them, there can be no harm done; but if you find the opposite, great good will follow.



### CHAPTER III.

THE FILIPINO AT HOME—NAVY'S CO-OPERATION WITH THE  
ARMY—PRESIDENT SCHURMAN, OF PEACE COMMISSION  
—TOUR OF ISLANDS—AMERICAN SULTAN AND  
HIS HAREM—BEAUTIFUL SCENERY OF  
THE ISLANDS—CHASING FILIBUS-  
TERS—VISIT OF PRINCE DE  
BROGLIE OF FRANCE.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS are inhabited by about eighty different tribes of people, which may be roughly grouped as Negritos and Pagan, Mohammedan, and civilized Malays. The majority of these tribes are still in a state of barbarism unhampered by the confines of civilization. As the census returns under Spanish rule are notoriously unreliable, the exact population of the islands is unknown, and, owing to the unsettled and barbaric state of the archipelago, it may be many years before a complete official estimate can be obtained. There are probably eight or nine million people.

The Filipino is a small man, slightly darker than the Chinese. They are not a very hardy people, and seem to be the outcome of generations of physical neglect and disease peculiar to the tropics. Many faces one sees about the islands have a habitual pinched look of suffering. They are naturally smart and quick to learn from either a good or a bad example. To those who first see them they appear indolent and

lazy, but this is largely due to climatic conditions and long tyranny of the Spanish rule. Under the care of the United States government and given the opportunity, they develop wonderful abilities, and will often equal, if not surpass, the average American in a business proposition. They are generally treacherous and, in many parts of the islands, it is as much as a man's life is worth to place it in their hands. They do not like to work, but if driven to it, they show considerable ability, especially in mechanics. They are inveterate smokers, using principally cigarettes and gigantic home made cigars.

The women are virtuous and generally clean. They make excellent wives and mothers, but are not unsurpassable as housekeepers. When young they are often pretty; but age rapidly; fifty years usually finding them hideous. They live on a very meagre allowance of food, and their homes generally contain only the bare necessities of life.

The typical Filipino house, or "shack," as the "boys in brown" term them, is usually of but one story, built of split bamboo, and thatched with long, coarse, native grasses. Often, they stand on piling five or six feet above the ground, a short movable ladder being the only means of ingress. There are usually two or three rooms in the home of a Filipino, but they are shockingly bare with regard to fixtures. A bamboo cot, perhaps, with a straw matting or two, and mosquito bars, for use at night, with a couple of pans and kettles and half a dozen broken dishes or cocoanut shells, complete the list of furniture, pottery and culinary outfits.

They usually possess two complete suits of clothing, with another fancy shirt, perhaps, for extra occasions. On Sundays or holidays the people doff their working clothes and appear in public decked in all the ridiculous finery imaginable.

The dress of the men consists of a pair of loose trousers of white or light goods, with a gauzy shirt worn outside the pantaloons, flowing loosely about the figure, through the folds of which can be seen a thin ordinary undershirt; and a very ancient styled derby or straw hat. Shoes are not ordinarily preferred.

The dress of the women is much the same, excepting the skirt, and they seldom wear head covering, unless, occasionally a lace facinator. Instead of the waist worn by American ladies, they have a short gauzy vest or jacket, with short, wide flowing sleeves, highly embroidered and loose. Shoes and stockings are not worn by the middle class people except on gala days.

The women have beautiful black hair, upon which they spend considerable of their time. They can often be seen engaged in an interesting occupation, in connection with their hair. I could not state precisely what they were doing, as my experience in such matters is slight, but one fair "senorita" or "senora" would sit patiently on a chair or other object, while a female friend went carefully through her tumbled tresses, occasionally stopping to catch some small object on her head; then with the aforesaid small object held carefully between thumb and fore-finger, with the little finger extended in a pleasingly graceful manner, quickly strip the hair from the

lady's head to its end, whereupon she would drop into the funniest habit of pressing her thumb nails together! I never knew just what they did this for, but it is possible that they found something in the hair; perhaps it was alive.

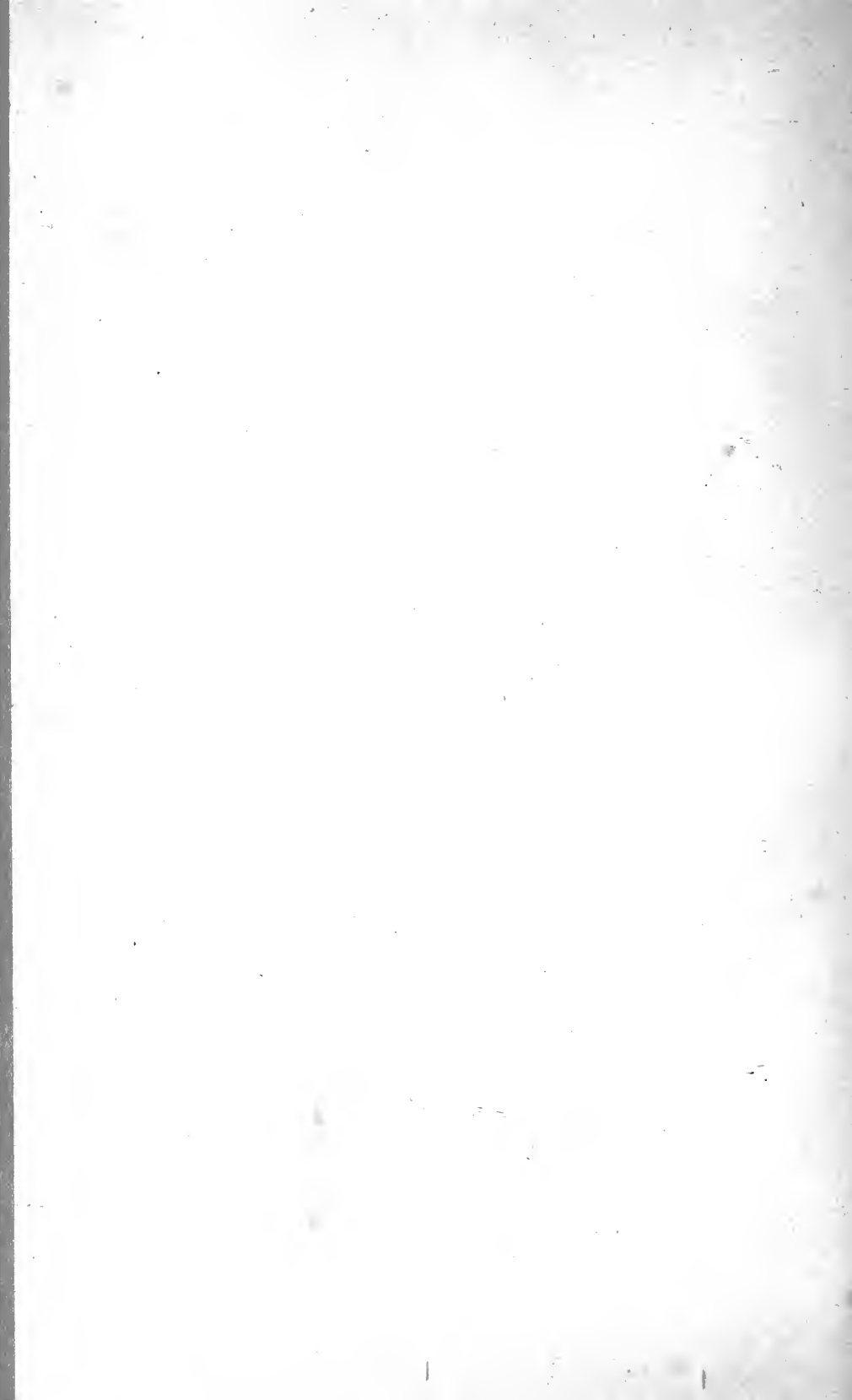
The Filipinos have a very queer habit of squatting on the ground instead of sitting on a chair as their white brothers do.

About the time of which I am writing, affairs in the islands assumed a sinister appearance. Fighting was going on in the Islands of Luzon, Cebu, Leyte, Mindoro, Panay, Palawan, Mindianao and a few others of minor importance. The naval station was divided into sub-centers of, respectively, Cavite, Subig Bay, Lingayen Gulf, Ilo Ilo, Cebu, Zamboanga and Jolo, from which centers or bases the co-operation of the navy with the army was carried on under the general supervision of a general in Manila and an admiral in Manila Bay.

The *Bennington*, as the rest of the cruisers, was kept constantly employed, principally in southern waters, as station ship of a sub-center. It was often necessary, however, for her to take the field herself, as well as the several smaller boats under direction of her commanding officer. The small captured Spanish gun-boats, *Calamianes*, *Mindoro*, *Villalobos*, *Basco*, *Leyte*, and others, together with the American gunboats, *Princeton*, *Marietta* and others, were controlled a part of the time from the Cebu station, and reports of daily cruising against contraband of war and chasing filibusters were intensely interesting. Some of them had engagements with "insurrectos" nearly every day.



How Duff and I Spent Xmas, 1899, at Cebu, P. I.



About this time, as the United States forces were too busy in other parts of the archipelago to give attention to the place, one of the minor sultans of the Sulu Islands, a southern group of the Philippines, moved with his rather poorly equipped native army against the city of Zamboanga, principal city of Isla de Negros, situated on the extreme southwestern end of said island, with success; having driven the "insurrectos" out of the city and taken charge himself in the name of the United States, this Mohammedan chief immediately requested that American soldiers be sent to his assistance. This was indeed badly needed, as his force was entirely too small to hold out long against the daily increasing numbers of the foe.

In compliance with the request of the sultan, two companies of soldiers were sent to Zamboanga for co-operation with the sultan's troops.

On the 22nd of November, 1899, the insurgents threatened immediate outbreak and vowed to massacre all Americans and Mohammedans on the island. The *Bennington* was ordered to proceed at once to their relief.

On receipt of the above mentioned order, the *Bennington* was lying off Cavite in the Bay of Manila, under orders to proceed to Cebu as station-ship, immediately upon the arrival of the commander-in-chief, who had gone with the flagship *Baltimore* (Dewey with the *Olympia* having been replaced by Rear Admiral J. C. Watson) to investigate the wreck of the cruiser *Charleston*, to the north of Isla de Luzon, and bring back her crew, who were stranded on a tiny island there.

As the situation was extremely critical at Zamboanga, and it was feared they would carry out their dire threat of massacre, the *Bennington* proceeded post haste to their relief. By putting on forced draft and firing all four boilers, she managed to make about fifteen knots per hour the entire distance.

Arriving at Zamboanga on the evening of the 24th, we found the *Castine* anchored off the city, and all the trouble over—in-surgents surrendered.

I give this incident here to portray to the minds of my readers the state of constant excitement and emergency in which our daily lives in the Philippines were spent. There is always a great deal more preparation and expectation regarding war than real battles. But the strain is, possibly, greater in such times than if actually engaged in warfare.

Accordingly, there being no need of her services at Zamboanga, the *Bennington* proceeded at dawn the next morning to Cebu to take charge as station ship. Cebu is a town of probably 30,000 inhabitants, and is said to be second in commerce in the archipelago. At the time we first arrived there were soldiers of the Twenty-third United States Infantry, Sixth United States Infantry and First Tennessee Volunteers; in all about five hundred men, scattered along the beach in small squads for several miles, and in different parts of the city in old Spanish forts and barracks.

Prior to the occupation by Americans, when the uprising against the Spaniards took place, a large number of Filipino leading citizens and office holders in Cebu took refuge in the hills about eight miles from the beach back of the city. They



erected a number of fortifications in a large valley in the mountains and placed them in such a manner as to be inaccessible by the Spanish without suffering a deadly cross fire from a considerable number of old fashioned cannon mounted there.

It is said that about two years before the occupation of the island a Spanish regiment undertook to capture these strongholds and was almost completely annihilated; in revenge for which the Spanish sent a man-of-war there and shelled the lower part of the town, doing great damage and killing a large number of men, women and children.

At the present time this portion of the town is deserted, and the piles of tumbled masonry, standing as the only monument of the dead, saddens one; and, though they are only poor, half civilized Filipinos, causes one to wish them better luck in future with Spaniards or such tyrants.

The insurgent forces were still in the mountains when we arrived and seemed quite confident of their position.

Shortly after our arrival I went ashore, and noticing several deplorable looking beggars, with peculiar deformities and most unsightly countenances, asked a soldier who and what they were, receiving the alarming information that they were "lepers," and that I must be very careful not to touch them or permit them to come in contact with me during their entreaties for money, as they make themselves very familiar and threaten to touch one with their diseased fingers in order to frighten him into aiding them against his will.

At this time the city was under Filipino civil law, but later, when United States soldiers took control, these lepers were taken care of and isolated.

A few days after our arrival, four soldiers of the Twenty-third Infantry were returning into town from an outpost, when they were suddenly ambushed by a number of insurgents armed with spears and bolos. Two of the soldiers were killed outright; one mortally wounded, but he kept pumping away at them with his rifle until stopped by death, doing considerable damage, however, before that event; the fourth, named Fisher, with a spear through one forearm, the long handle dangling along behind him, fought for his life and managed to get under a stone bridge, where only one entrance was accessible, there he shot every Filipino that came in sight. He did not know how many he succeeded in killing, but told me he knew of three killed and several more wounded. He said he did his best, and that seemed sufficient. He wore a patch about two and a half inches square on his head, and upon my inquiring the cause, said that after he had been under cover some time the Filipinos on the bridge over him called to him that the "insurrectos" had all gone away, that they were "mucho bueno" Filipinos (very good Filipinos) and that he might come out, so he peeped out around the corner of the bridge, and "quick as a wink caught a stunner" on the head from a "mucho bueno" Filipino with a bolo. He did not look out again until help arrived, when he, with the dead bodies of the others, were taken to Cebu.

Another soldier, said to be from near Moulton, Iowa, was captured and held captive by the insurgents for several months, until by chance an opportunity offered to "run for it," and he reached safety in the American lines. His adventures during this time were intensely interesting as they came to me.

After the ambush the troops about Cebu made an advance upon the stronghold of the enemy back of the city, but found them so strongly fortified as to make an attack impracticable without aid from the sea, and as the forts were beyond the range of the *Bennington's* guns, we were of no use, except that we sent men ashore to garrison the town in the absence of soldiers who were fighting in the mountains, and a Gatling gun with crew to assist if needed.

The soldiers succeeded in capturing two of the seventeen strongholds of the enemy without the loss of a man. The insurgents had several pieces of ancient artillery with which they kept blazing away all day to no apparent effect. Some of these forts were in plain sight from the *Bennington*.

I can see now, in fancy, the gallant little force of boys in brown, with "old glory" waving proudly at their head, crawling, stumbling, creeping and charging up the mountainside amid the crack of musketry and roar of the enemy's old smooth bores; all in plain telescopic view of the ship. I watched the brave little band climbing on and on up the gullies, over rocks, through thick underbrush, kneeling and firing, clambering toward the tiny round speck on the summit, high above us in the very clouds, from which the belching smoke proved its identity as a fort.

I could also see to their left, amid the scrubby trees, and to their right, across the ravine, ambushed insurgents waiting, watching, crawling nearer and nearer, to shoot from cover, as is their custom, these brave American boys. It makes my blood boil even now, as it then did every man aboard the ship,

powerless to aid, within plain sight, we must see these dusky little fiends crawling, snake-like, to ambush our friends.

Bringing my glass back to bear upon our boys, I could see them near the summit, charging with that final dash that either kills or captures, straight at the muzzles of the enemy's guns; up over the ramparts into the forts, as with a last blaze of the cannon the "insurrectos" turned and fled for their lives, while here and there an "humbre" feels the cold chill of a bayonet, or the hot, blinding thud of one of Uncle Sam's steel capped bullets, while, with a great shout of victory, they raised "old glory" high aloft above the summit of the mountain; to wave the signal "all's well that ends well" to us on the sea.

On June 10, 1900, President Schurman of the peace commission came on board the *Bennington*, and her commanding officer, Commander Edward D. Taussig, United States Navy, received orders to proceed to such ports as Mr. Schurman might designate.

Ilo Ilo being the first point of interest, we headed at once in that direction. It was the orders of the commander-in-chief that as we were on a peaceful mission, we were not to fire on insurgents unless absolutely necessary to protect life and property of Americans.

Only stopping a short time at Ilo Ilo, we got up anchor and steamed around the coast of Isla de Panay at the request of Mr. Schurman, stopping a few hours off the native villages of Pandan and Bugason. The friendly spirit evinced at Pandan six weeks before toward the *Bennington* was not proven on this visit, as the natives, upon the invitation of the captain to come

on board, called to them on the beach by megaphone, hid themselves in the bushes on shore, whereas on the previous visit they had come off to the ship with presents, and upon the searchlight being explained them, expressed themselves as very much pleased, and were friendly in every way, both giving and receiving presents. The feeling of the natives may have been influenced by the captain's ordering a small steamer anchored there, whose papers were not properly made out, back to Ilo Ilo.

From a vessel lying at anchor in the harbor of Ilo Ilo, can be seen early in the morning as the tropical sky first blushes rosy red in the east on the appearance of the sun, a great volcano, towering 8,200 feet in the air, from the crest of which thin white vapor is curling lazily upward to the fleecy clouds hovering over her. It is Mt. Malaspina, and a beautiful sight, with the red sun touching up the coloring of surrounding verdure, clothing the hills and valleys, making a perfect setting for this beautiful picture.

Steaming around the east coast of the Island of Panay, we crossed the intervening channel and dropped anchor on the west coast of Isla de Negros, about three miles off from Bacolod, a very pretty half Spanish and half Filipino village.

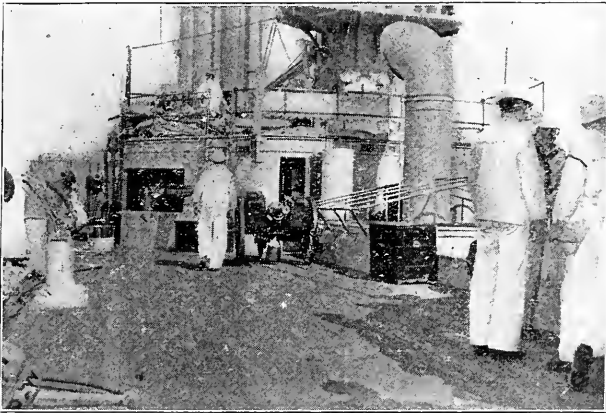
Though I have seen considerable of the archipelago, I consider this one of the prettiest villages that has come under my observation. The Island of Negros, situated to the southward of Luzon, is one of the principal islands of the group; Bacolod is its second best town, having a population of about 3,000 inhabitants.

At the time hostilities against the Americans were commenced by Aguinaldo and his allies, these people adopted a form of government copied after our own, requesting that a regiment of United States soldiers be sent there to assure them protection. At the time of our visit the First California Volunteers, under command of Brigadier General Smith, was stationed on the island, two companies at Bacolod, and others at various places about the island, trying to round up a company of bandits who were terrorizing the natives, among them Silai, Binalbagan and Dumaguete.

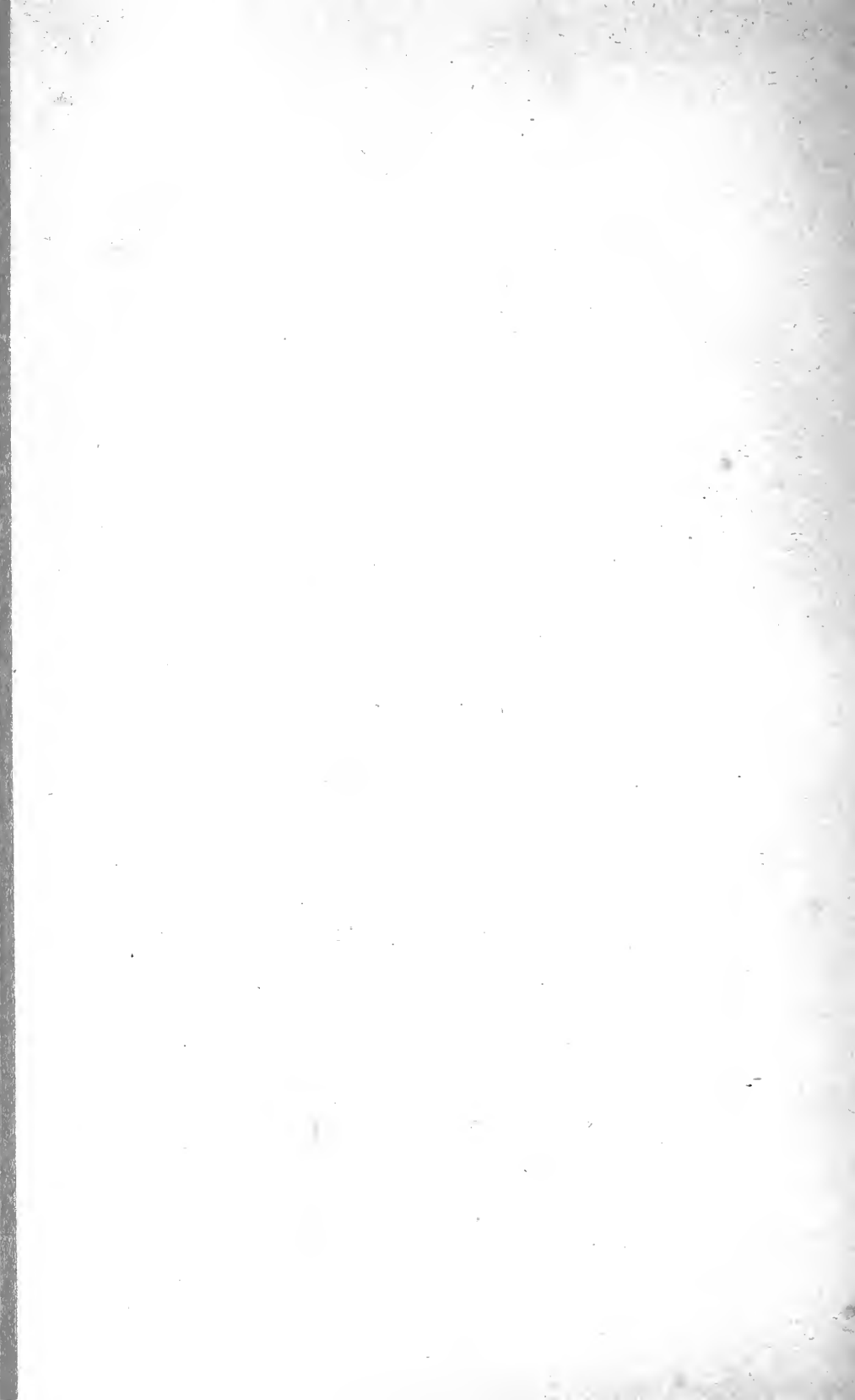
Upon going ashore, I was astounded at the beauty of the suburbs of Bacolod. First to attract my attention was the inevitable Catholic church, large enough to house the entire population, while the people, I was informed, had been kept in abject poverty to maintain it.

I could not state correctly the dimensions of this great cathedral, but may state it as my belief that there are few churches in the United States to equal it in size. These churches are familiar landmarks every few miles along nearly all the coasts which the *Bennington* skirted that year, and their size, apparent grandeur and magnificence, when compared with the miserable, tumbled down shacks of the people, are the surest proofs and should be sufficient to prove to the most ignorant mind that Catholicism in the Philippines has not made the burdens of the people lighter.

The altar occupies the entire rear of the interior. In the center of the altar against the wall stood a life sized figure of the Christ; on his left another of the Virgin Mary. Several



View on Flagship Brooklyn, Manila, 1901





smaller statuettes of apostles were placed in different parts of the church. A very large and beautiful lamp is kept burning all the time. The speaking pulpit, in order that the entire congregation may hear, is a small booth placed in the center of the building, high above the heads of the audience, while a very fair pipe organ is placed in the front gallery. The organ was of German make and, I was informed by the old Filipino sexton, cost six thousand dollars.

The market where all varieties of fruit, vegetables, etc., are sold, where gamblers congregate and people come to gossip, interested me considerably. They are very sharp traders and very exacting.

After visiting the market I went with a soldier for a stroll through a cocoanut grove, which was a great treat to me. Occasionally I would catch a glimpse of a cunning little monkey hiding among the green leaves and making faces at us. The natives have steps cut in the trees, and upon requesting them to get me a green cocoanut, one little fellow, who wore nothing but obedience, climbed up a forty-foot tree in a jiffy and brought down several green nuts. Cutting off the outside hull, he made a small hole in the shell and gave me a most delicious drink of the milk; after I had finished the liquid part of it, he broke open the shell, and the nut being young, I could have eaten the meat with a spoon had I been so fortunate as to possess one, but I did fairly well with his bolo.

I also attended the cock fights, which did not prove very desirable entertainment to me. In fact, when I found that the chickens were each armed with a steel knife about three

inches long and sharp as a razor, and that each time they fight one, or more often both, are killed, I was disgusted. When a game-cock is mortally wounded, it is often the habit (said to bring better luck next time) to cut off his legs while he still lives. In my opinion the disgraceful practice of cock-fighting should be discontinued in the Philippines; and while I am on the subject, I may as well include certain parts of the United States.

From Bacolod we proceeded with Mr. Schurman to Binalagan. Nothing of particular interest occurring, the *Bennington* was to sail on the morning of the twentieth, but was delayed by finding the army tug *Hercules* aground in the bayou of the river. Our steam launch and gig, after landing a number of the *Hercules*' sick soldiers and crew, finally hauled her off on the same morning, narrowly evading death by drowning of the entire party.

However, the *Bennington* got under way about eight o'clock that morning and steaming around the southwest coast of Isla de Negros arrived at Dumaguete on the evening of the same day, where Filipino officials came on board and invited the president of the peace commission, his secretary and Captain Taussig ashore to dinner.

We found two companies of the First California Volunteers stationed there, the town orderly and the people peaceful, and apparently glad to be under the United States government.

The president of this province lives some distance out of town, so they were entertained at the house of a wealthy widow.

Her son-in-law, a Spaniard, was the abundantly by nature master of ceremonies, also at the ball following the dinner, which took place at the government house.

The meals, like all others served to them on the island, were a repetition of courses upon courses, which they were forced to eat, at least to taste. The wine was poor, but the hostess was evidently doing much to honor them and appeared anxious that they be highly entertained.

At the ball in the evening there were a larger number of "mestizos" than had been present at entertainments in any of their towns. They were, I was told, mainly from the neighboring pueblo of Bois, and had temporarily taken refuge in Dumaguete. They were rather better looking than the other people we had met, but did not show any greater intelligence. We left Dumaguete at midnight and arrived at Cebu about eight o'clock in the morning of the twenty-second.

Mr. Schurman and Captain Taussig called upon the governor, Colonel Hamer of the Idaho Volunteers, and upon his officers, Colonel Bayless of the Tennessee Volunteers and Captain Pennington and other officers of the Twenty-third Infantry. Captain Bayless drove them about the city, but they had not sufficient time to visit the churches or convent, the only places of special interest. They had a very pleasant visit with the governor, who was located in a very pretty, comfortable and well furnished house for that part of the world.

At that time no effort had been made by the army to occupy the Island of Cebu, and therefore the "insurrectos," or provincial government, remained undisturbed. The most of the in-

habitants were willing, it was thought, to come under the United States government and protection.

We left Cebu on the morning of the twenty-fourth, having fortunately received one mail from home. At eight o'clock on the morning of the twenty-fifth, we anchored in Calderia Bay, a few miles from Zamboanga, where we found the collier *Iris* coaling the *Castine*; after delivering stores and mail for these vessels, we proceeded to Jolo (pronounced Holo) on an island of the same name belonging to the Sulu group, governed by the only United States sultan.

We landed and Mr. Schurman and the captain visited Captain Pratt, the commanding officer, and other officers of the Twenty-third Infantry stationed there.

Jolo is the main island of the group to the southward of the Philippines, and is a part of our possessions in these waters, which was occupied by the Spaniards in 1875 and 1876, and the authority of Spain over this group was acknowledged by England and Germany by the treaty of 1885. The Spaniards' possessions, in fact, consisted of this latter town of Jolo, a walled enclosure, and small stations on three other islands of the group. When Jolo was first occupied, it was a fever infested place and only used as a convict station.

The energetic commander, or governor, who had been sent away from Spain probably to die on account of his republican sentiments, made the little place a model of neatness. He laid sewers, brought in water, regulated the sanitary arrangements and kept the town so clean that the inhabitants expected he would punish the trees for the leaves falling upon the streets.

The inhabitants could not venture outside the walls for any distance for lack of roads, and never unarmed. The natives on the outside were required, before entering the town, to leave their arms at the guard station just outside the wall. In fact, except for marketing, the natives of the country were never allowed inside and the Spaniards never ventured far into the interior. All the labor of the town was done by convicts.

The arrival of our troops had worked a change; there were no convicts. The natives were employed in cleaning the streets and were not allowed to carry their arms about the town. The soldiers visited the neighboring villages outside the walls with impunity, and officers, in couples, had dared over considerable of the island.

The cave where Captain Kidd, of piratical fame, is said to have buried a great part of the treasure secured during his oriental cruise, is situated near this place.

A German named Schuck, with his father, lived on the island many years, he had married a native Sulu, a girl that had been brought up in Mr. Schuck's family, and has a large plantation in the vicinity of Jolo. With him we rode on horseback some four miles into the interior to the top of a hill, from which we had a view of the greater part of the island. I was surprised to see how beautiful the country was. Between the hills, the valleys were rolling and were cultivated to a high degree. Clumps of trees dot the surface of the ground, giving it the appearance of a park. It only wanted good roads to have been unalloyed pleasure. As it was, our little ponies climbing the muddy paths would sink a foot or more in the mud holes, and

one stream that we were obliged to cross, the ford was one only in name, and the water rose nearly to the top of our saddles as we rode across.

Mr. Schuck had about seventy-five acres of coffee trees, a large area in corn and rice, and was in fact the most important planter and tiller in the island. What trade was not in his hands seemed to be in the hands of the Chinese, of whom there were about seven hundred in the island.

Mr. Schurman and Captain Taussig sent word to the sultan that they would be around on the other side of the island in the afternoon; accordingly upon returning from the above expedition, we got under way and steamed around to Mainbun Bay, about twenty-seven miles by water and twelve by land. We arrived at four o'clock.

The houses, built on piling over the water, were dirty looking and the people were little better in appearance. Jumping ashore from the small boats, Mr. Schurman and the captain were escorted a short distance to a house built on higher ground and into a small room, where they were invited to occupy chairs while the sultan was being prepared to receive them. They stayed there some time, when they were introduced to the father of the sultan with whom they conversed for a few moments, and then were told that the sultan was ready to receive them. So they followed the crowd of attendants along a narrow and very rough road, erected up over a swamp, built of mud and blocks of coral.

The sultan's house was also rough but a little more portentous than the others and aping in form the houses of the Fili-

pinos. They were ushered upstairs to what might be called a veranda; that was furnished with a cheap mahogany extension table, on one side of which was a sofa and the rest of the table was surrounded by chairs. The table was covered with a tablecloth, not immaculate, some silver and glass ornaments, brought, probably, from Singapore, two pint bottles of claret and some small liquor glasses. Later on Mr. Schurman and some officers, who were of the party, were given each a glass of chocolate, and a dozen or more different kinds of cakes and confectionery, none of which they tried, were placed upon the table.

By means of an interpreter, Mr. Schurman explained to the sultan the object of his visit, and the general impression was that they were welcome, and that the sultan would make no trouble about acknowledging our sovereignty. They were not permitted to enter that part of the sultan's house where his harem is situated.

It was dark when they finally returned to the ship, but we immediately got under way for Sandakan, Borneo, where we arrived on the afternoon of the twenty-seventh.

I have mentioned only the principal points visited by Mr. Schurman, during his inspection, at most of which places he was dined and feted by the Filipino officials, meeting everywhere the elite among the natives.

It is not my intention to give a complete account of Mr. Schurman's tour, nor is it possible from the data in my possession, so will close the subject by stating that we stayed only a few hours at Sandakan, when we returned to Manila, after

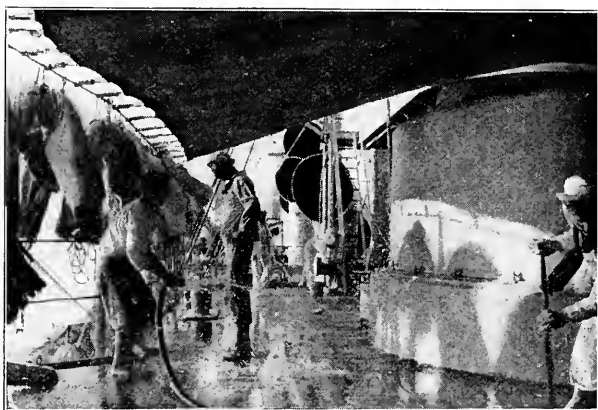
a two weeks' cruise of about two thousand miles, via Palawan Island, the extreme western island of the Philippine group, where we found the Filipino flag waving defiantly in the harbor.

The insurgent general came off to the vessel and expostulated wildly with the captain for not saluting his flag on entering port, but after a few moments talk with Mr. Schurman he returned peacefully ashore with his staff, after ordering us out of the port.

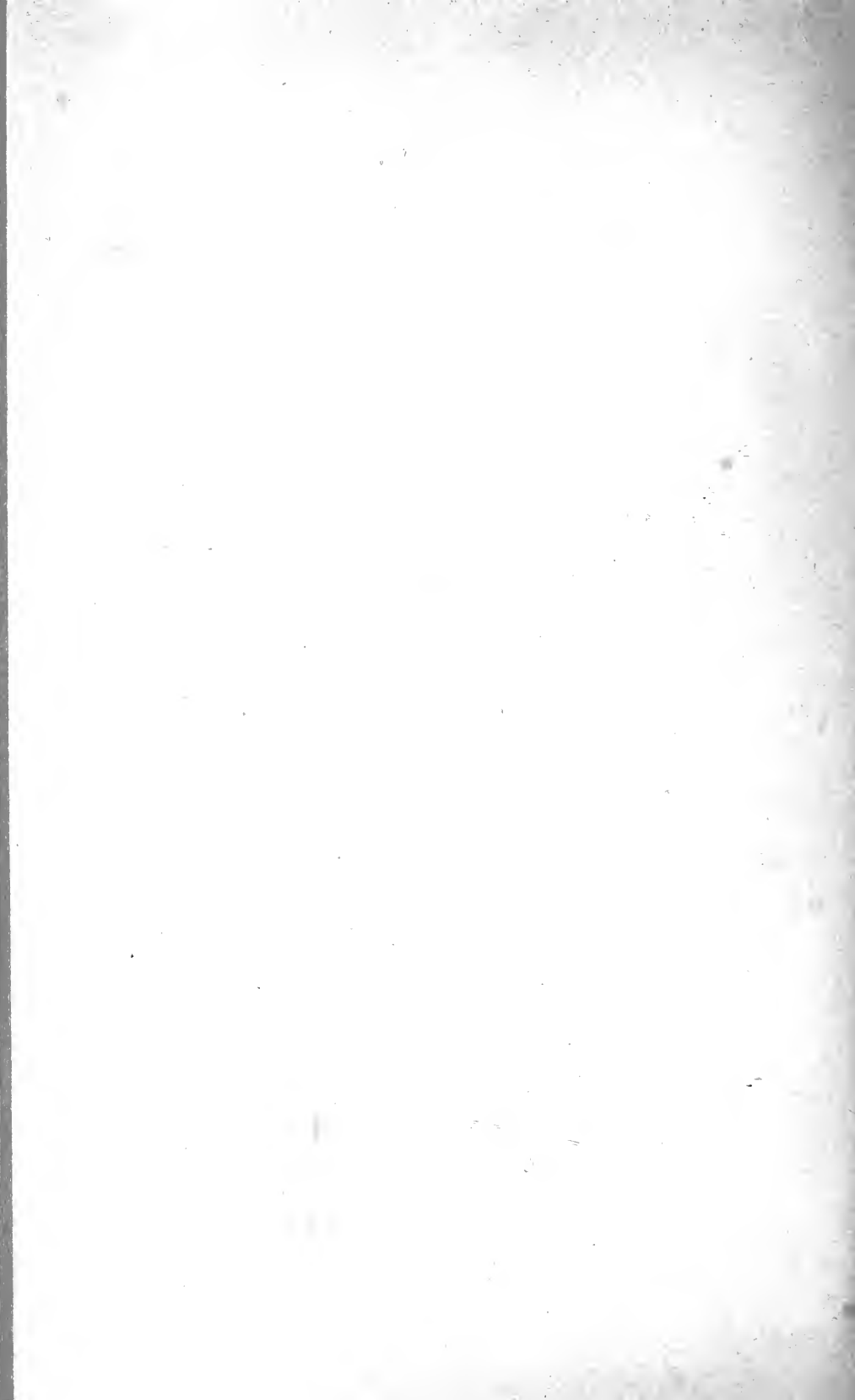
Owing to orders received from the commander-in-chief on our departure from Manila, and on account of our peaceful mission, we could not but retire as gracefully as possible, but a vessel was dispatched from Manila immediately upon our arrival, the Filipino flag was shot down and the Filipino general pacified in Uncle Sam's good old fashioned way—with shot and shell.

Another time the *Bennington* steamed up through San Bernardino Straits and dropped anchor off Nabug Bay, off Sugat, on the east coast of Luzon, remained at anchor for the night and the next morning proceeded to Legaspi, one of the most beautiful harbors I have yet seen (here I first discovered the Pacific, but did not climb a tree in my delight as did Balboa). The harbor appears to be bottle shaped, and as we steamed through its narrow entrance, to our right seeming to be almost over us, towered the great pyramidal volcano Albay, from the truncated cone of which we could see thin coils of smoke curling upward many hundreds of feet above the clouds, and down the sides of this beautiful mountain, we





View on Flagship Brooklyn, Manila, 1901.



could see the dried rivers of lava, which in 1741, in molten mass, flowed down upon the city of Albay, at its base, burying that city completely. Later, in 1897, there was an overflow, but not so heavy as the former. When driving along the base of this magnificent pyramid, the peak of which is 8,274 feet above the sea, a noise similar to rolling thunder, can be heard as though it were only a thin crust. This is said to be the most beautiful volcano in the world.

Just opposite the entrance is the town of Legaspi, and to the left across the bay from Mt. Albay, a large bluff from the summit of which was flying a Filipino flag.

Our guns were quietly manned and, after four trial shots, with the after port six pounder boatswain's mate Hansen fixed his sights at 2,200 yards, and aiming at the staff bearing the insurgent banner, fired. We could see the small six pound projectile describe a most graceful arch, and, while we held our breath, the flag of the insurgents toppled to the ground. Cheer after cheer rang out for the proud jackie who fired one of the most clever shots ever made in the United States Navy.

Immediately we could see the Filipinos digging away trying to plant another staff, and as it appeared that they were endeavoring to bring a heavy gun to bear upon us, the six-inch guns were ordered to begin firing. Like a terrible thunder storm the great guns thundered and boomed, as shrapnel and solid shot struck and exploded about the gallant little brown fellows trying to hoist their colors. Time after time they were shot down, but as often hoisted, while the brave little

Filipino in command walked the parapet waving his blade in defiance and taunted our gunners with their inability to hit him. His escape was truly miraculous, as shells were dropped apparently all about him and exploding continually for thirty minutes.

The *Bennington*, feeling the uselessness of continuing the bombardment farther, ceased firing and steamed out of the bay leaving the insurgent colors flying, and the gallant little officer still walking back and forth waving his sword.

Just outside the harbor we discovered a schooner rigged "parao" flying the insurgent flag, and fired a few shots across her bow. She did not heave to but instead made every effort to escape to the beach, so, though the captain deeply regretted the necessity of doing so, it was necessary according to his orders to fire at her, which was done, and with a shell through her hull, which burst just after passing through, she hove to and lowered her colors and sails. Her crew was brought on board and one poor fellow, though able to walk aboard had a piece of a shell about the size of a man's hand just over the heart in his breast. He was afraid to come on board, believing torture was to be his portion; but he was kindly disillusioned, and treated by the ship's doctor until a few days later he died of his wounds and was buried at sea.

The other prisoners were kept under guard all night and given food. Early the next morning three young women were found hid away in the parao (a kind of sailboat with out-riggers) dressed in male attire. One of them was quite pretty, and they were very shy when brought out of their hiding;

they kept out of sight as much as possible, and seemed very, very happy, when they, with the rest of the prisoners, were sent ashore and liberated.

The parao with about a thousand dollars' worth of hemp was burned. During my service aboard the *Bennington* many such events took place, but it is not deemed necessary or of interest to relate them all.

While at Cebu a few days after this occurrence, we were honored by a visit from the French Prince, De Broglie, who was touring the world in the English yacht *Victoria*, which only stayed in port a day and night. Visits were exchanged between the captain and the prince, who seemed a very pleasant white haired old gentleman.

A short time previous to the cruise of Mr. Schurman related above, the *Bennington*, while steaming full speed after a "filibuster" on the coast of Isla de Panay, suddenly struck an uncharted coral reef in Sapien Bay. She was steaming ten to twelve knots when she struck, running high upon the reef. The harsh grating sound of the rocks shearing rivet-heads as she slid upon the bank brought cold chills to one and reminded me that our lives are not assured for all time.

After throwing overboard considerable coal, lowering all boats and heavy movable appliances, she finally backed off the next day, when, with collision mats secured, she headed for Manila, where upon arrival she was ordered by the commander-in-chief to Hong Kong, coast of China, for repairs.

## CHAPTER IV.

A TRIP TO NORTHERN WATERS, CHINA AND JAPAN—THE JAPANESE—DRIVING A MAN INSTEAD OF A HORSE—  
PRETTY JAPANESE GIRLS.

AS THE *Bennington* had clearly demonstrated her inability to steam overland, the commander-in-chief ordered her to Hong Kong for repairs. All hands were rather glad of the accident, as it gave us an opportunity to get out temporarily from the heat of the tropics and at the same time get a glimpse of that famous Chinese city.

In the afternoon of May 10, 1899, the *Bennington* dropped anchor in the harbor of Hong Kong and the next day the crew were given shore liberty for twenty-four hours.

The steam launch landed us at the wharf opposite the custom house about dusk in the evening, and immediately upon stepping ashore we were surrounded by a mob of jin-rick-ashaw men, clamoring in their outlandish broken English and Chinese lingo for our patronage.

The "rickshaw," as it is termed, is a small two-wheeled affair resembling the baby carriage, drawn by half-naked Chinese, in shafts, who are as a class, the greatest lot of rogues and sharpers imaginable.

Selecting a nice looking "rickshaw," with a good strong, healthy appearing man, I climbed in and asked him "can do down town?" Though he appeared very anxious to please me,

a blank expression covered his ugly yellow face, his almond eyes twinkled encouragingly while he articulated "me no sabe." I replied with firmness, "makie shove off, down town." This seemed to be perfectly plain to him, and he smiled, nodded his head and started off down the street at a round trot. The streets looked much the same, and as the shops were being lighted, I enjoyed the ride, scenery, etc., except the terrible Chinese odor. On and on we flew, darting around corners, down narrow streets, up little hills, turning about so much that I was completely bewildered.

Bye and bye it began to dawn upon me that we were passing occasionally certain buildings which looked familiar. I wondered if there could possibly be any truth in the belief of some people, that we have lived on earth before this life in a different sphere and country, in some other specie.

It was enough to make me believe this was true. A perfect stranger in Hong Kong, I was frequently passing shops and buildings that appeared dimly familiar. The city seemed to be a very large one, for I had driven rapidly nearly an hour.

My "rickshaw" man was beginning to perspire freely and inclined to lag a little. It seemed also that the "sike" policemen resembled each other closely. After I had counted fifteen who appeared to look exactly alike I decided to ask the next one, if he spoke English, where down town was.

Conjuring up all the Chinese lingo I knew I approached him with, "Say, cop, you makie sabe down town?" Very courteously, he replied, "Certainly, sir, but if you wish to go

down town you must stop riding around this block, and turn to your right at the next corner." The Chinaman spoke a few words in Chinese to the policeman who immediately proceeded to beat him severely with his cane, and ordering me to secure another "rickshaw" drove him away without permitting me to pay him.

Hong Kong is a distinct island of itself and is owned by the English; the proper name of the English part of the city is Victoria, in honor of the late queen, whose life-sized statue is placed in front of the city hall near the anchorage.

The city is built on the site of a small mountain so that almost the entire city can be seen at once from a ship entering port. There are many modern buildings, and England has thousands of soldiers and sailors stationed there in fine barracks. The greater part of the business of Hong Kong is carried on by Chinese, and some of their stores and curio shops are filled with marvels in the way of interesting and valuable fabrics, articles of common usage and curios.

The population is so dense that it is impossible to run street car lines, therefore, the heavy traffic is carried on entirely by means of "rickshaws" and native carts, drawn generally by men.

In China it is customary for the son to continue in the business or trade of the father, so that when a man finds himself born to the "rickshaw," he takes up the shafts as naturally as a horse would here at home. It is the same in all branches.



I found these odd little baby carriage affairs quite convenient. One can, if he desires only to ride three or four blocks, or even should he wish to take a sixty mile trip, as I sometimes did, obtain the services of a "Chink" with his "rickshaw" for the entire trip at the rate of five cents for three blocks or thereabouts, twenty cents an hour or over a half hour, with ten cents per hour for a day or more, after the first hour. This in the currency of China, usually Mexican money, which at present is worth 46.4. However, in small change the ratio is generally two for one.

There are several good hotels in Hong Kong, and quite a number of prominent clubs among the English officers and resident Americans.

The white residents hold themselves aloof from Chinese society; but in commercial pursuits the native cannot be ignored. They are extremely smart, keen business men and those of higher class are said to be very satisfactory in their commercial dealings.

The United States Navy has a purchasing pay officer stationed in Hong Kong, who purchases a great many supplies for the fleet on Asiatic station. Many staple articles can be sent from there to Manila at a less cost than from America.

Considerable repairing of naval vessels is done at the Kowloon Dock Yards, across the bay from the city of Hong Kong, and the Spanish ships, *General Alava*, *Don Juan de Austria*, *Isla de Cuba* and *Isla de Luzon*, sunk in Manila by Admiral Dewey and afterwards raised, were rebuilt there. The work and docking is expensive but, considering the extra expense of

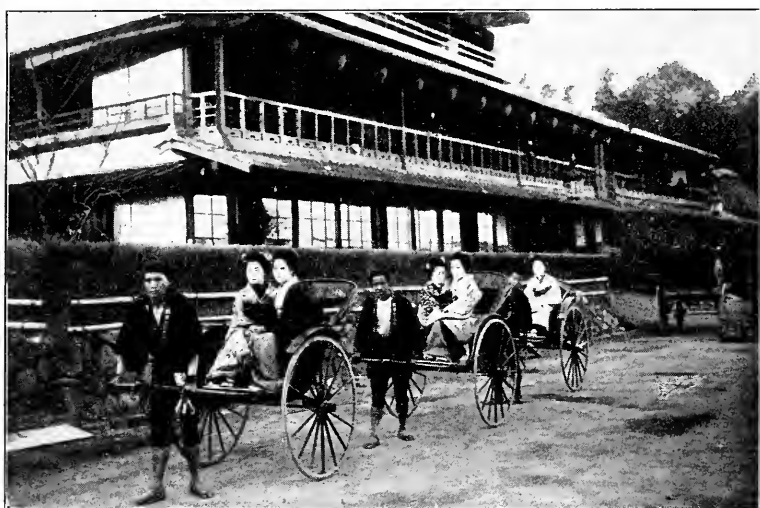
going one thousand miles farther to Japan, though Japanese work is cheaper, when considered in cost of coal, time and wear and tear on machinery, it is deemed expedient to repair ships of the southern or Philippine squadron at Hong Kong.

Not long after our return to Manila from repairing the battered plates of the *Bennington* it was necessary to send her north again to dock and undergo general repairs, so, the health of her crew being bad, the admiral ordered her north to Nagasaki, Japan, for a general overhauling.

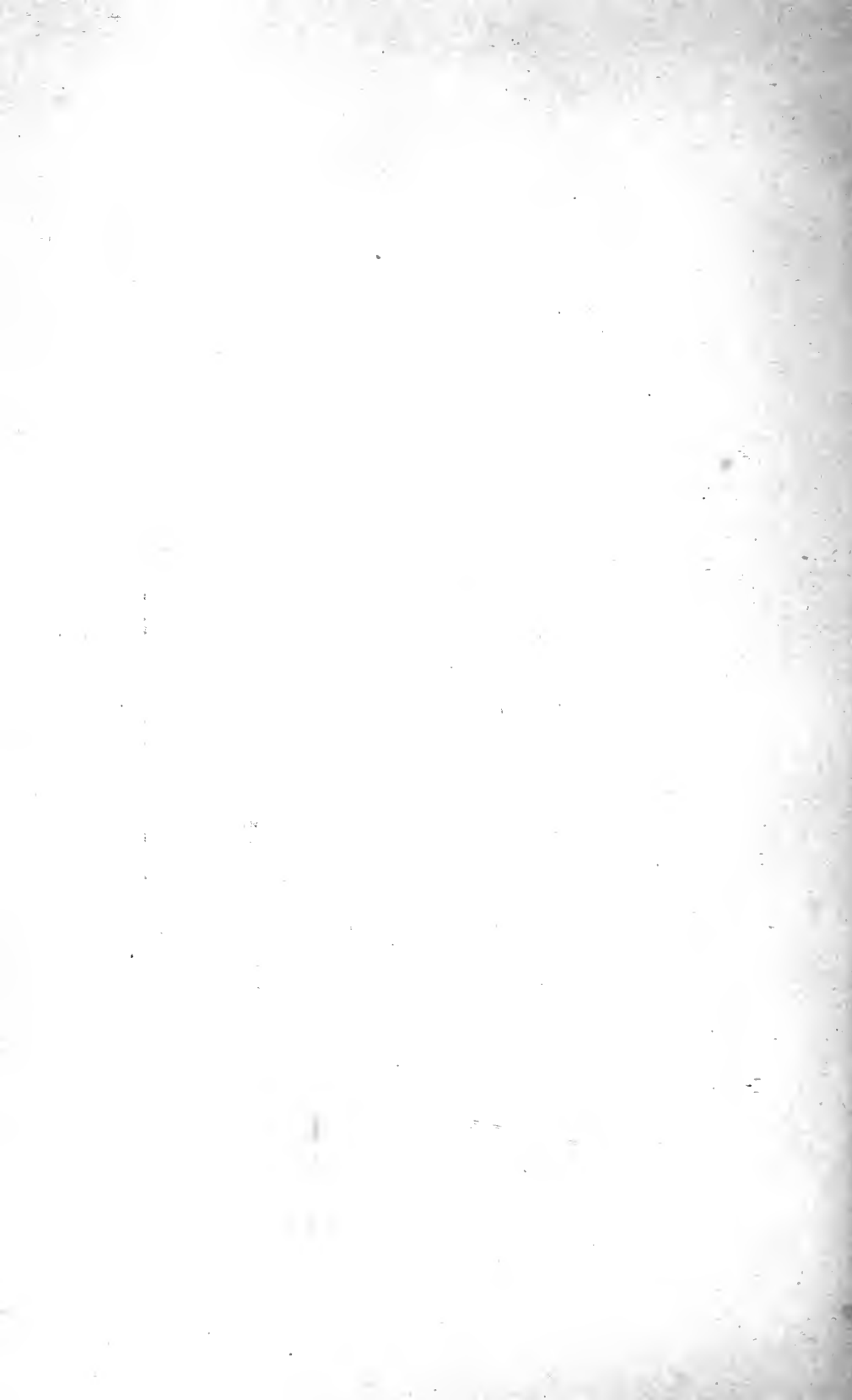
On April 9, 1900, the *Bennington* steamed through the crooked narrow entrance into the harbor of Nagasaki. Immediately the beauty and economical farming of these industrious little people manifested itself. The mountains surrounding the harbor were terraced from base to limit of vegetation by rice and garden patches. The people who cultivated the soil live in towns and go to and fro each day to work.

They build stone or mud walls five to ten feet high, then filling in from the mountain side, level off a patch of, perhaps, twenty yards square, on which they plant. The mountain sides are terraced with these little gardens, and so arranged that water is caught on top of the mountain and irrigated through each little terrace in turn, trickling first through an onion bed, then a patch of potatoes, or a rice field, on down through, possibly, twenty different little farms, until at last it reaches the creek at the mountain's base and rushes away to the sea.

In this manner no particle of ground is wasted. It must have taken centuries to effect these improvements, for the



In that Delightful Country of "Grown-up Babies."



walls look old, and surrounding cemeteries, with ancient green, moss covered, letter defaced tombstones, stand as proof of generation after generation laid away in the family lot.

Like the Chinese, they carry on the occupations of their forefathers, and the Japanese love their memory with a fervor that becomes a religion.

Their houses are cunning little box-wood affairs, with latticed paper sliding panels for walls, so that on sunny days the entire side of a room may be slid back, admitting the most delicate mountain flower perfume and sweet song of the many varieties of gaily plumed birds. The houses have few fixtures except an elaborate dresser, with countless little puzzle drawers, and a clock. They have no bedsteads but keep in day time a number of heavy quilted bed clothes piled neatly in a corner which, at night are made into a pallet on the straw-matted floor. The women sleep on a block of wood made to fit the neck and base of skull, so not to disarrange their elaborately coiled and rolled hair.

Their kitchens are models of ancient plain handiness, kept spick and span as a battleship, with stone ovens for cooking. Few indeed of their cooking utensils would be recognized by an American housewife, but they manage to get up some excellent dishes with their aid.

The people are far the most interesting of any met during my travels. To begin with, they are a nation of "grown up" babies. The women, little, alert, bright, pretty, baby-faced and full of fun. The men are the lords of creation in their eyes. They are proud, independent, dignified on occasions

and very courteous. They have proven themselves gentlemen, brave, intelligent and honorable, in their dealings and associations with other countries. They greatly admire Americans, and of late years are willing and anxious to accept modern inventions, and are making, perhaps, more rapid strides than any other nation on earth toward higher civilization; but, of course, they have farther to go.

Commodore Perry, of the United States Navy, a direct ancestor of Rear Admiral Frederick Rodgers, now in command of the southern squadron on Asiatic station under command of Admiral Remey, first opened Japan to commerce, and he is so honored by them in memory that a monument was built and unveiled last year at the place of his first landing, Admiral Rodgers attending with his flagship, the *New York*.

The majority of Japanese wear the national costume but among men European clothing is slowly coming into use. They are not able, however, generally to wear our clothes with the grace of their own.

The women seldom appear in other dress than the "kimona," and indeed they should not; for it would be hard to imagine a sweeter picture than a young, laughing, rosy cheeked, little Japanese lass, trotting along on her high cleated sandals, with her hair elaborately coiffured, and her kimona rivaling the rainbow in gaudy colors.

On fine days you can see them by dozens about the streets in the afternoon, bare-headed and decked in all the finery imaginable, laughing, joking, holding hands, or strolling along with arms about each other's waists, school girl fashion. They

will, sometimes, indulge in a wee bit of flirtation with a white man, and as long as he does not try to be too familiar will laugh, smile, make eyes, and pout at him, but at the first sign of undue familiarity on his part, dignity and scorn come readily to them and they will turn their plump little backs and walk away with all the proud scorn and hurt dignity imaginable.

I found them, if treated right, perfect little ladies and gentlemen, but it was rather difficult to become accustomed to their ways.

They have little idea of modesty, as we understand it. For instance, many public baths are open to both sex, and I was informed that it is only of late years that any distinction, whatever, was made in such matters, even at the most fashionable places.

At railway stations in the interior one toilet usually suffices for both sex and no attempt is made in the line of appearance or modesty.

There are many modern schools in Japan, where high art and the sciences are taught; and an educated Japanese recently informed me that the higher class of natives are adopting the Christian religion.

The "rickshaw" is a great Japanese feature and the men who make this a life-long business are the strongest sturdy lot of fellows I have ever seen. I have driven them as far as sixty miles in a day, over mountains, through valleys and picturesque scenery which might almost tempt angels to inhabit our old earth. And to spin swiftly over the excellently paved

smooth roads, in the shade of great towering cliffs, through bright green valleys, breathing a soft sea breeze, spiced with the richest perfume of foreign flowers—to pass through dense forests of unfamiliar trees and burst suddenly through the narrow green archway of branches upon a white sandy beach, where the view stretches for miles out over a sea as deep and blue as a Japanese maiden's eyes—I say, to burst suddenly out from all this delightful maze of verdure upon the sea beach, where tiny curling wavelets roll pretty shells up to your feet, is to forget, for the time being, all care and the world, to dream and dream of causes and condition, of origin and end, in perfect oblivion of all eternity.

Why it should appear, I cannot say, but it seemed to me that the sea about old Japan was bluer, the air sweeter, the flowers brighter and more fragrant, and even the birds, though of strange variety and throat, sang sweeter. The people looked cheerful and happy. The country seemed a land of paradise.

The Japanese are very thrifty, and in matters of skilled workmanship surpass any people visited during my travels. Their work in silk embroidery has become famous throughout the world. In Nagasaki, I ordered from a shop making a specialty of such work, a silk embroidered picture of the *Bennington*. Having previously planned the outline myself, I described it, the best I could by means of a book printed in both Japanese and English, to the manager, who made occasional notes in the peculiar scrawly up and down writing of his people, and seemed to grasp at once my ideas.



I could not believe that he thoroughly understood my design in such a limited and awkward interview, so waited, with no little anxiety the completion of his work.

A week later he came on board the vessel, his yellow face wreathed in smiles and his black eyes fairly snapping with affected pleasure at again meeting me. When the work was unrolled it was with the utmost astonishment that I beheld the result of his little daughter's labors. It was simply wonderful. In plain description: the picture was embroidered on black silk about three feet and a half square. In the upper left hand corner the Cuban and Spanish flags were crossed. In the right upper corner the Filipino and Spanish colors crossed represented the conflict of nations. Worked in the two lower corners respectively left and right, were a cavalryman in United States army uniform and sailor in the dress of the navy. Inside the circle thus bounded was embroidered first, a wreath about two and a half feet in diameter of flags of all nations upon whose shores I had looked while in the service of our country. The flags, as all the rest of the picture, were embroidered in their natural colors, and formed a frame for a picture of the *Bennington*, complete, steaming into the harbor of Nagasaki. This also was worked in silk, even to the pictured sky and water. It was a masterpiece, and is one of the most highly prized souvenirs in my possession. It is emblematic of my service and is the finest of its kind I have ever seen.

The tea houses of Japan interest all travelers. They are simply pretty little bamboo houses, placed about the country

at convenient locations, where travelers may rest and drink tea with several nice varieties of sweet-cakes and confectionery. I believe the most interesting feature of these tea houses is their pretty little laughing girl attendants. Straw and cane divans are placed temptingly about, and I found it delightful, when weary after a climb of five or six thousand feet up the side of a mountain to lie upon a couch overhanging a valley hundreds of feet below, where the view stretched for miles up and down the winding little stream along whose verdure fringed banks dotted here and there tiny picturesque cottages of country residents, while two or three pretty little maids fussed about the house each contributing a part of a dainty refreshment, consisting, perhaps, of tea, cakes, gingered bamboo-root and candy.

They would gather demurely about the couch and, if encouraged, would finally become very friendly, pointing to articles in the house and repeating the Japanese name desire me to speak the English word for the same article. Though they could speak no English, it is surprising how much of a conversation one can get up with signs, perhaps, a book of both languages, and articles of dress, etc. In two minutes they would be nearly overflowing with merriment and as happy as birds. If pleased a Japanese lass will either laugh or keep her face perfectly calm, while the laugh will sparkle from her eyes like raindrops in the moonlight. If something intimated should displease her, she will bring such an avalanche of ice and hauteur to her aid that you are glad at any cost to win again the sunshine. When in sorrow she crawls away to her-

self, under the bed clothing kept piled away in the corner, in the dark, or anywhere to hide, while her bosom is wrung with the most intense anguish and her form shaken in silent uncom-forted sobs. Anger has the usual mode of displaying itself—she can “give ’em fits” just about the same as an American girl.

Tea is served in tiny China cups, of quaint fashion, and is always of the best quality. They are undoubtedly the best tea makers of the world.

During the above mentioned visit at Nagasaki, I chanced upon one of the best appointed China stores in the city, and being somewhat interested in this commodity of Japan, entered making inquiries as to the manufacture, material, design and prices. But it was a bad place for a man to go if he did not wish to spend his money.

On all sides there appeared a glare of elaborately decorated tea and coffee sets, as well as other pieces. However, having entered, it was my next desire to get out as cheaply as possible, so selected a pretty tea set of forty-three pieces, decorated in Turkish red and gold, with scenes of Japan in natural colors. The little cups were almost as thin as paper but said to be very tough. I also purchased a small English black coffee set in twenty-four pieces, decorated much the same as the tea set, as well as several separate pieces and plates. A pound cady of fine Japanese tea was put in the box with the dishes and the whole so carefully packed, that, though I carried them about a year and a half in the orient, and then half the way around

the world on my return voyage home, only three cups and *one* saucer were broken on arrival.

Japanese women work everywhere, in stores, homes, laundries, tailoring establishments, in offices, drug stores and on farms. They are very plump, but much of it is due to solid muscle.

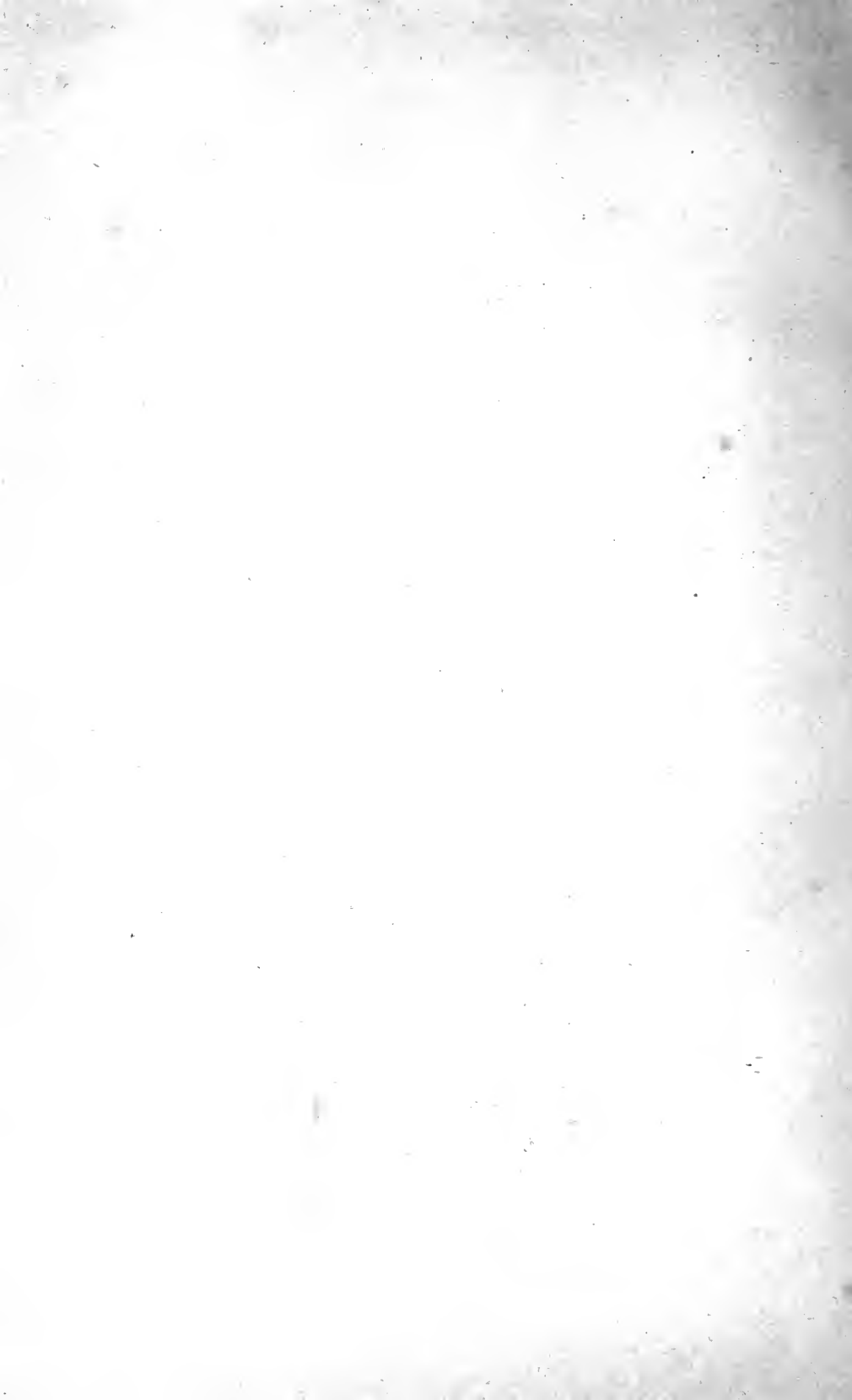
They wear little clothing, except the kimona, and perhaps a short flannel petticoat or cloth wrapped about their hips, underclothing being little used winter or summer. It is a common sight, so familiar as to early become uninteresting, to see hundreds of women and girls on the streets, trotting along in their peculiar way, displaying at every step through the parted folds of their kimona dimpled white knees; but in Japan no notice whatever is taken of such things because they are the customs of past and present generations.

A household is liable to consist of a great grandfather and all his descendants; the children, as they marry, remaining at either one home or the other, making the entire family number as high as seventy-five people. Great respect is shown to elders, and their homes are often made beautiful by perfect love.

In Nagasaki I was invited to spend the day and night at the home of a Japanese boy, who had been educated in the United States. We left the wharf about three o'clock on a beautiful sunny afternoon, taking "rickshaws" to the railway station nearly a mile away. The drive only lasted about five or six minutes, but, as our route lay through an aristocratic residence portion of the city, I found it very interesting. A fine residence will have shoulder high stone walls about the



Korotiotio, or oil bath, Whakarewarewa.



house with large iron gates through which, as you flit by, can be caught a glimpse of the interior.

Often appears a mosaic stone walk leading to front steps of marble or white stone, on either side of which will, probably, be carved images of dragons, lion, or a hideous figure, conjured in the brain of some highly imaginative native sculptor. A large pair of heavy folding panel doors, opening into a long hall extending entirely through the house. A wide stairway will sometimes be seen winding upward to the second and third story. These houses are usually built of stone, and nearly square, with the characteristic tiled roof, artistically laid after the Japanese idea of beauty. Very neatly arranged tiny lawns usually surround the houses of the rich and flowers abound in them.

On arriving at the depot I found a very neat modern affair, copied from American railway depots with a single large waiting room for both sex. Telegraph instruments were clicking away familiarly, but, though I have served as a telegrapher in the United States, their words were unintelligible to me. They do not use the Morse code, besides they use the Japanese language.

At the ticket office we were asked if we desired first, second or third class tickets. My friend, acting as interpreter, secured first class tickets and we passed through stilling on to the train platform, where a modern narrow gauge train was standing, its up-to-date little locomotive puffing and steaming in true Yankee style.

This seemed homelike. Ranging from the engine aft were mail and baggage cars, one first and second class coach combined, and three third class coaches, the latter filled with negroes. First class fare being nearly treble the third; they take advantage of economy. It is customary for Europeans and high class Japs to ride first class.

Only one native gentleman occupied our half of the coach; a high official of state, I was informed. He seemed to resent, a little, the entrance of sailors into his company, but aside from occasional scrutinizing glances of curiosity paid little attention to us.

Presently, on the time scheduled, a clanging bell accompanied the pulling out of our train which was soon whirling away into inland Japan.

On either side, as we left the city, began to appear the mountainside farms described above; every foot of ground was utilized and the clusters of neat little cottages testified to the thrift of such farming.

It occurred to me that, if American farmers paid more attention to fertilizing and irrigation, with care as to utilizing every inch of ground, their farms would yield more money to the acre. In the United States farmers leave six to ten feet on either side of fences and at each end of a field, which would if planted add a little to the acreage of his plot under cultivation. Narrow paths between fields take up the only waste in the farms of Japan. There are few fences. They are extremely neat and methodical in their farming and homes. Loose boards and old machinery lying about, and clogged irri-



gation ditches are practically unknown. Their homes are perfect pictures, even among the poorest, for old dame nature, if assisted, will yield great returns on labor invested, and they are not stingy of that.

On and on we flew past these unique villages, over tiny rivers whose waters were so clear that fish could be seen plainly in their depths, through beautiful valleys of flowers, pretty wooded hills, and long stretches of well paved white roads lined the mountain and river sides. Everywhere could be seen the picturesque little "rickshaw" bowling along at a smart pace, with its highly dressed occupants rivaling the landscape in coloring and brightness.

About every five miles the airbrake and warning whistle informed us of an approaching station, where all was bustle and confusion, while giggling girls bid their friends good-bye, staid old officials boarded the train in proud silence, and dogs barked at the noisy little engine.

The depots were models of neatness and the courtesy of train and station men was considerably beyond that of American railway employes. In fact our people might gain considerable in all public affairs by following the Japs in polite attention to their patrons.

There were no "peanut butchers" or news agents to annoy passengers, but periodicals and refreshments could be obtained at nearly every station in quaint little shops or booths for that purpose.

In about an hour the forty mile journey was completed, where we found "rickshaws" from my friend's father's home waiting to carry us a couple of miles to his country seat.

The drive was a repetition of many other drives in the country I had taken, description of which has already been given.

As we drove up the little shaded avenue through a tiny park of native trees and flowers, a bevy of brilliant figures came trooping to meet us with soft exclamations of the only English words they knew (probably learned since receiving information of our coming visit) of "Oh, Melika (America), Melika, welcome, Chesi makie muchie welcome, Melika," while they surrounded us bowing very low, again and again, their faces wreathed in a perfect sunshine of smiles.

The old father and mother came out and after embracing their son, whom they had not seen for several years, invited us into the house, the aged father, in complete gala native dress leading the way.

The house was such as that described earlier in the chapter, excepting the high iron fence. There was no fence here but quite a large lawn, dotted and fringed with flower beds, decorative bushes and trees. Several grand old shade trees surrounded the house under which cool breezes were wafted from the sea, which, owing to the curved coast, skirted their lawn.

The sky was beautifully blue, hazed with soft, fleecy, silver clouds, giving that Indian-summer expression to the day that makes such visits complete.

At the door we stopped and removed our shoes, it being the height of ill manners to walk upon the polished hard wood floors of a Japanese dwelling.

My friend's sister, one of the delightful little maidens who greeted us so cordially, came with straw sandals for use in the

house, and begged to be allowed to assist in removing our shoes. In Japan, woman's duty is to serve man, and she does it with so much grace and willingness that it is her greatest compliment, and is made a pleasure to both her and the master instead of a duty.

By permitting her to see in my refusal of assistance, the disgust it was but natural to feel toward a custom that humiliated women to such an extent, I had the misfortune to wound her feelings, and it was not until I had spent an hour endeavoring to please her with tales of American life that she finally returned to the characteristic good humor in which I first found her. With the aid of her brother's linguistic talent we carried on a lengthy conversation, and I soon found her to be talented and educated to a high degree. It was a surprise, indeed, to see that this girl, in the environments, apparently of ignorance, possessed the character and refinement of a perfect lady. Her manners were sweet, and engaging; her conversation piquant and sensible; while her smile and pretty baby ways in general completely captivated one.

She informed me that her education had been completed in Tokio, Japan's capital, where there are several high class colleges.

The entire family were intensely interested in America, especially in our government and manners and customs of our people. A description of American girls' dress and manners interested her, but she held firmly the idea that the American girl's dress was less comfortable and picturesque than her own.

She thought the idea of American girls going out alone with

their sweethearts very bad and laughed at our manner of courtship. She informed me that her mamma always accompanied her out into society and that her admirers always had to entertain the "old folks" also when they came.

She wished very much that she might marry a nice American and be taken to his country on her wedding tour, but preferred to make her home in old Japan, where she might add to the comfort and happiness of her parents in their declining years.

She showed me some embroidery and grew eloquent in her recital of proposed pieces for future work, informing me that my American sweetheart should receive a sample of her embroidery, and that when she visited "Melika" she would call on us and "takie tea."

She performed for me upon the samesan, a native musical instrument similar to our banjo, but, I regret to admit that the music was better when she stopped playing and returned to conversation.

She was very anxious to attend one of our schools, where she could, as she expressed it, "Makie learn talk Melika."

She showed me her dolls, queer little Japanese faced affairs, her books, and as a special favor took me out on the lawn to see her pet kitten; but the cat, resenting America's intrusion, bristled up and as the "boys in brown say" "hiked around the corner out of sight." Little Kitsu laughed and said "Him, jealous; him makie scatt! All same Melikan say."

Returning to the family circle the father gave some order in his own tongue, and servant girls brought in the first course of dinner.

And such a dinner! Twenty courses! Chopsticks, sitting Turkish fashion on our feet, with a circle of tiny dishes of undescribable viands placed on the floor about us. The little ladies gave every attention and seemed to anticipate every desire almost before it was realized.

I ate a little of nearly all the dishes, but, in strict truth there were not many palatable ones to me. The wines were better and a puff at their little native pipes, with tea, after dinner, with little Kitsu to fill and light it, was the best of all. It required strong will power to keep from falling in love with Kitsu, but, by the greatest effort, I came away heart whole.

The aged father gave us all a lengthy lecture or afterdinner talk, that, as translated by the son, was deeply interesting and sound in judgment, experience and advice. I can see him now, in fancy, sitting stoically in the center of the intent circle of relatives, his white head bowed with age, his little thin chiu whiskers shaking in a funny characteristic way as he spoke, while he continually puffed and reached out to be refilled the little native pipe of friendship. His twinkling little sunken eyes lighted and dimmed with the warmth and memory of love as he related, warned and advised the younger generation. With what interest and reverence they all listened! I, like the rest, was moved to passion and enthusiasm, as the narrative turned and flowed through the crevices of honor, love and experience. There have been many lectures, talks and counsels that appealed to me at different times of my life, but never have I enjoyed one so strange, solemn and interesting.

About eight o'clock in the evening we adjourned to the lawn, where fireworks and private theatricals had been previously arranged for our entertainment. Strange figures of fire were fired into the sky to float away into the night until they resembled twinkling stars of unearthly shapes. Beautiful pinwheels of changing colors, shifting into pictures of fire, and finally ending with a great glare of changing colored light. Odd Punch and Judies of fire were made to act for our benefit, and sky rockets hissing out into the heavens with a terrific explosion at their highest point, released tiny bells with parachutes, which tinkled and tolled as they fell.

A small stage had been erected upon which a Japanese tragedy, and love scene were depicted by members of the household. There was no music except the monotonous thumping of the samesan, which lent interest to the weird oriental scene.

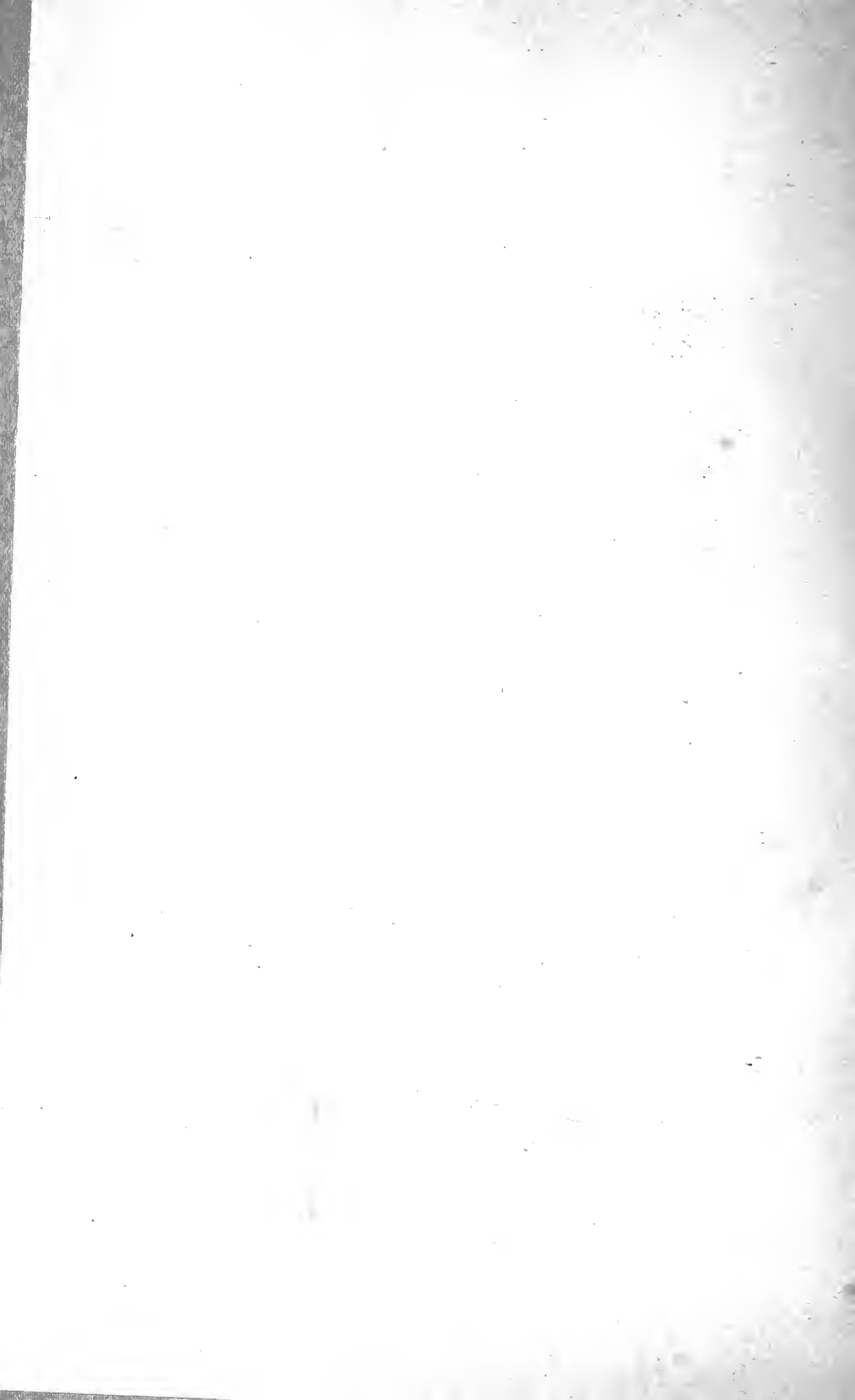
There were no outsiders invited to meet the "Melikan," as would be the case if the situation were reversed and in the United States, but their family circle, when complete, numbered about forty people.

When the lawn entertainment was over, about ten o'clock, we returned to the house where wine and cigarettes assisted us to while away another hour with story telling, when we were shown to rooms and given each a kimona and a block of wood for a pillow. The little "shakedown" beds of Japan are not quite as comfortable as our own.

In our little latticed paper walled room there was a bureau, clock, samesan, bed clothing and a large square stone carved out from the top in which was burning a charcoal fire in ashes.



Little Kitsu and her Chum.





On the side of this stone sat a small tea pot, filled and ready with two cups nearby, so that, if one desired, a cup of tea might help pass any wakeful hours.

Though amid scenes so strange as to seem almost unearthly, sleep came early to me and the little "shakedown" proved so satisfactory that my first awakening was when the birds were hopping about in the sunshine outside, chirping a "good morning" to we lazy fellows.

Almost immediately a gentle knock at the door attracted my attention while a soft sweet voice articulated "Come Melika bath makie all ledy." The door opened a couple of inches and a bath towel was thrown hurriedly in, when my visitor fled precipitately down the hall amid resonant laughter from herself and mates, who had, probably, drawn lots to see who would awaken the "Melikan," and were, no doubt, watching the performance.

The bath was a large vat, measuring, perhaps, ten by fifteen by three and a half feet in depth, and full of luke-warm water. A luxury, indeed, and one of which the Japs make free use.

I learned that it is customary for both sex, among the natives, to bathe together in these vats, in fact entire families occupy them at once, but the home in which I was being entertained would, no doubt, study some of the customs of their foreign guest and hesitate to shock him.

In Japan there is no false modesty or prudery, and in some ways it is an improvement. While I do not, of course, advocate this custom of bathing in public, there are many common sense ways of being comfortable, while at the same time per-

fectly chaste and proper, of which Americans fail to avail themselves.

However, we were spared the embarrassment of public ablution and met the family first at breakfast, where all was joy and gait, the "Chesi" appearing even more lovely, if possible, than on the previous evening.

As we were intending to return by the ten o'clock train, conversation was held principally upon the topic of a future visit. Little Kitsu promised faithfully to carry me across the mountains to visit a noted cave and the sulphur springs famous throughout Japan for their medicinal qualities, when next we visited them.

She was a perfect little chatter-box, having once become acquainted, and asked more questions about American girls than I could well answer.

The old mother said little, but kept careful watch concerning the comfort of all. She was a sweet, little, old lady and one felt toward her that respectful tender sentiment always deserved by good kind mothers.

The little "kiddies" of the household were very, very much interested in the foreign "Melikan" and watched with great liquid eyes every move and gesture. They were exceedingly well behaved; were, in fact, perfect little ladies and gentlemen.

One little girl, a mere tot of four years, came and sat down upon my knee, while I told her the story of "Little Red Riding Hood." She had never heard of it before but said in her pretty baby way (in Japanese to her brother, who told me in English) that she thought the wolf was very, very bad, and if she

met him she should look the other way, and, if he said anything to her, she would just stick her tongue out at him, even if it were naughty.

The most interesting of all the tales I could tell them, was the story of the life of Jesus. They wanted to know about him and if I believed it true and a great many things on the subject.

Though not a biblomaniac I had read the bible, and even though my interest has since childhood been centered upon travel, human nature has held a charm for me also, and in no work is it so interestingly portrayed as in the bible. Therefore, I was thankful that I could tell them the story of our Savior, not in a threatening manner—declaring their souls were lost if they did not at once act as I directed—but I told them the story as it is, and of his life as he lived it every day. Little four-year-old Kisen listened attentively while her brother translated the story, until the end, then was silent for several seconds, when she finally articulated, “Melikan Jesus lovely man.”

I explained that he was not only an American, but also a Japanese Jesus, and would even, perhaps, save a little Chinese or Korean girl if she was good and loved him.

The old father nodded approvingly at different times while I told the story, and finally went among his curios and brought me an English bible from which I read to them parts of the story as I had told it. This satisfied them all that I had spoken the truth, and little Kitsu told me in confidence, just as I was leaving that she would pray to Jesus for my safety while on the

sea, and that I might reach in due time my own home and sweetheart on the other side of the world in far off "Melika."

Our return to the ship was uneventful, except on arriving on board, I learned that she was ordered home.

Oh! With what joy I sat down and wrote the glad tidings home to loved ones. How my heart leaped at the thoughts of seeing home once more!

But, alas, we do not control all of our lives, and, although I fully expected to come home in the *Bennington*, on the day of her sailing orders came from the commander-in-chief to transfer all men having over a year to serve on their enlistment to the *New Orleans* for return to Manila, which order meant that I must again enter the field, and endure the terrible heat of the Philippines.

## CHAPTER V.

PROMOTED ON STAFF OF COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, FLAGSHIP BROOK-  
LYN—WAR OF ALLIED POWERS AGAINST BOXERS IN  
CHINA—LEGATIONS BESIEGED—BATTLE OF  
TIEN TSIN—AMONG THE CHINESE  
DEAD—NARROW ESCAPE.

THE *Bennington*, after several months' hard service in the Philippine Islands, was ordered home. I thought up to the last moment that I was going with her, but just before sailing was transferred to the cruiser *New Orleans* for transportation to Manila, and ordered to assist Mr. Ruppe, the ship's writer, during passage. I felt very badly over it, and in a fit of homesickness wrote the following:

"GOD FORSAKEN."

On the eve before sailing,  
At work in the office,  
The first luff at us railing,  
The captain doth scoff us.

Forward sneaks Casey (the messenger)  
A smoke to enhale;  
Says, "If executive calls me,  
Bluff 'im sure without fail—

Say the decks I am seeking;  
Then should he snort,  
Chase 'im back in his stateroom  
And give 'im a quart."

The boats are all hoisted,  
We're now ready for sea,  
"Good-bye Nagasaki,  
To Manila we flee."

And God help the Dago,  
Who there doth us sass,  
For our temper is ruffled  
By the *Bennington's* brass.

She's off to God's country,  
Where we ought to be,  
But we're here shipped for service,  
Of years there are three.

Though we viewed all the islands  
Of the Philippine group,  
Long suffered in silence  
Myself and dear Ruppe.

Again we are bound there,  
The sad dose to repeat;  
Again we must suffer  
All hell from the heat.

But, though they may roast us,  
General court-martial us to zero,  
With health and God's blessing,  
We'll discharge as two heroes.

So Casey smoke on,  
Jimmy Legs doesn't know,  
The world is unhindered,  
To Manila we go.

On the day the dear old ship steamed out of Nagasaki harbor for home, I, with a number of others, was transferred to the

*New Orleans*, and had the pleasure of manning the rigging to "cheer homeward bound ship," in obedience to the boatswain's order, as the one hundred yard homeward bound pennant of the *Bennington* floated out over the bay. We stood on deck and watched the ship which had been our home for so many months and from which we had witnessed so many queer sights and events steam out of the harbor, headed via Yokohama for America without us, leaving us once more to fight fever, heat, disease and Filipinos in the Philippine Islands.

The *New Orleans* left Nagasaki for Manila on May 19, 1900, where she arrived on the twenty-fifth. Everything appeared unchanged on the islands; the armies were still fighting, there were rumors afloat of hostilities in the near future, but nothing "doing."

On the twenty-seventh of May I was transferred to the Monitor *Monadnock*, lying off Cavite and acting as guard-ship.

That night I made my bed on deck under cover of the beautiful southern heavens. The bright glimmering of the tropical moon and sky made the clear night almost like day. The water quiet as a mill pond, men-of-war about the bay lying at anchor, lights showing from their ports, suggesting probable festivities within, and occasionally the creaking of an anchor chain, the bark of a Filipino dog, or the voice of a native would float lazily out from the bamboo fringed shore half a mile away, or across the unruffled waters.

Of course I went to sleep thinking of home and calculating the probable date of arrival of the *Bennington* in the United

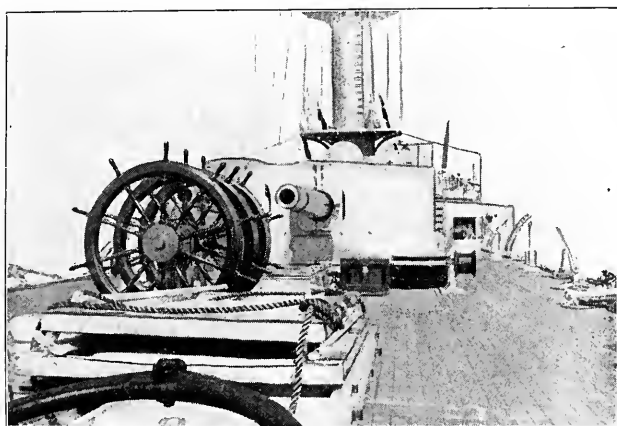
States, nursing my disappointment at not being allowed to go with her.

It seemed that my eyes were barely closed in slumber, when a fellow awakened me and pointed to the *Bennington* lying gracefully at anchor on our port beam. Well, I pinched both myself and the other fellow, but finally had to acknowledge the facts. The *Bennington's* orders had been countermanded and she had returned to Manila. I went aboard and offered to buy their homeward bound pennant and otherwise joked them, but soon found it dangerous and restrained my mirth. They were in no humor to joke about so great a disappointment.

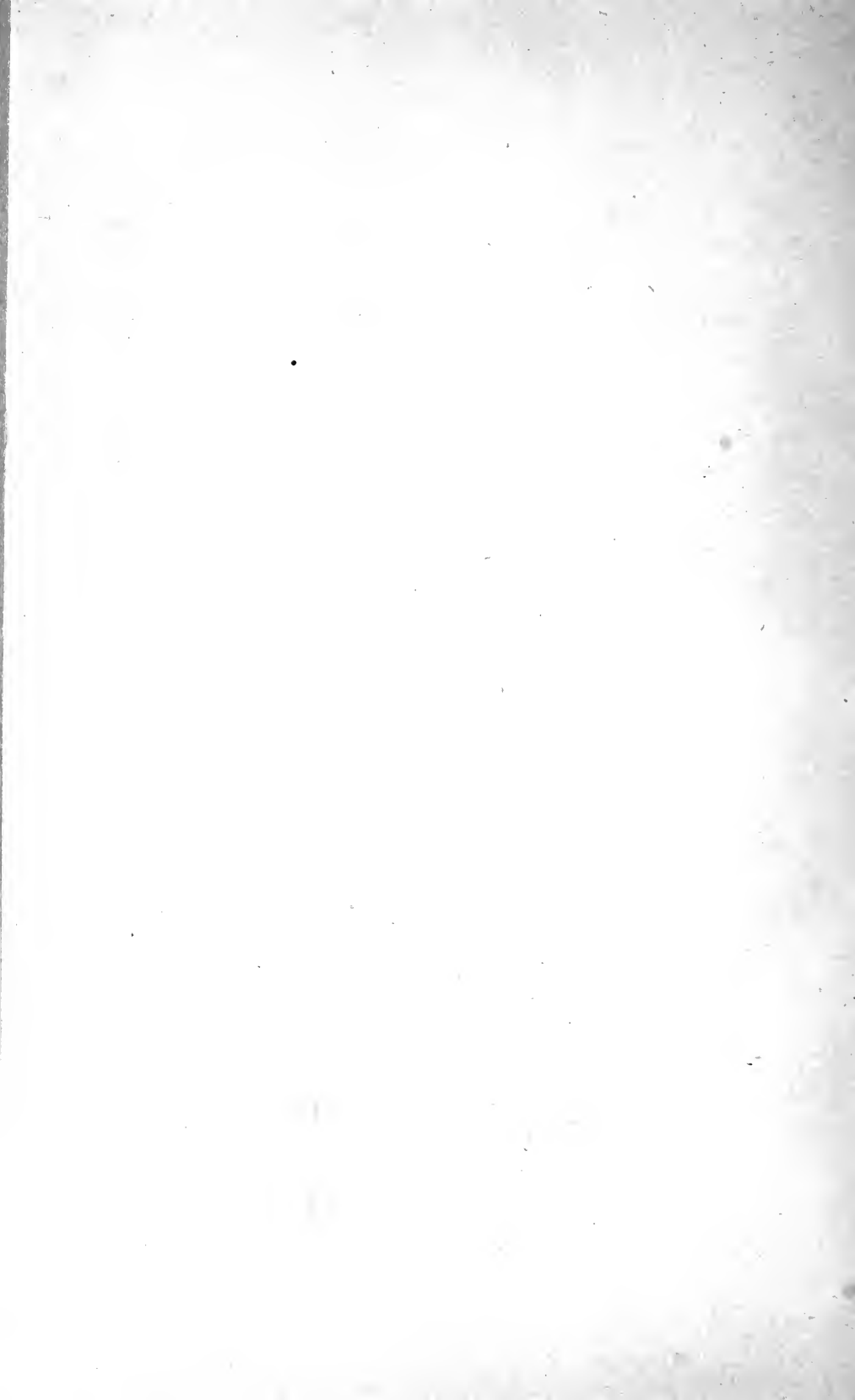
The draft which came from the *Bennington* were told to pack up and return to her, but five minutes before departure a signal came from the flagship *Brooklyn* ordering me to report immediately to the commander-in-chief for duty as chief yeoman on his personal staff.

The flagship *Brooklyn* is an armored cruiser of 9,215 tons displacement, 400 feet 6 inches long, 64 feet 8 inches beam and 26 feet draft. She has twin screws, two sets of triple expansion engines for each screw. Each of the four engines is in a water-tight compartment. In ordinary cruising the two forward engines are uncoupled and only the after pair used, giving an economical speed of twelve and a half knots. On her trial trip the *Brooklyn* made an average speed of twenty-one and nine-tenths knots per hour for four consecutive hours. She has five double ended and two single ended boilers of the Scotch type.





Quarter-deck of Flagship Brooklyn, showing  
Guns of Santiago Fame.



The battery consisted of eight eight-inch guns, arranged in pairs in four turrets, twelve five inch, ten six pounders, four one pounder rapid fire guns, two three inch field pieces, and several automatic guns for use mainly in landing. There is a partial water line belt of three inch armor, reinforced by an armor deck from three to six inches thick, and the guns are protected by a thickness of five and a half to eight inches. There are four torpedo tubes above water. The complement carried at this time was thirty-seven officers, five hundred men and sixty-eight marines.

The vessel was built at Cramp's ship yard in Philadelphia, launched in 1895, and put in commission in December, 1896.

She took part in the Queen's Jubilee review at Spithead in June, 1897, flying the flag of Rear Admiral J. N. Miller, U. S. N.

During the Spanish-American war, she was flagship of Commodore W. S. Schley, U. S. N., and took a prominent part in the battle of Santiago. In commemoration of this event, the date "July 3, 1898," is inscribed on the after bridge. The only man killed on the American side was on the *Brooklyn*, Chief Yeoman Ellis, and there are still one or two marks of the fight to be seen on the hull. In the officers' mess rooms pieces of side plating pierced by projectiles from the Spanish guns have been framed and hung.

The flagship of the commander-in-chief is a place generally kept clear of by navy men as much as possible. Why, I am unable to say. There is no real danger, perhaps, but great and high authority usually stamps fear into the minds of inferiors.

To be a stenographer on the personal staff of so great a man had never come into my ambition, so it may be readily understood how the above mentioned order startled me.

While I felt competent of my ability in the capacity of yeoman to the captain of the *Bennington*, she was only one ship; whereas Admiral Remey commanded over fifty vessels of war, the naval station at Cavite, Cavite Peninsula, and a part of Basilan Province, including about seventeen thousand men, and I felt certain of my inability to assist in affairs so large.

The *Monadnock* sent me over to the flagship *Brooklyn* in her steam launch and there has never been a time in my life when I felt so insignificant as when I stepped upon the quarter deck and reported to the officer-of-the-deck my arrival for duty on the admiral's staff.

The officer-of-the-deck looked me carefully over, and it seemed to me that I could see him sneer in derision at my appearance.

Calling his messenger, Mr. Boone sent him to show me to the flag office. There I stood at "attention" in front of the secretary, Mr. Belknap's desk, while he ran his eyes over me, much the same as he might a horse he was thinking of buying.

Presently in a very kindly voice he said, "Swift, the admiral requires a stenographer; you have been recommended to him and are here on trial." Handing me pencil, he said, "Take this down," and commenced dictating one of the first naval orders issued by Admiral Remey in connection with the war against the Chinese Boxers, during the besieging of the legations in Peking in 1900.

From that time on I was constantly employed as confidential stenographer on the personal staff of the admiral. It was necessary to keep secret much of this work, and it was carried on by a clerical force of but five officers and five men, which constituted the personal staff of the "grand old man of the United States Navy."

He was, in himself, the commander-in-chief, and planned the execution of this tremendous military force in a masterly and an admirable manner. He is the greatest beloved admiral in the navy, and I can see now, in fancy, his clean cut figure, denoting by its every line a gentleman, pacing the deck of his cabin, his white head bowed in deep thought framing the orders that meant life and death to the jackies he loved, in the performance of the navy's duty.

He was an Iowa boy, and it was with profound respect and admiration that I served him for eighteen months, through the trying times of which I shall relate, that added many lines of care to his noble brow. A great man, a busy brain, and a heart true to his country. It is such men as this who serve the public with success and love. In his service I visited nearly all the interesting ports from Australia and New Zealand, the Philippine Islands, China and Japan, north to Siberia.

If you stop to consider that men serving in a foreign country require a multitude of articles for use, that ships must have coal, stores, and repairs; men die, old ones come home, new ones go out, others get sick, you will find yourself on a train of thought that may develop a crude idea of what the command of so many vessels and men means. Papers for all these things

must go through the office of the commander-in-chief. The command in question covered the territory between Siberia on the north and Australia on the south, including China, Japan and the Philippines.

Even though there may be no war in the different foreign countries it is necessary to send war vessels to each port of importance occasionally, to represent our nation and insure protection to resident Americans. For this reason, and owing to the disturbed state of affairs in China, it was necessary for Admiral Remey's vessels to keep in touch with all the countries named.

Consider, for instance, the position of the commander-in-chief. His flagship is lying at anchor in Manila Bay. An orderly continually paces to and fro in front of his door, attendant upon his call. When the admiral first awakens in the morning, there lie at his desk a pile of cablegrams and telegrams with other important messages. Before he can dress his orderly will have interrupted him, perhaps, half a dozen times with messages, such as "Sir, the *Yorktown* signals for permission to get under way." "Sir, the *Monadnock* signals that the army has signaled her to bombard the trenches of the insurgents on Cavite viejo." "A telegram, sir"—the army wants a ship to go at once to the relief of troops at some distant point, etc. So it is all day long. Always urgent, always emergencies. Almost every minute of his day is taken up with something of national importance.

Every order of importance must be written and a record kept of it. Most letters must be written in haste. The navy

department must be kept thoroughly posted on current events. There never seemed to be quite ships enough to fill the requirements. It appeared that some officers and men tried harder to keep from doing work than they did to do it. Each man continually wanted something or other, and when taken in bulk their wants were many.

It was necessary for the admiral to keep up with the movements of his vessels. When you consider fifty ships, all moving about, reporting by cable and telegraph, at various strange named ports, it becomes a heavy task in itself.

With this introduction as a basis, perhaps my readers will appreciate the enormity of the work of the staff of the commander-in-chief. There was never any time to play, and often insufficient to perform comfortably the duties required.

Just at this time, the uprising of the Boxers in China took place, and Rear Admiral Louis Kempff, the senior squadron commander, was sent to take charge of naval affairs in China, in co-operation with the army and navy of the allies. However, it was not long until the situation assumed a more serious aspect and Admiral Remey concluded to proceed himself with the flagship Brooklyn to the anchorage off Taku, China, the naval base of operation.

Well I remember the thoughts that stirred my breast at this decision. After over a year's steady cruising in action against the Philippine insurgents, here I was starting upon a new venture the outcome of which only God and time had power to tell. Again, during the brief period of my military service—less than three years, including army experience, I lived in an

atmosphere reverberating the horrors of war. And now, the startling question stood out grimly before me—were the coming years of my life to be devoted to hostility—to war with my fellow man? Was I, instead of soon resuming the peaceful and happy pursuit of building a home in which to spend my declining years, a home where I might be surrounded with friends and loving relatives, the choicest of God's blessings, must I take the opposite course, and, rather than build for myself, assist to tear down the homes and sacred relations of others?

Must our beautiful country, America, just at the age when life was doubly worth living in her boundaries, of necessity, become entangled in war? If so, it was a sad state, and we should pray to Almighty God that there might be, ready at hand, a George Washington to take the helm and pilot her through the dangerous reefs and shoals of war into the quiet, unruffled harbor of peace. I did not complain; and if I found fault, it was only with circumstances, not with men.

It seems that the experience gained in countless struggles along down the line of past centuries, through which the world has passed, would change somewhat the course of events; but such is not the case; and so we continue in the enlightened twentieth century with war, though modified in effect carried on just the same as thousands of years ago.

At three fifty o'clock in the afternoon of June 26, 1900, the flagship *Brooklyn*, laden with three hundred extra marines from Cavite, with field pieces and Colt automatic guns, and



stores for three months, weighed anchor and headed for Taku, via Hong Kong and Nagasaki.

At this time the general situation was as follows: The uprising of the Boxers, who had the foreign ministers and their legations besieged in Peking, and had killed the German minister, besides a number of missionaries, had brought out military force from the eight powers, respectively, of United States, England, Austria, France, Germany, Italy, Japan and Russia.

These powers were represented by troops landed at Taku and marching under the British Admiral Seymour to the relief of Peking, and vessels of war anchored off Taku, the naval base, beside those detailed in the blockading squadron. The war vessels numbered, perhaps, one hundred, including those of all allied powers.

The following is a copy of the journal of Admiral Seymour's column on the attempt to reach Peking:

"Admiral Seymour presents his thanks to the foreign admirals for the co-operation of their admirals and men.

"The British commander-in-chief with a light force was attacked twice June 13th; the Boxers were repulsed with heavy losses; there were none on our side.

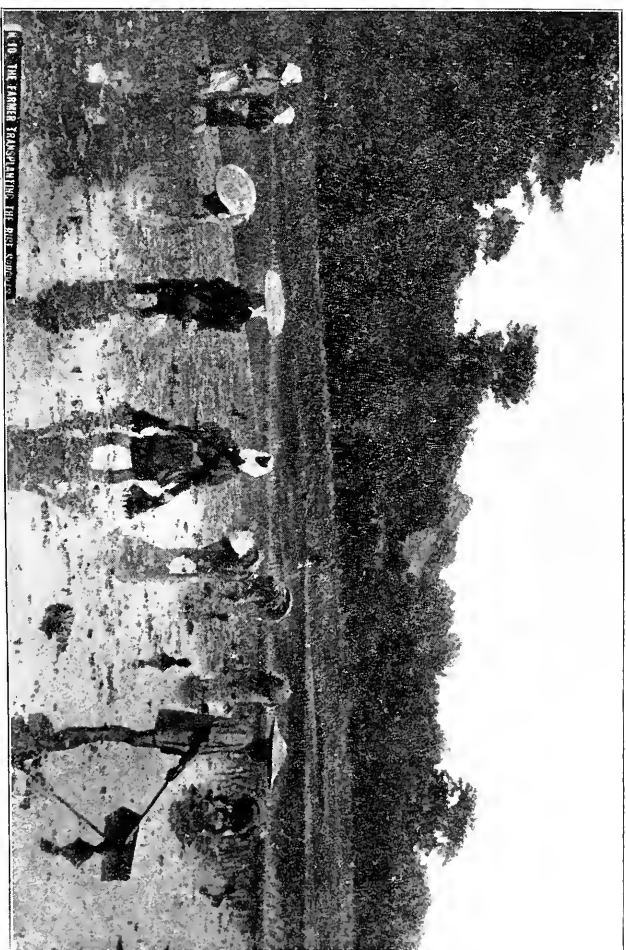
"The fourteenth of June, the train was attacked at Langfang; serious attack beaten off, with one hundred Boxers killed and five Italians killed. In the afternoon of the same day, the Boxers attacked the English position at Lofa. Reinforcements sent from the front, Boxers were repulsed, losing one hundred men; two English wounded.

"Troops sent ahead to Anting had engagements, thirteen or fourteen. Boxers lost one hundred and seventy-five. No losses on our side. (Railway destroyed.) It was decided on the sixteenth to return to Sangtun to march on Peking by the river. Leaving Langtang, two wagon trains were attacked; enemy's loss four hundred to five hundred, our loss six killed and forty-eight wounded.

"June nineteenth, the wounded were embarked to return to Tien Tsin. The column marched along the river, meeting opposition at every village. After a march on the night of the twenty-third it arrived in front of the arsenal above Tien Tsin, attacked and took the arsenal filled with the enemy's supplies of guns and ammunition. We could have held this place several days longer, but, being encumbered by our wounded, we asked for reinforcements from Tien Tsin. Reinforcements arrived on the morning of the twenty-fifth of June. The arsenal was turned over to them. The column arrived at Tien Tsin on the twenty-sixth of June.

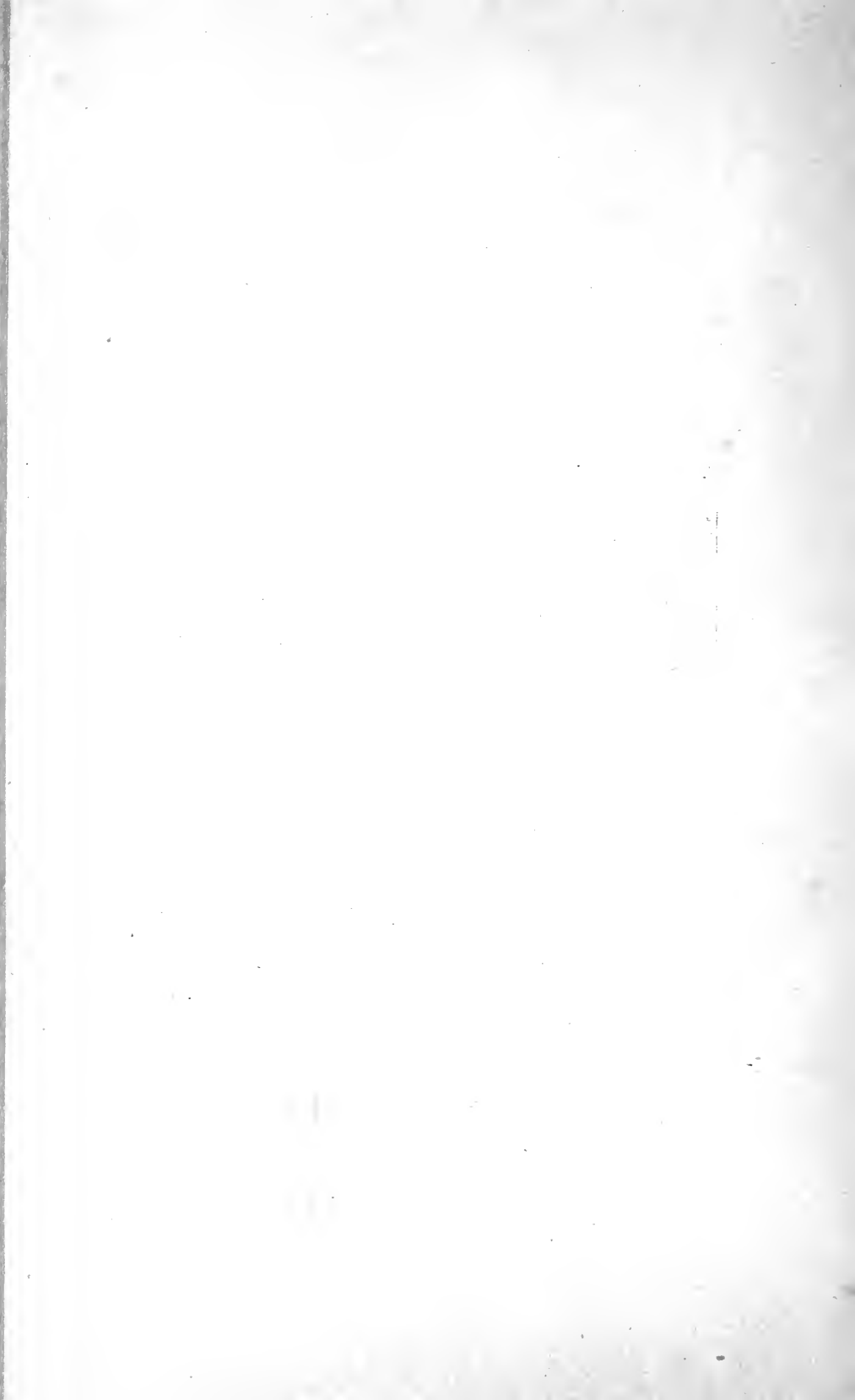
#### LOSSES OF THE COLUMN UP THE TWENTY-SIXTH OF JUNE.

|                 | Killed. Wounded. |    |
|-----------------|------------------|----|
| Americans ..... | 4                | 25 |
| Austrians ..... | 1                | 1  |
| English .....   | 27               | 97 |
| French....      | 1                | 10 |
| German .....    | 2                | 62 |
| Italians .....  | 5                | 3  |
| Japanese .....  | 2                | 3  |
| Russians .....  | 10               | 27 |



410 THE FARMER TRANSPLANTING THE RICE SEEDLINGS

Transplanting Rice.



The United States was represented on the water by Rear Admiral Louis Kempff with his flagship, the *Newark*, in command of Captain B. H. McCalla; the *Castine*, *Monocacy*, *Yorktown* and the dispatch vessel *Zafiro*, and on land by detachments of marines and sailors, in the column of Admiral Seymour, marching to the relief of our representatives in Peking. Captain McCalla, of naval fame, commanded our marines and sailors ashore. On the seventeenth of June, the Chinese forts at Taku fired upon the foreign allied ships anchored inside the bar, with result that the ships attacked and silenced the forts.

The American ships of war, for diplomatic or other reasons, did not join in this attack but the *Monocacy* was struck by a stray shot or two.

Admiral Seymour's column had about this time found it impracticable to attempt to continue their march on to Peking, owing to strong resistance, and had returned to Tien Tsin, with no slight per cent of casualties.

The Japanese naval attache at Tien Tsin received from the Japanese minister by a messenger thirteen days on the road, the following:

"The situation in Peking becomes more and more critical. The Chinese imperial troops bombard the legation day and night. All the detachments defended the legations with all their force. The English, French and Japanese are the only legations left now. Ammunition is nearly exhausted but the ministers hope for relief by the relieving forces."

The messenger added that all the persons of the legation are at present in the English legation. Provisions are nearly ex-

hausted and after the first of July there will be no means of procuring them.

It was deemed by the learned and experienced commanders inexpedient to attempt the rescue with less than sixty thousand men, well armed and equipped. Soldiers were being daily landed at Taku by thousands from all allied nations, and the United States were bringing soldiers to China as fast as trains and steam could accomplish it.

To us out there in the field, though we were anxious and impatient to get into the fray, it seemed that the George Washington mentioned above had, in fact, taken the helm, in the person of President McKinley.

In my confidential position there was ample opportunity to observe the undercurrent of diplomacy, both at Taku and in Washington, and the situation was, in my opinion, handled in the most admirable manner. One could feel the extreme care and thought with which this great president was steering the governmental craft, and it was, perhaps, owing to his greatness, that a terrible international war was averted.

I am, in politics, a democrat; but how can one but admire a man, even if he is a republican, who conducts his country so nobly through these dangerous strifes and political intrigues. He was, beyond a doubt, as greatly beloved as any president of our great country and lived himself as he advised others to live.

I may mention here, that later, when the shocking news of his dastardly assassination reached us on the other side of the world, profound grief cast a gloom over the entire naval and

military forces, and even Chinese and Japanese spoke in sorrowful tones of reverence their regrets and praise of this noble man. Flags were half masted and salutes fired by all ships in the anchorage, while funeral services and prayers were held by all naval and army forces on the other side of the world, as well as those at home, in honor of our cruelly assassinated president.

Like President Lincoln, McKinley tried to help the lowly, ignorant and helpless colored man—Lincoln, the friend of the negro; McKinley, the Filipino. Both the friends of everyone; and I have heard Filipinos denounce, in most forceful words, the traitor who slew his country's sincere friend and leader.

Arriving on July eighth off Taku, China, the *Brooklyn*, flying Admiral Remey's flag of rank was greeted with the thundering of many guns; but they were only salutes fired in honor of the admiral's arrival.

Men-of-war were all about us, and the terrific thundering and blaze of their salutes suggested what the scene and confusion might be should these great steel monsters turn their powers against each other. Santiago would be as nothing compared to them.

On account of a bar running out from the shore, large vessels cannot go closer in than about nine miles of Taku; small gunboats go up the Pei Ho, thirty miles to Tien Tsin.

On July ninth, our three hundred marines, under command of Colonel Mead, and two battalions of the Ninth Infantry, under command of Colonel Liscum, from the United States army transport *Grant*, landed at Taku. They left on the

eleventh for Tien Tsin, where they arrived on the same night, and were reinforced by over one hundred marines, under command of Major Waller, United States Marine Corps, who had preceded us from Manila. The only part of Tien Tsin held by the allied forces was the foreign concession. The Boxers and imperial troops were in the walled city which was strongly fortified.

Early on the morning of July 13, 1900, the allied powers attacked the Chinese; about seven thousand troops all told; the Americans numbering about one thousand.

The following report made by a famous colonel of marines of the battle of Tien Tsin is considered accurate and fair to all parties engaged:

“HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES,  
“Tien Tsin, China, July 16, 1900.

“I left Tongku on July eleventh at about eight fifteen o'clock and arrived at Tien Tsin after midnight. I found Major Waller and his force quartered in the European concession in houses which were nightly under the shell fire of the enemy. Small bodies of the enemy also controlled the street with rifle fire at night, this fire generally beginning at about ten o'clock and lasting until about daylight.

“Only the foreign concessions were held by the allied forces when I arrived, the French concessions being near the walled city, the English next and the German lowest down the river. The walled city strongly fortified and all other portions of Tien Tsin also strongly fortified, were held by the Chinese imperial troops and the Boxers.



"Our force took turns with other troops of the alliance in guarding the railway station, which was in an exposed place almost continually under shell fire, and a very dangerous duty.

"On the twelfth instant at a conference held at the English general's headquarters (Brigadier General A. R. F. Dorward) it was decided to attack the city at about daybreak the thirteenth, and I was called upon to furnish a quota of one thousand men—our marines, twenty-two officers, three hundred and twenty-six men—and a force of fifteen officers and four hundred and thirty men from the Ninth United States Infantry was still at Taku, or en route.

"At three o'clock in the morning I marched out of barracks with a force of twenty-two officers and three hundred and twenty-six men in four companies A, D, C and F, commanded respectively by First Lieutenant S. D. Butler, Captain C. G. Long, Captain A. R. Davis and Captain B. H. Fuller. Company F was an artillery company with three rapid fire guns and three Colt's automatic guns, and this company was supported by Company D (Captain Long), who was also the commanding officer of the second battalion of the temporary organization I have with me in China.

"We marched through the Taku gate by the road leading to the south gate of the walled city in two columns, the Japanese forces being to the right and the English and American forces on the left. The column in which the Americans were, were distributed as follows: Two companies of the Royal Welch Fusileers leading, followed by the marines (infantry and artillery), the English naval artillery, then the English naval

brigade, and finally the Ninth United States Infantry (four hundred and forty-five officers and men). The road was very heavy for artillery, such as we had, and I do not advise the naval gun to be used as a field piece until some device is gotten up as a limber, because the trail wheel plows into the ground and the dykes and ditches which were frequently met with necessitated all the united force of two companies to get the guns across, costing much strength which should have been reserved for the fatigue of the battlefield.

"Our verbal orders (we had no written ones) were to march on a line parallel to the city wall about a thousand yards in rear and to the southward of the bridge at the south gate and there the commanding officers were to receive their final instructions. No such meeting, however, was held, and my orders for the marines were to advance along the mud wall in a northerly direction with two infantry companies, leaving the artillery company and its infantry support to act in connection with the British field artillery and to open fire at a point where the Chinese had several 4.7 or 6 inch guns mounted which had been particularly obnoxious. We arrived at the south gate about five o'clock a. m.

"The naval battery of the *Terrible*, under command of Captain Bailey of the Royal Navy, had opened fire on the forts and the guns of the enemy just before our arrival and they were responded to by the enemy vigorously. This battery was so accurate in its fire that every small shell was said to have landed in the place intended for it and at about five forty o'clock in the morning the Chinese magazine was exploded with a shock

which was almost like an earthquake, and was distinctly felt by all of us who were standing fully one mile and a half from the point of explosion.

"At about six thirty in the morning I received orders from the British general to support the Royal Welsh Fusileers in an attack on the extreme left, and we crossed the wall in skirmish line having an extensive swamp to cross. The country was a flat level one, with grave mounds and dykes in great numbers, and these already dug trenches were a very considerable help to us, as in such an open fire swept plain we would have had difficulty in advancing and would have been compelled, with only the bayonet, to throw up hasty entrenchments, the fire of the Chinese both in artillery and infantry was fearfully accurate, as the casualty list will evidence, and I thank God for the mounds and graves.

"We advanced by rushes to a line of trenches about eight hundred yards from the enemy. We found that in our front there were very bad swamps and a stream of water which would render it impossible for us to have reached the city at that point, but I believe it was not intended we should advance farther, as the Royal Welsh Fusileers were then in the same skirmish line with us. We reached the advanced position about eight o'clock in the morning. I took one hundred and eighty rounds of ammunition per man with me, one hundred in the belts and eighty in the haversacks. This is not sufficient for an all day fight, and as it grew towards night, I began to be apprehensive of being left in an advanced position in a fight

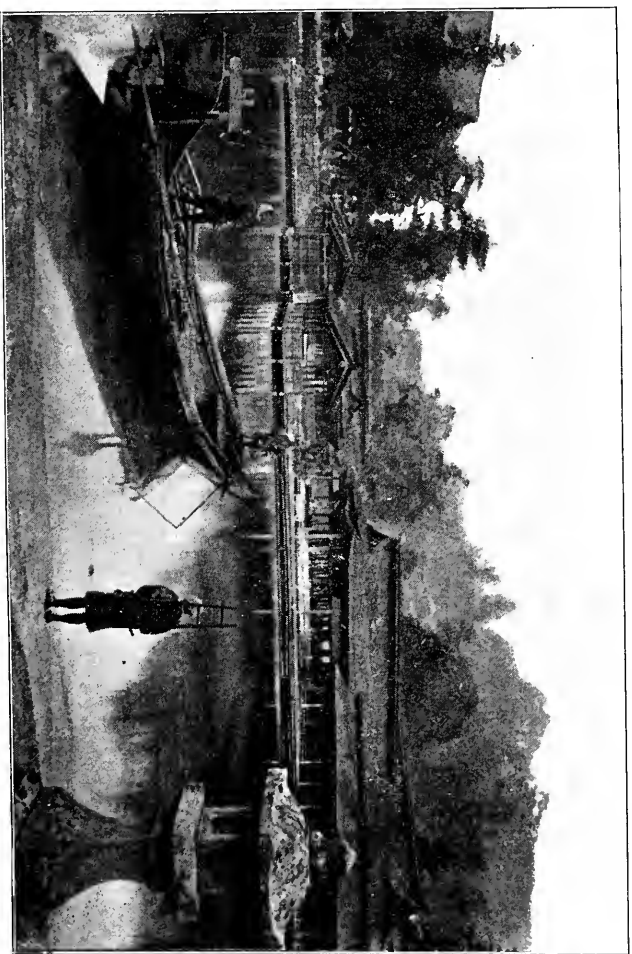
where no prisoners were taken on either side, with only the bayonet to fight with.

"On the firing line the action was extremely hot and the enemy's fire especially accurate. At about eight thirty in the morning, the enemy appeared in large numbers upon our left, among the grave mounds of the field in which we were, with the evident intention of flanking us. I made a turning movement to the left and rear and we drove them away. Later in the day, about two p. m., they again made a flanking effort, but at this time the infantry support of the artillery company was on the mud wall of the city and aided us by cross fire. This company was commanded by Captain C. G. Long. The effort of the enemy proved a failure and we drove them in.

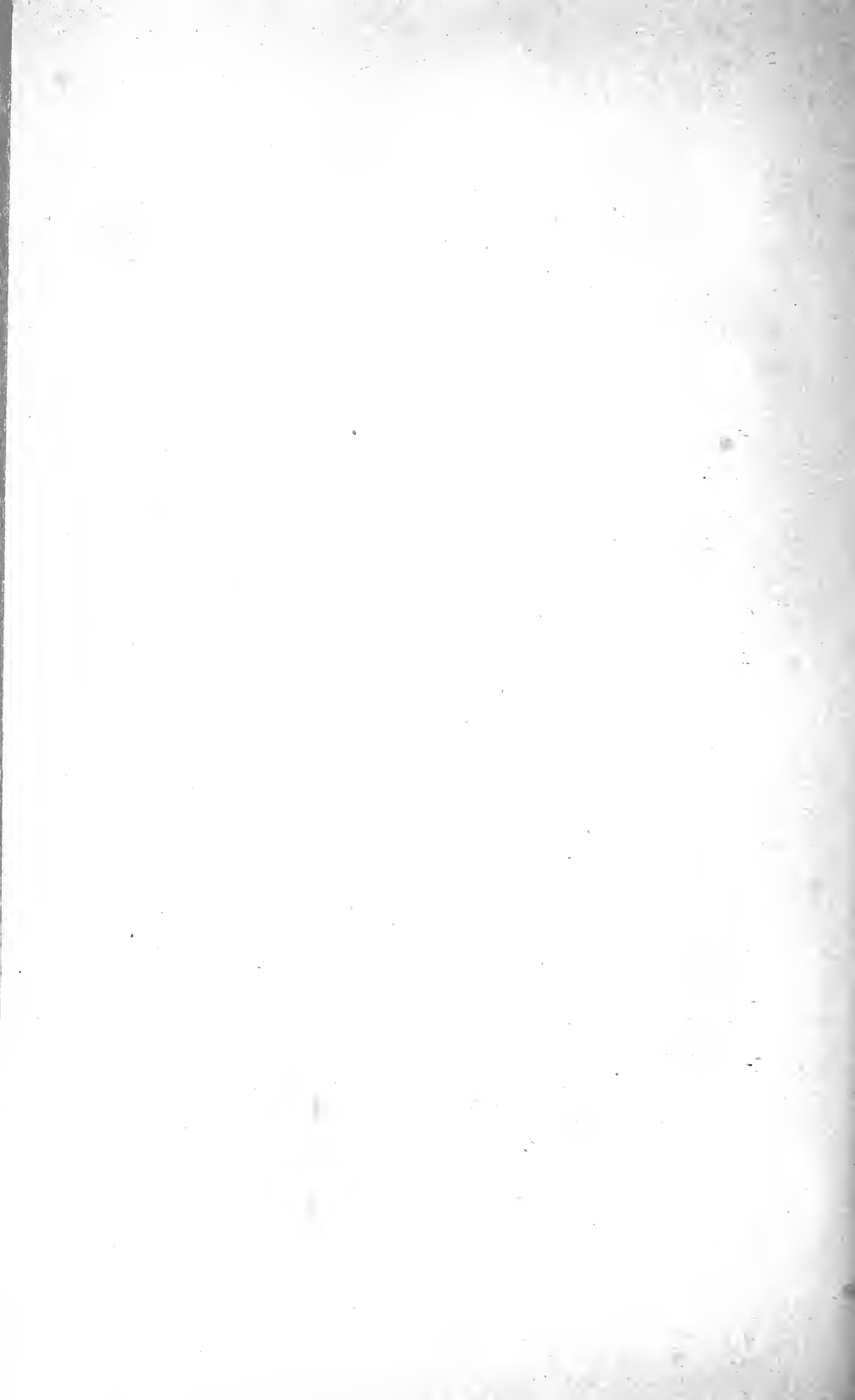
"We remained in the trenches until about eight o'clock in the evening, when we received an order from the brigadier general commanding to withdraw, which was probably the most difficult action of the day, since the enemy had so well covered our position that their shots struck crests of the trenches and threw dirt in our faces, many being hit. I ordered the withdrawal in small parties of eight to ten men to rush from mound to mound, or trench to trench. I had previously sent the wounded to the rear under particularly unfortunate circumstances. I had also to send one dead officer to the rear.

"The withdrawal was successful, only one man being hit, and we were soon in safety under the mud wall near the south gate.

"General Dorward ordered that the troops should sleep upon their arms that night and on the following morning enter the city, the south gate to be blown in by gun cotton.



Scene in Japan.



"The troops had had nothing to eat on the thirteenth save the small luncheon bags, if it may be so called—which each man carried in his haversack. It was not expected when we started out that the action would prove so long—but General Dorward, knowing the situation, kindly sent to the reservation for food and other necessities; the bivouac proved a success and the men, although very fatigued, were ready for duty.

"On the fourteenth instant, the south gate having been blown in, we moved into the walled city at about six o'clock a. m.

"We found the city filled with dead Chinamen and animals. No resistance was made to our occupation in the walled city itself, but an infantry fire was kept up by the Japanese infantry upon the enemy who responded from the suburbs. Since then we have had undisturbed possession of all Tien Tsin.

"During the day of the thirteenth instant, my force of marines, stationed at the railway station were vigorously attacked and suffered heavily.

"The conduct of my officers and men I cannot praise too highly. I had them, for the most part, under my personal eye. I especially desire to call your attention to the conduct of First Lieutenant Charles G. Andresen, whose fearless conduct excited the admiration of all; First Lieutenant S. D. Butler, who at great risk of his life, went out of the trench to bring in a wounded man and was shot while doing so; First Lieutenant Henry Leonard, my adjutant, who brought First Lieutenant Butler in in safety and was dangerously wounded, all conducted themselves well and I cannot commend them too highly.

"Since the armed force of the Chinese have been driven away, one conference of the representatives of the eight powers has been held with reference to city government, and this conference is to meet again tomorrow to elect a president. There is much difficulty in the mixed up condition of affairs and the French representative is the chief one in making regulations difficult.

"I had almost forgotten to state that the Russians in force attacked the north side of the city while we were engaged on the south. One part of my force was at the railway station during the battle and were driven back by the shell fire. They did not retire far, however, and they guarded what they were sent to guard.

"I regret to report the death of Captain A. R. Davis who was killed at my side in the advanced trench. He was killed almost instantly. I had his body brought in with the two wounded and he is buried here in Tien Tsin, his grave being marked.

"This was all I could do. Colonel E. H. Liscum, commanding the Ninth United States Infantry, was killed in the action, being twice wounded—once through the lungs and again through the foot. He is buried here in Tien Tsin.

"It being impossible to bring in all the dead, they were buried in the trenches where they fell.

"All the forces engaged spent the night of the thirteenth on the ground near the south gate, provisions and water having been sent for by the British brigadier general commanding.



"During these stirring and anxious times, the condition of the besieged legations in Peking was terrible. Continually under fire, expecting any moment the entrance of a Chinese army too powerful for resistance. A force too small to insure long protection worked and excited to a high pitch of anxiety, with prospect of early running out of ammunition and food, they simply lived for weeks in an atmosphere of hell. Faithful Chinese were sent through the lines in numbers, with several copies of each message, perhaps only one in half a dozen ever reaching us, praying to us at Taku to hurry assistance and rescue. These noble commanders, doing all in their power, were driven often to weep at the pathos flowing in each message. It seemed to me as I copied these telegrams, that they were from the dead, and were, perhaps, the last words Minister Conger and others would ever write. This great man and his fellows in trouble, carried themselves in a brave manner, and I believe it is due largely to Minister Conger's brains and bravery, as well as those of his defenders that they lived to see "old glory" wave over Peking's wall."

In the simple, brief, descriptive words of the following telegram, I will lift the curtain disclosing the end, leaving to my readers' imaginative power the painting of the scene of rescue.

"TIEN TSIN, August 16, 1900.

"Captain Wise, Tongku, China.

"Following official message, from front, just received here:

"'Early fourteenth arrived Peking, attacked eastern side of city with guns. Enemy on wall resisted strongly during the night. Japanese blew in two gates in the east wall, Tartar

city, then entered the city; the other forces entered gate of Chinese city. Guard was sent at once to legations; joined at legations. All survivors at legations well. Japanese loss over one hundred killed and wounded. Enemy's loss four hundred killed.' The above telegram came from the Japanese. Our losses are not known, but if any probably much less than the Japanese. Fighting is said to be going on in the city which is said to be burning. This latter information from British headquarters. Everything quiet at Tien Tsin.

“(Signed) W. H. McGRANN.”

A friend of mine, who visited Peking shortly after the release of the legations, and by favor received access to the palace of the emperor, who had fled at the approach of the allied armies, gives the following description of the emperor and empress dowager's quarters:

“I have just returned after spending a great part of the day in the imperial palace. Having asked permission of the Japanese, Colonel Sheiba told me that General Wilson and the American commissioner, Mr. Rankin, were going to pay a visit today, and that it would be a good opportunity for me to go with them. General Wilson kindly allowed me to join his party, and my inspection proved most interesting. My previous visit had been on the day of the triumphal march through to the accompaniment of blaring brass bands and tramping iron shod feet; but today we had an opportunity of wandering about at our leisure and of visiting sections of the palace from which we had previously been excluded.

“The private apartments of the emperor, which had been

sealed up were opened to us, and also the still more splendid suite belonging to the dowager empress. 'Peace, Harmony, Repose' was the legend in gold letters over the entrance to the emperor's suite. There was a jarring note in the comparative vulgarity of a number of European ornaments and the repose must have been sadly disturbed if the immense number of clocks there were kept going. I counted sixteen clocks in one small room. Two of them were working models of horizontal steam engines, possibly a present from some foreign 'devil' on the lookout for contracts or concessions. There was a wonderful mechanical toy on the floor of his bedroom, a silver gilt elephant harnessed to a car on which were many little figures. The harness and back of the elephant were richly studded with diamonds and rubies. His bed was comparatively plain and of the choicest silk. Everything about the room was in order and there was not the slightest sign of neglect or decay which was so prevalent as in other parts of the palace.

"The dowager empress' suite was the finest of all. Three sets of rooms with three court-yards adjoined each other. The rooms were fitted with large windows of thick plate glass so that one could look right through. There was a rich profusion of the most lovely ornaments everywhere. The beauty of exquisitely carved jade ornaments surpassing everything else. I could feel my pockets aching in gaping longing. The old lady does not appear to have been so severely stricken with the clock mania as the emperor, and contents herself with about half a dozen in each room.

"After wandering about the 'garden of the white jade flower' as it is called, I mounted a sort of rocky eminence, on the top of which is a little summer-house-like pagoda. The comptroller of the household told me it was a favorite spot with the emperor, where he often went in the evening or early morning. From this point no monarch in the world could look upon a more beautiful prospect—roofs of gold-like tiles or exquisite deep blue and green vistas of carved white marble terraces, temples and domes, and a veil of foliage which at a short distance hides all the squalor of the streets, and stretches like a level forest toward the western hills altogether a most remarkable sight, which it would be hard to beat.

"Peking is a beautiful city as seen from any high point of view, most beautiful of all from where the emperor sees it."

On the morning of June fourteenth, after the battle of Tien Tsin, I visited the city on official business, finding the streets literally covered with Chinese dead. The canals, from which allied soldiers dipped their drinking water, flowed putrid with the carcasses of the dead. One could walk, in many places, some distance on the dead bodies. Mutilation in every conceivable form multiplied the horrors of the dead. Hundreds of dogs feasted upon human flesh.

On passing up the Pei Ho river en route to Tien Tsin the small tug was fired upon. I heard several little hissing noises, but, though I had heard bullets before, thought they were noises made by the old "rattle-trap" machinery of the tug, until finally one struck in the pilot house just in front of me. Then I felt no uncertainty. We were being fired upon.

Lying low behind the gunwale of the tug, six of us opened fire upon a small band of probably twenty Chinese, firing at us from behind one of the Chinese above ground cave-like graves. For about twenty minutes we had it pretty lively, and finally routed them. Only one of our party was hit—a slight flesh wound in the left forearm. How the Chinese fared is not definitely known. This was indeed a narrow escape for those of us in the tug, as other Chinese were seen running from the neighboring village to assist their comrades, as quick as they could get in range, and would soon have had the tug between a deadly cross fire, had we not worked quickly with the rifles and disconcerted the enemy for a few moments, managed to get the tug up the river out of range before the Chinese were sufficiently reinforced to charge.

## CHAPTER VI.

VISIT TO AUSTRALIA—CROSSING THE EQUATOR—SIDNEY—MEL-  
BOURNE—A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE—ARRIVAL OF THE  
PRINCE OF WALES—THE GREAT PROCES-  
SION—AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

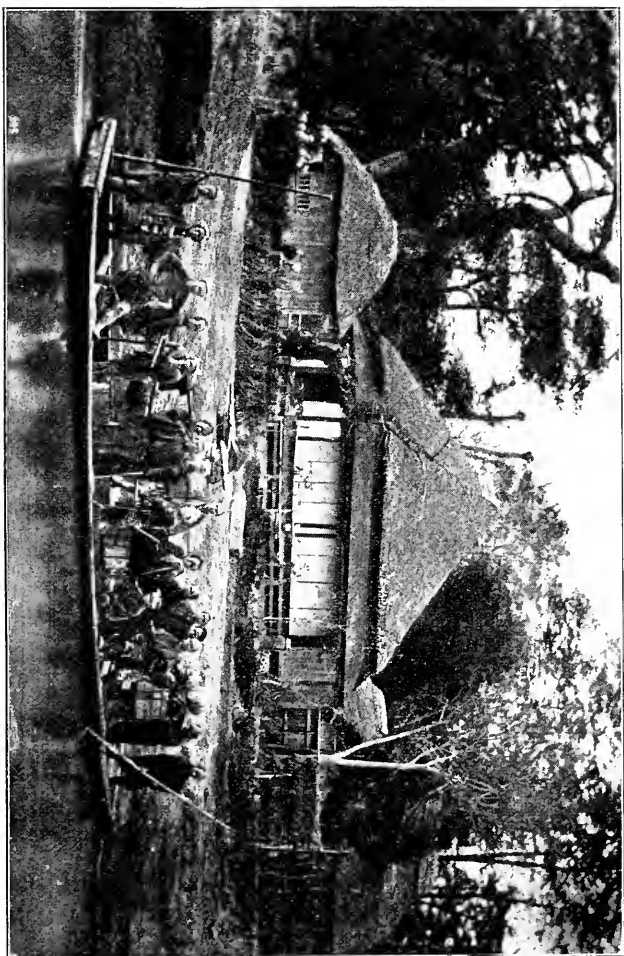
THE VISIT IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

ON THE MORNING of April 9, 1901, the big tropical sun blazed over the low range of mountains back of Manila, and pouring his scorching rays down upon the flagships *Brooklyn* and *Kentucky*, made those great iron monsters seem like heated ovens to those of us who belonged between their decks.

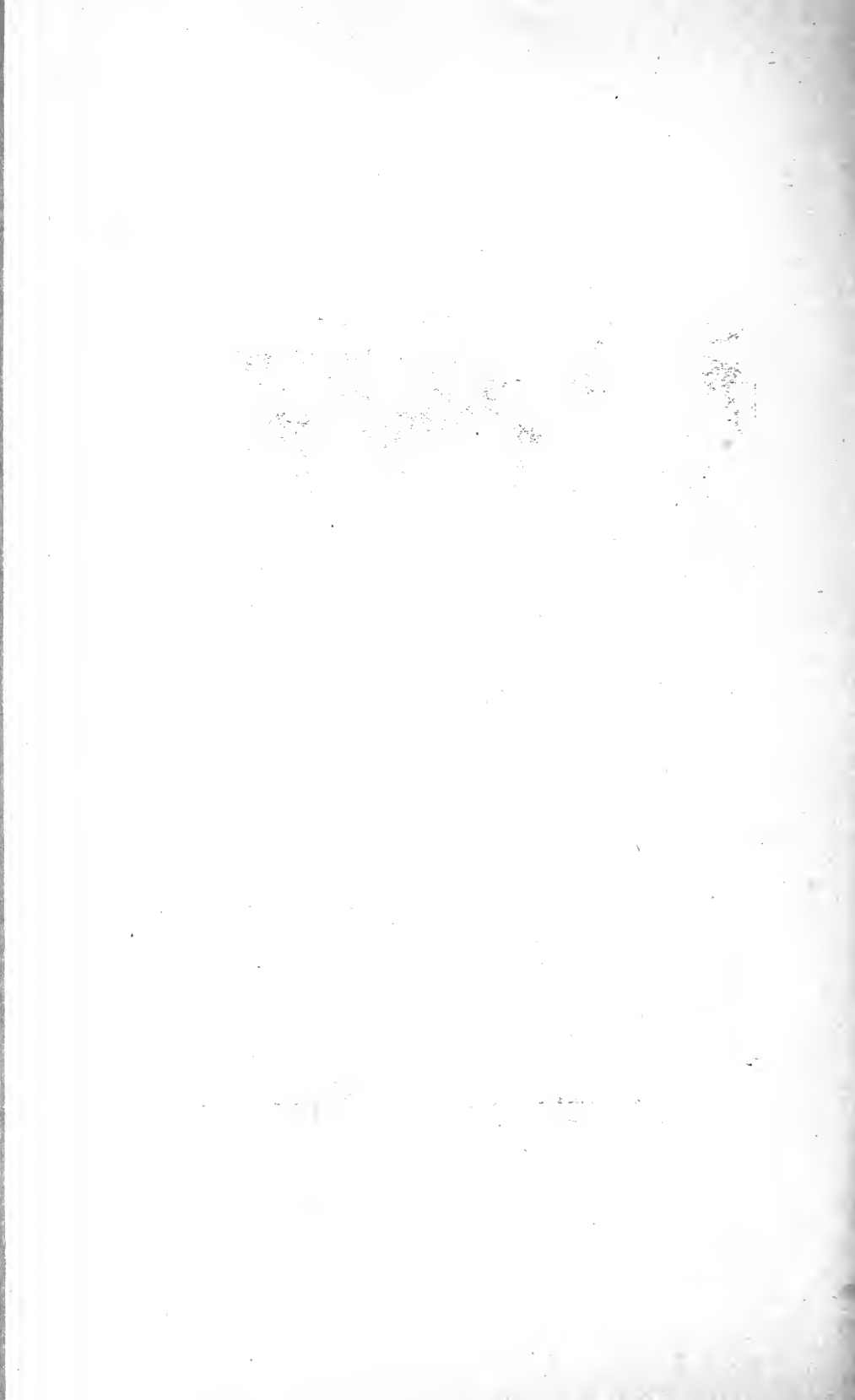
The water in the bay lay dead, like an immense sheet of glass, reaching for twenty miles to Corregidor at the entrance of the harbor where Admiral Dewey sailed in to victory three years before.

There was a tremendous amount of work to be done that day in the office of Rear Admiral Remey, commander-in-chief, U. S. naval force on Asiatic station, in preparation for departure on the morrow for Australia to which place he had received telegraphic orders to proceed with his flagship to participate in the celebrations in connection with the opening of the first Australian parliament.

I knew the day would be a trying one, because the business



A Japanese "Bumboat."





of the greatest naval fleet ever under the command of an American admiral was to be turned over temporarily to the senior squadron commander, Rear Admiral Kempff.

When I entered the office my head was throbbing and felt heavy with the fever of the Philippines, and occasionally I found it necessary to stop work a moment when a fit of dizziness threatened to render me unconscious and subject me to the jeers of my fellow clerks for falling off my chair in a faint, as a girl might do.

Typewriters were clicking about me like a dozen press telegraph instruments. To be more explicit, I was ill; but the knowledge of our early departure for a better climate kept me up and gave me courage for work that otherwise I could not have done.

Well, we did all that was required, and at ten o'clock the next morning the *Brooklyn* weighed anchor and sailed out of Manila Bay, down through the southern group of the Philippines, bound for Sidney, New South Wales, Australia. All hands were much pleased with the prospect, and I especially; for it was then over two years since I had seen much of civilization.

Though the scenery in the Philippine Islands is very beautiful, it interested me but little, as they had long before become an old story.

The flagship took what is known as the inland route, which lies through a chain of small islands the entire distance to Australia, and, to one who had not already gorged himself with such scenery, it was a delightful voyage. Along the northeast

coast of Australia our route lay between the mainland and great barrier reef, which is considered very dangerous, even when an expert pilot is carried.

The most interesting feature of this trip to me was on the equator. At dusk of the evening before crossing the line, King Neptune of the sea sent a messenger on board, with a letter to the admiral, announcing that he would board us the next day to take command of the ship, and, amid a great clattering of tin pans and phosphoric display on the water, the messenger disappeared.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with this ancient sea custom, I will remark that when a vessel crosses the equator all hands on board, who have not crossed before, are initiated by sailors in various ridiculous disguises, who represent themselves as King Neptune and his court, and it is customary for the ship to be turned over temporarily to the command of King Neptune. After once being initiated you are exempt from further molestation.

On Sunday, April fourteenth, we reached the equator, and all hands prepared themselves for a ducking. King Neptune and his court arrived on time, and, with great pomp and ceremony, marched aft on the quarter deck to the admiral and captain and demanded that the *Brooklyn* be turned over to the temporary command of Neptune, king of the sea. The dress and antics of these sparingly clothed inhabitants of the sea were amusing, and in the most polite terms the admiral and captain gave carte blanche, so far as sport was concerned. Neptune immediately ordered all prisoners released, and all men put on

the first conduct class. Preparations having been made early in the morning, the fun started at once.

In a loud voice the official crier of the court commanded:

"Rear Admiral George C. Remey, commander-in-chief, United States naval force on Asiatic station, come before the court."

The admiral announced that he had crossed the line before, and was excused.

"Captain F. W. Dickins, United States navy, commanding United States flagship *Brooklyn*, come before the court."

Also excused.

Then the officers were called in order of rank and so on down to the crew.

I was perched on a gun turret congratulating myself on the fact that my name appeared very low on the alphabetical list, as I figured they would be tired of the sport by the time they came to the S's and that I might thus escape; but the official crier happened to look up and see me, so it failed. Calling my name loudly he ordered me before the court, and two pilot fish (policemen) immediately swept down upon me with orders to bring me before the court, dead or alive. I had no time to rid myself of clothing but was hustled before the court in no gentle manner; one of the pilot fish holding my collar and the other amusing himself by pounding me over the head with a stuffed club.

King Neptune asked me if I had ever been in his domain before, and I replied in the negative. He then commanded that I be shaved, doctored and ducked; which sentence was immedi-

ately carried out. I was placed on a stool and my face plastered with a conglomerate mess, the ingredients of which I am unfamiliar; then a wooden razor of gigantic proportions was drawn over my face, taking some lather and a little skin with it. Next, I was asked if I had ever been ill, but a happy thought struck me, and I replied with a nod in the negative, so escaped the mouthful of flour, coal dust and salt intended; then, without any warning, I was toppled backwards into a tank of water, where the fish-in-the-tank proceeded to amuse themselves by ducking me and beating me over the head with stuffed clubs until the next fellow appeared. When I was finally turned loose, it was but a sorry figure I made indeed; however, I have a certificate signed by King Neptune himself, so am hereafter qualified to take my place either on his staff or as a fish-in-the-tank, and entitled to take my revenge on any land-lubber that may fall in my hands under like circumstances.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of April twenty-fifth the *Brooklyn* steamed through the narrow cliff-bound gate into the harbor of Sidney. From the outside one sees nothing but high rocks, but on passing through the view changes from sky and water to beautiful parks and suburban residences surrounded by green rolling lawns, where beautiful flowers and trees vie with fine architecture in the decoration and construction of one of the most interesting landscapes I have ever seen. Further up the bay in the distance looms the cathedral towers, domes and buildings of a magnificent city, of approximately 500,000 inhabitants, a bustling city of business which leads

Australia in commerce and industry, and is the first city in the colonies.

Our entrance was witnessed by hundreds of people on the beach and in small boats, who cheered lustily for the Yankees and appeared to be greatly pleased with the appearance of our great fighting machine. Their welcome did not stop here, for all those who went on shore met only with true courtesy and hospitality.

As the ship had only called at Sidney for coal before continuing on her voyage to Melbourne, the capital, she proceeded at once to fill her bunkers.

The captain's writer and myself obtained ten days leave of absence with permission to go by train overland to Melbourne, and left on the evening of April thirtieth. We received the courtesy of half-fare tickets from the government, which owns and operates the railroads.

Our overland trip will be long remembered as one of the most pleasant days of our Australian visit. The run takes about seventeen hours, and we found the English side-door compartment trains very comfortable. The little noisy engine carried us through rocky ravines, fertile valleys, past large sheep stations and gold mines at the "terrific" rate of thirty miles an hour—terrific for Australians who, unlike we Yankees, prefer to travel at a moderate speed and kill no one rather than reach a destination quickly. We received every courtesy from the trainmen, who like those in Japan could teach our American railway employes considerable in the way of attention to travelers.

A very amusing incident occurred during my overland trip with the captain's writer, which I will relate here. It will be remembered that we had been away from civilization for over a year and a half, and that our judgment was, consequently, not to be relied upon in social matters. In fact, since we had not seen nor talked with a white girl for many months, we were somewhat in the position of the lovesick girl, who said "Any dude'l do."

Tad was a good fellow, a thorough chum, and clever, but he had a very, very annoying habit—in every affair in which we participated he tried to get the best of me. This was all right in itself, and interesting, but for one thing—I had the same habit!

Now, I cannot say that I was really very fond of Tad, but when with him a certain spirit of contest was always prevalent, which gave more than a common interest to the affair in hand. The usual affairs in hand concerned young ladies.

The vessel having touched at Sidney for coal, Tad quietly sent in an application for ten days' leave of absence "with permission to proceed by train overland to Melbourne, rejoining the ship at that place." Tad knew I was employed on the staff of the commander-in-chief, but hoped that I might not see his application. However, I did see it, and "quietly" put in one like it. They were granted.

Two days later as I was buying my ticket for the 7 p. m. train I felt a touch on my shoulder and turning saw Tad standing in line, evidently for the same purpose as myself. He colored, but taking the bull by the horns in his customary fashion,

laughed and shaking hands with me proposed that we make it a party of two. This was agreeable to me, so we were soon sitting in a private compartment—having bribed the guard to admit no one else—sampling some Manila cigars I had brought with me, while the fussy little engine thundered away toward Melbourne.

Tad thought I had a little the best of him thus far and warned me to look out for myself in future. I rather enjoyed his discomfiture and did not spare him in the least, but proceeded to carefully explain the improbability of his ever being able to get the best of me, etc.

We had about the most beautiful compartment in the train—our uniforms no doubt assisted us in obtaining the favor—and were very comfortable until about eleven o'clock when the guard came to the door and asked if we would not like a hamper of food. Now, that was just what I was wishing for at the moment, so, giving him some money, I requested him to “hump himself.” Tad remarked that it was not necessary to cripple the man for life just because I was hungry, that he didn't think I really intended to eat the hump. This remark seemed foolish to me, so it was simply ignored.

Presently the guard returned with a full basket of provisions—and a young lady! Not in the basket, but behind the guard, and she stood a full head higher than he, as I could see over his cap one of the most interesting faces I saw in Australia. Taking him by both arms she lifted him bodily to one side and stepped into the compartment, bowed very low and “begged pardon, but did we own the whole compartment?” I suggested that, if she was looking for the owner of the compartment, per-

haps there was some mistake, that she should call at the general railway offices in Sidney.

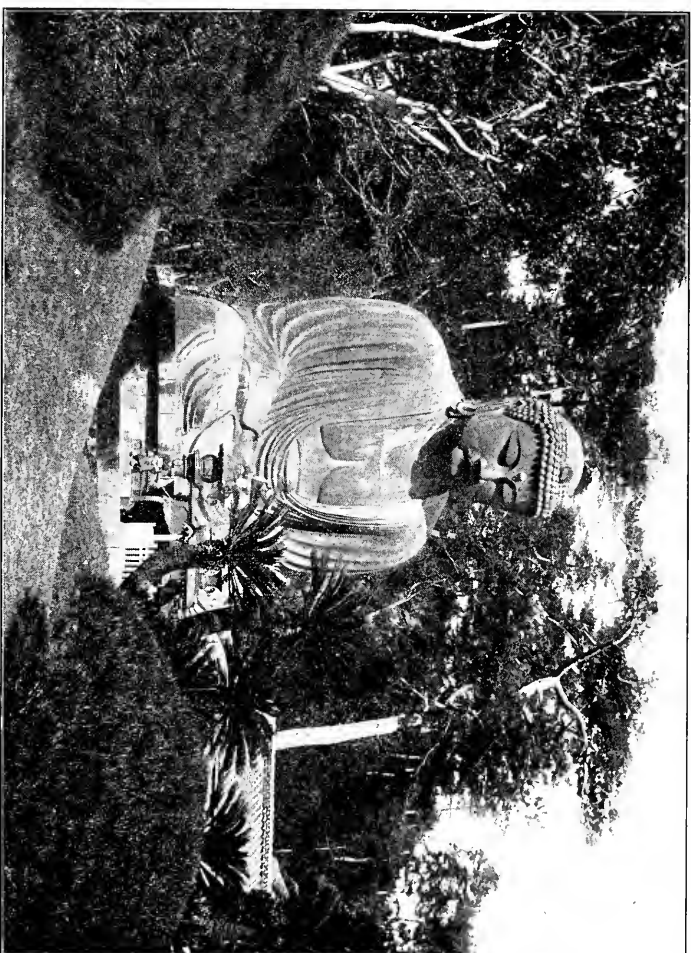
The only apparent reply she made was to toss a fifty pound telescope at me, which I verily believe would have tumbled me to the floor had I not had presence of mind to bow very low to her and raise my cap, allowing the grip to pass completely over my head.

She laughed and was preparing to dump the rest of her numerous boxes on Tad, who as lying on a divan, when he arose to the occasion and gave the required bow and welcome. For some reason Tad and I suddenly became very attentive and, with the very best grace our shaking knees would permit, welcomed her to our compartment and to a share of our dinner.

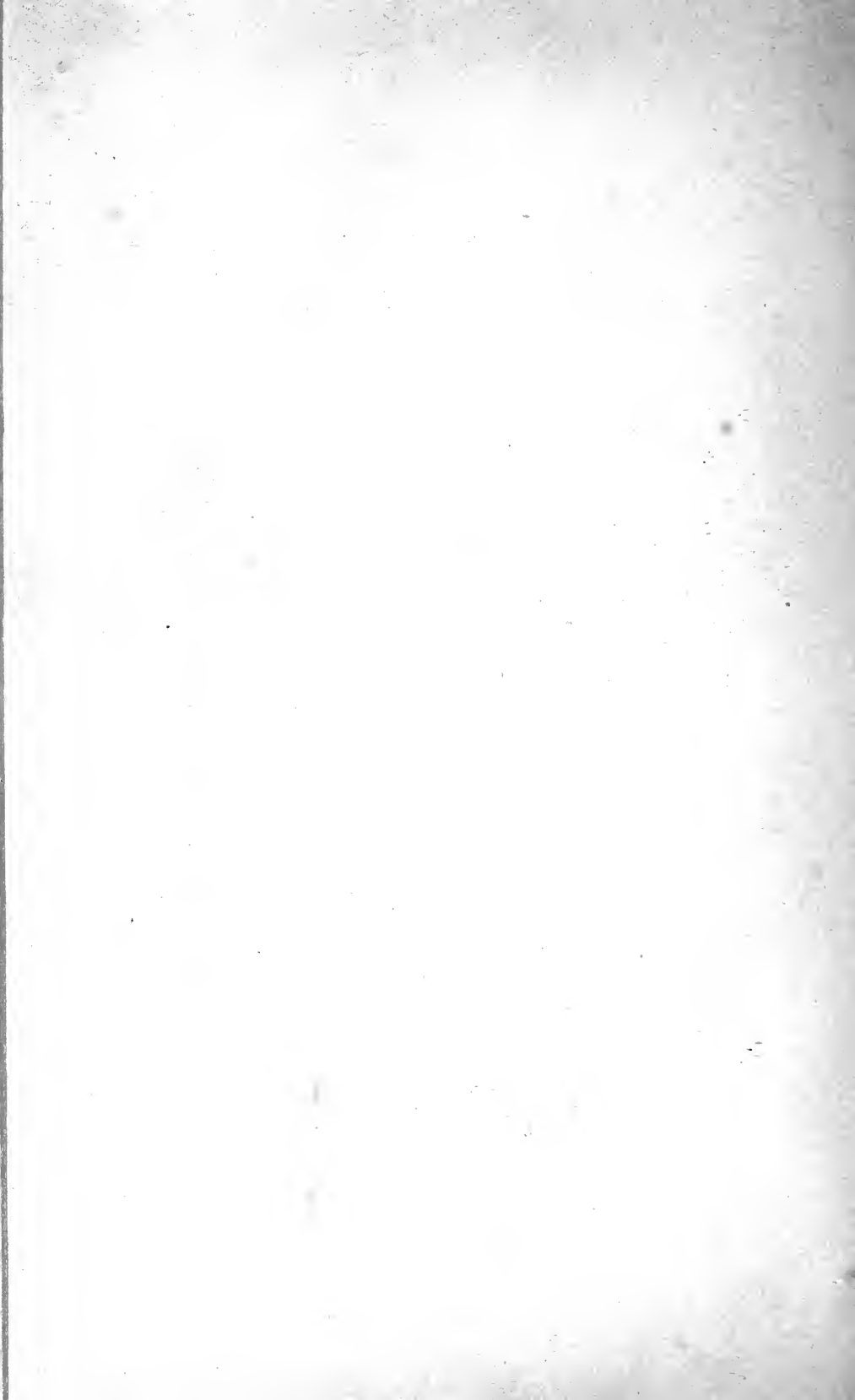
She graciously accepted, and, with our assistance, removed her long, manish coat, and hat. Then Tad stood like a fool, his eyes almost starting out of his head, his mouth open, staring like a maniac at the most magnificent young woman I ever saw or hope to see. Full six feet, if an inch, straight as a soldier, head up, shoulders well back, heels together (I guess), her great dark blue eyes sparkling and flashing with amusement at Tad's idiotic actions. I don't think she was laughing at me! In fact Tad made a regular donkey of himself. I don't remember just what I did—so busy looking at her, you know, but I know Tad looked like a fool! Perhaps I looked even worse than he.

She must have weighed one hundred and eighty pounds but her figure was so symmetrical, so graceful and pleasing to the eye, that one would not really have believed it upon a casual





Famous Bronze Image of the Great Buddha, cast September, 1252. A. D.,  
in the Grounds of the "Kotokuin" at Kamakura.



glance. Trying to describe her as she looked there under the gaslight, would be, indeed, vain; but I will say that she reminded me of a great wild animal while she looked a most magnificently sweet young woman.

She was kind and allowed us to admire her for a few moments before a word was spoken, then, with a perfectly murdering smile, she said, "Gentleman, I trust you will not think me altogether a heathen; and I am very grateful, indeed, for your kind hospitality. My name is Tui Muhr, a half blood native of New Zealand, and I am traveling alone for pleasure. I saw you two gentlemen through the window as the train drew up and asked the guard to show me into your compartment, as I recognized the American uniform, and being what you call in the United States a 'chum girl,' besides having a great regard for Yankees, I just came right in and we may make an agreeable party."

Now, there's where I say Tad did a very, very dirty trick. He coolly stepped in front of me, took all the regard for Yankees, etc., to himself, and appropriated the girl.

I gave him a dig in the ribs as a reminder that I was still on the train but only received a kick on the shin in reply, while he seated the lady in one of the two chairs at a small table in the compartment and took the other himself. I did not know whether to go out and rattle the pump handle, lay down and go to sleep or swear. So I did a little of the first and last, sleep being out of the question.

If you had seen the way Tad "chawed" and fumed over that girl it would have made you spend the next month out in the

woods hate'n yourself for bein' a man. Well, sir, he made a regular lobster out of himself! But, what made the whole affair worse, she seemed to like it!

I couldn't stand that kind of business long, so, as I said before, I went out to rattle the pump handle and swear a little. Well, I found the guard and gave him a half crown to come in, in a few moments, and tell Tad that an English officer wanted him in the forward part of the train. It worked; for Tad wanted greatly to show that he was known and was of some importance on the train. That was always his weakness, and I could usually catch him with such bait.

As soon as he had left the compartment, I entered, and took the vacant chair. Putting on my best smile, I quietly took my bearings, gauged the distance, and slowly raising my eyes to hers, fired and waited for the explosion. There was none. In fact, she seemed to like it, for she never wavered, and for a moment there was a terrible current of electricity passing between us. Those great eyes seemed to draw me completely into them, into another world where all was strange and beautiful, sweet and true, and where dandelions, bum-lions and lobsters grew by the roadside!

When she finally let up on me and I got part of my breath back, I opened up the whole battery, using armor piercing shell and double charges of powder all in this suggestion—"Say, Tui, if you are in for it, we'll get off at the next station, catch the parson when he opens the door to let out the cat, and get him to marry up before Tabby can "scat."

A string of laugh rippled out of her pretty mouth like the scale of B-flat as played on a xylophone, and she tossed that beautiful silken black head back, for all the world like a wild animal, displaying the whitest, soft, round throat imaginable, and I noticed there were three tiny wrinkles in it. Now, I like pretty throats and any girl with wrinkles in her throat could, at that time, keep her secrets up my sleeve.

Well, I saw three wrinkles, and then she piped down and told me that Tad had offered the same thing! And she had half a notion to get off at the next station and marry both of us!

I smiled and felt positively happy as I said: "Why, Tui, Tad couldn't marry you, he has a wife at home!"

Umph! She didn't laugh. She looked rather angry, and her eyes snapped and glistened like a cat's before breakfast.

Just then Tad returned and in the most quiet manner possible said that I could go now, and that he would "Take the chair, please."

I was preparing an argument on the question, when Miss Dick, as she told us she was nicknamed, said to me: "Say, Fattie, I rather like you, and you are not married so, will you please sit still and let me help you to a bit of chicken? Mr. Tad is no doubt sleepy by this time."

I replied that I was not married, and that I was sure Tad really needed sleep, as he had been up very much at night recently. Tad looked at me "real cross," and I am not sure, but I think, possibly, he swore. He saw he was out of it and proved himself really a good fellow; he gave it up, and going over to the divan laid down, actually going to sleep.

By the time he began to snore "Dick" and I were well acquainted; she told me all about her home in New Zealand, about her travels, etc.; and I told her 'most all I knew of America and other countries I had visited. She was the jolliest chum I ever met.

She had traveled considerable, and her conversation proved so interesting that hours passed by unnoticed. One would not expect a half blood cannibal to be so engaging.

Well! In the morning we parted, Dick going on some branch line to visit a relative. She did not give me her address but said she would write soon.

Tad and I had a good time in Melbourne during our vacation but never for even a moment was Dick's face out of my mind.

We returned on board ship and you can imagine my surprise. I had no letter from Dick but Tad came running across the deck shortly after our arrival with a letter from her and laughed in my face. He showed me the name, and it was from Dick. She had written to him and not to me! Nor had she even mentioned my name in her letter.

I told him she must have mixed the names and intended to write me but he said if I wasn't so egotistical I might be able to understand that the girl could be struck on him instead of me. This sounded plausible, so I made no reply but asked very meekly if I might see the letter. He said he would see me in Manila first, and went his way.

Well, I felt pretty bad but kept "a stiff upper lip." That night he came to me and asked for a couple of Manila cigars to

send to a friend in Melbourne. It suddenly occurred to me that Dick had requested me to send her some cigars after she wrote, as she expected when I last saw her, so I said nothing, but went to my office and selected two large ones which were wrapped in tin foil. Carefully taking off the wrapper from one of them, I prepared a note to fit under it around the cigar, as follows: "Whoever opens this cigar, please give this note to Miss Tui Muhr at once." In the note I said: "Dear Dick: Tad heard from you, I did not. Did you intend to write to the fellow who is married and who slept, or was it to me whom you called 'Fattie?' If mistake, please wire at once." To this I signed my name, then putting the note around the cigar carefully replaced the wrapper and gave the two cigars to Tad.

The next day I received the following telegram:

"Mistake, sorry. Come at once without fail if only for a day. Lots love. (Sgd) Tui."

I went, without permission to leave the ship, well knowing that the punishment would probably be to serve a term in a cell in chains on bread and water upon my return; but what did I care then!

Well, that visit will never be out of my mind. It was by far the happiest two days of my life. She met me at the train with a carriage; we went driving. In the afternoon we went shooting and I had the pleasure of seeing a woman shoot at a hundred yards distance, a rabbit running full speed. She seldom missed quail on the wing. There seemed a thousand things she could do that girls do not usually perform. She could play the piano as well as she could shoot. She said she loved me, and, at

the time, I believed her. She may, or may not have, but she said so and proved it by her sensible and honest friendship, and I would like much to spend another two such innocently happy days.

I left her without either of us promising to write. What was the use? No, we decided to retain only the unsullied memory of those two happy days; to keep in the brain away from all contact with the world the memory of it all; to bring back in dull days when we are old and, perhaps, friendless this thought, to turn it over, and smile at the possession of one little secret, the purest of the pure, that is hid away from all else but our own hearts.

Do I know where she is? No. I do not wish to know. Well, I got the best of Tad!

Arriving in the capital about 2 p. m. the next day, we at once looked for lodgings and found, as usual, the unexpected,—that on account of the celebrations and the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, the price of lodging and food had gone up to about five times the usual rates; whereas, the usual rate for board and lodging for people in our station of life was one pound, ten shillings, or about \$7.50 per week, it had risen to nearly six pounds, or about \$30. However, after considerable trouble, we managed to find a place in which the people were somewhat retired and had not tumbled to the boom, where we obtained board and lodging for two pounds a week each, and it proved very good; but the lady offered us three pounds the next day to move. Not us! We had paid our money and proposed to stay, and stay we did.



Melbourne is a much better laid-out city than Sydney, and cleaner, with broad streets and modern improvements, but hardly so large as Sydney. It was literally packed with people. Flags, arches and street decorations met the eye everywhere. At night the decorations were even more beautiful. Large sums of money had been expended for illuminating with colored electric lights many of the public buildings, and everywhere one turned a profusion of beautiful designs and colors were displayed.

#### PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND INSTITUTIONS OF MELBOURNE.

*Public Library, Museum and National Gallery.*—This noble institution, of which Victorians are justly proud, is situated in Swanston street, between Lonsdale and Latrobe streets, and is well worth a visit. It is not more than half a mile distant from the Flinder's street or Prince's railway street, and is best reached by the Swanston street tram. It comprises a magnificent public library, open daily except Sundays, Christmas day and Good Friday, from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.; the national gallery of paintings, sculpture, etc., and the museum, both of which are closed at 5 p. m. A day may be well spent in this valuable institution; but anything less than an afternoon will give the visitor a very imperfect idea of the immense collection of literature, works of art and scientific specimens gathered in its numerous galleries.

*Exhibition Building and Aquarium.*—Although the main purpose of the Exposition building was served in 1888, when it was built to receive the world's display of art and manufactures, it has since been put to a variety of uses, the latest

being that of a straight parliament house. Its splendid sport arena makes it the favorite spot of athletic gatherings, while the extent of its spacious hall readily accommodates four or five times as many people as any other building in Melbourne. In connection with it the trustees have a magnificent organ in the main hall, and in one of the annexes have established an aquarium, in which there is a most interesting collection of live seals, alligators, fish, birds, etc. The view from the exhibition dome is one of the sights of the city.

*Parliament House.*—Their halls of legislation, familiarly spoken of as the "House," at the top of Bourke street, present one of the leading architectural features of the city. The imposing approach by a flight of about twenty steps to the grand colonnade, which extends across the whole of the front, at the present time, gives the remainder of the structure a somewhat stunted effect, but it must be remembered that the building was still incomplete. When the lofty dome provided for in the design is added, the *ensemble* will leave little to be desired, and the Victorian House of Parliament will be probably the finest architectural masterpiece in Australia.

*Town Hall.*—This elegant structure is in the very heart of the city, where its lofty tower is not only an acceptable break to the monotony of its purely business surroundings, but its clocks serve a useful, practical purpose, for the thousands who daily hurry along the crowded streets to the railway station. In addition to the offices, the noble hall is the most convenient and popular concert room in the city, as well as being the largest, excepting the exhibition. At the town hall, his wor-



Principal Street in Melbourne.



ship, the mayor, receives persons of distinction, and acts as the city's host when special courtesies have to be extended to representatives or distinguished visitors.

*General Postoffice.*—In this fine building extensive and important public business is transacted. The money order business is transacted in a building in an adjacent block owing to the excessive amount of work passing through the limited space of the postoffice department. The extensive mail room on the occasion of a rush of work is thronged with a large staff of mail sorters, whose energies are taxed to the utmost to comply with the exacting demands of the public. Both the postal department and the telephone exchange are well worth visiting.

*The Mint.*—The Melbourne branch of the royal mint is an interesting place to visit. Next to doing it yourself, one of the most engaging sights is that of seeing other people "coin-ing money," and the operations at this establishment are both instructive and interesting. Proper precautions surround admission, but eligible people can obtain permission by writing two days in advance to the deputy master of the mint, who will fix the day and hour of the visit.

*The Law Courts* are in the same neighborhood and are reached by the same tram. To the legal fraternity this fine block of buildings possess a special interest, but lay visitors will also find the courts well worth a visit. The outlook from the dome commands a splendid view of the suburbs and bay.

*The Custom House* is convenient to the docks. On a busy day the spacious and elegant "Long Room," with its numer-

ous staff and crowd of bustling mercantile clerks doing their shipping business, affords some idea of the magnitude of the trade of the port, which is practically focused in this department. Here also the excise branch of customs work is conducted.

*The Fish Market.*—The very fine buildings of the fish and produce market are not only a distinct ornament to the part of the city in which they are located, but embody the latest ideas of a market for a large city. Sales are conducted daily by a limited number of authorized salesmen, through whose hands pass the fish, game, oyster and wild fowl business of Melbourne. Adjoining the fish market are the city corporation freezing works and produce stores. Here the rabbits, poultry, etc., intended for exportation are frozen, and kept in cool chambers preparatory to shipment. The buildings and machinery were erected by the Melbourne city council, who control them.

*The Melbourne Athenaeum*, which was at one time known as the Mechanics' Institute, is the leading reading room and lending library of Melbourne, and for a small subscription provides valuable accommodation for its patrons. The large hall is much used for entertainments and the smaller rooms for reading.

*The Stock Exchange*, where the share-broking business of the metropolis is transacted, is a very fine building. In connection with it is conducted the Exchange club, whose members include many professional and mercantile gentlemen.

*Hotels and Boarding Establishments* are too numerous to attempt to enumerate; suffice it to say that Melbourne and

suburbs abound with comfortable establishments, varied in their accommodation to meet the circumstances of their guests. A shilling advertisement in a newspaper will always command replies to inquiries for accommodation.

*Banks.*—There is no lack of financial institutions in Melbourne, and the buildings in which their business is transacted are among the finest of the city. They are for the most part located on Collins street; the National Bank and the Bank of Victoria and Australian Deposit and Mortgage, between Swanston and Elizabeth streets; the Union, Commercial, Royal, English, Scottish and Australian, and the Bank of New South Wales, between Elizabeth and Queen streets; the Bank of Australasia and London Bank, between Queen and Market streets; the Colonial Bank on Elizabeth street, corner of Little Collins street, and the Bank of New Zealand on Queen street, corner of Flinders lane. The institutions have branches in suburbs and country.

*Newspapers.*—There are two daily morning papers, the *Argus* and the *Age*; and one evening paper, the *Herald*.

*Cathedrals and Churches.*—The most central place of worship in Melbourne is the Anglican cathedral. Its massive and chaste interior is in harmony with the architect's perfect design of the structure, which, however, requires tower and spire and other accessories to enable the spectator to realize what the finished building will be. The Roman Catholic cathedral—St. Patrick's—holds a commanding position on Eastern hill, to the east of parliament house; and is one of the finest examples of architecture in the southern hemisphere. Both

cathedrals are supplied with grand organs and peals of bells. Other representative churches or denominations have places of worship in every portion of Victoria.

*Botanical Gardens.*—The out-door resort par excellence of Melbourne is the Botanical gardens on the banks of the Yarra, about a mile from Prince bridge, and adjoining government house grounds and observatory. The extensive and well-kept lawns are diversified by artistic kiosks, grottoes and shrubberies, which, with the vast accumulation of ornamental and useful plants, gathered from all parts of the world, provide together an outing as enjoyable and instructive as the most exacting could require. The lake, with its picturesque islets, adds variety to the scene, and furnishes many interesting studies to the amateur photographer and artist.

During our visit in Melbourne everybody was in the best of humor. The streets were so full that trifles, such as treading on toes, nudges in the ribs, etc., only provoked a grimace and a laugh.

Yeomanry and soldiers from New Zealand and Tasmania were represented by picked men; each regiment in a different uniform. Uniform had the honor of the day. Anybody in uniform was "right in it," and we were in uniform. I feel that I may state, without appearing to take too much honor to myself, that our American uniforms attracted as much attention as any there; and it was actually difficult to walk the streets because of the great number who constantly stopped us to tell of their admiration for Yankees, and exchange protestations of mutual regard. A gentleman would take hold of



your arm, and, apologizing for his rudeness, ask you to come in and have a drink, but as we were temperate, he would insist that we go to dine, to the theatre or anywhere with him, so that he might have our company long enough to question us about America and our ship. It soon became a nuisance, but we were indeed glad to find the Yankees so popular. They talked much of Yankee ingenuity and pluck, and seemed thirsting for information of our country. I must say that Australians appear to be much better informed about the United States than the general run of Americans are about Australia.

Well, the future king of England and his wife came in the royal yacht *Ophir*.

#### THE OPHIR'S ARRIVAL.

The Australian squadron, under Admiral Beaumont, in H. M. S. *Royal Arthur*, expected to meet the *Ophir* outside Port Phillip Heads at 2 p. m. on Sunday. But the *Ophir* entered at ten minutes to eleven and the squadron had only got as far as the south channel, between Dromana and Sorrento, when a great white steamer was seen entering between the headlands. The *Ophir!* exclaimed a chorus of officers. There could be no mistaking the royal yacht. Another moment and the *Royal Arthur* was in commotion. A succession of orders were given in one breath. Church services were hastily broken up. "Dress ship." Instantly the signal flashed along the lines and flags ran up to the mastheads. "Hats on," and the bluejackets disappeared below to bedeck themselves in their best raiment. In a trice they were up again, and "manning

ship"—bluejackets along the rails of the upper deck, red-coated marines on the bridge, and officers, who had meanwhile donned their frock coats, swords and cocked hats, on the quarterdeck.

By this time the *Juno* appeared in the wake of the royal yacht. The meeting of the fleets was a matter of a few moments. The *Ophir*, with band playing and flags flying—a Trinity House ensign at one masthead, the royal standard at the other—steamed along at a speed of fifteen knots, and came abeam the *Royal Arthur* just south of the pile light. It was an exciting moment. Along the line, on port and starboard, the guns of the Australian squadron thundered forth the royal salute, while the band of the flagship broke into the strains of the national anthem. The *Ophir* and her attendant ships came to anchor off Mornington.

The quietly dressed figure that appeared on the *Ophir's* bridge did not require a second look to be recognized as his royal highness, the Duke of Cornwall and York, whom many people still remember as "Prince George." His royal highness wore a naval uniform and looked every inch a sailor prince. The traces of his recent illness were still to be found in his face, which, though bearing the burnished livery of the sun and the sea, might be a little fuller. Still, the well set up figure, the springy walk and the evident zest with which the prince entered into conversation with the members of his suite and smoked cigarettes, bespoke a robustness which it will be gratifying to Australians to think that the long voyage out here has brought him.

Not far away from the king's son and at the head of the gangway, stood a lady who appeared particularly interested in all that was transpiring. It was the "Princess May," in a plain, close-fitting black costume, with a handsome black feather boa around her neck and a dainty white sailor straw hat, the band of which bore the letters "H. M. S. *Ophir*." The Duchess of York might have stepped out of one of the thousands of photos of hers that had been sold in Melbourne during the past week, and she looked all that has been written about her, gracious, kind, approachable, but withal royal.

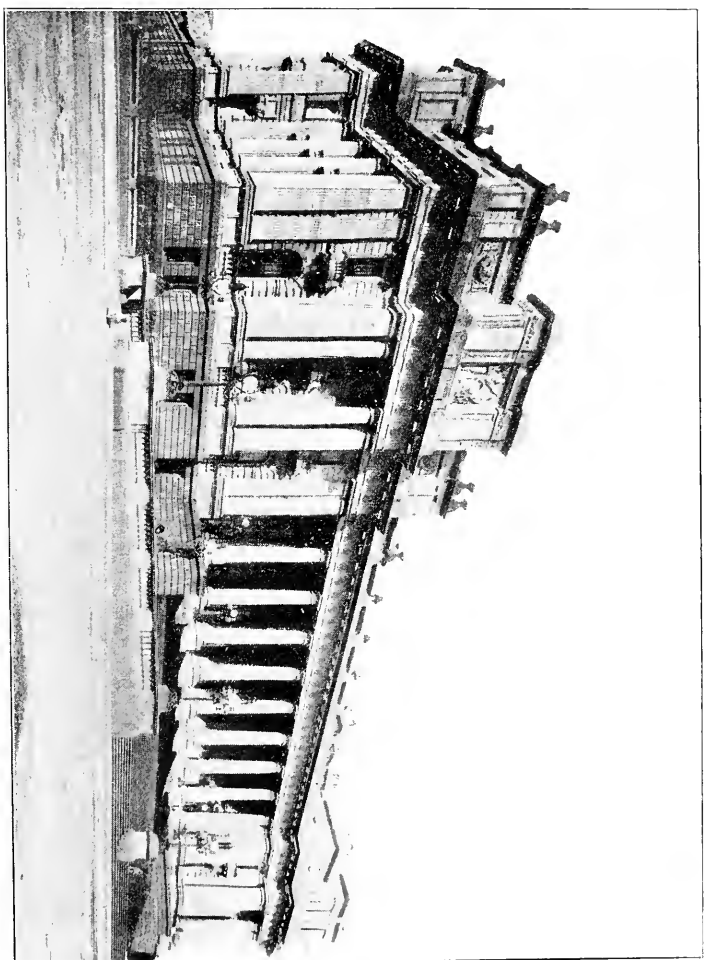
Their royal highnesses were in the best of spirits, both of them having enjoyed exceedingly good health since leaving the tropics. Unpleasant, enervating weather was experienced while crossing the equator and for some days afterwards, but on approaching the coast of western Australia, cool southerly breezes were met with. The trip across the Australian bight was an enjoyable one, smooth seas prevailing, and while the weather was cold, the air was invigorating.

After the *Ophir* came to anchor she was boarded by the admiral. Subsequently the South Australian gunboat, *Protector*, arrived with the governor general and Lady Hopetoun. They dined with their royal highnesses on the *Ophir*, as did the admiral and his officers. The governor general and Lady Hopetoun returned to town, while the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall stayed on board for the night, to steam up to St. Kilda the next morning. The selection of Mornington as an anchoring station was a happy idea, as the coast is there bold and picturesque, with Mt. Eliza and Mt. Martha in the background.

## THE SCENE ON THE BAY.

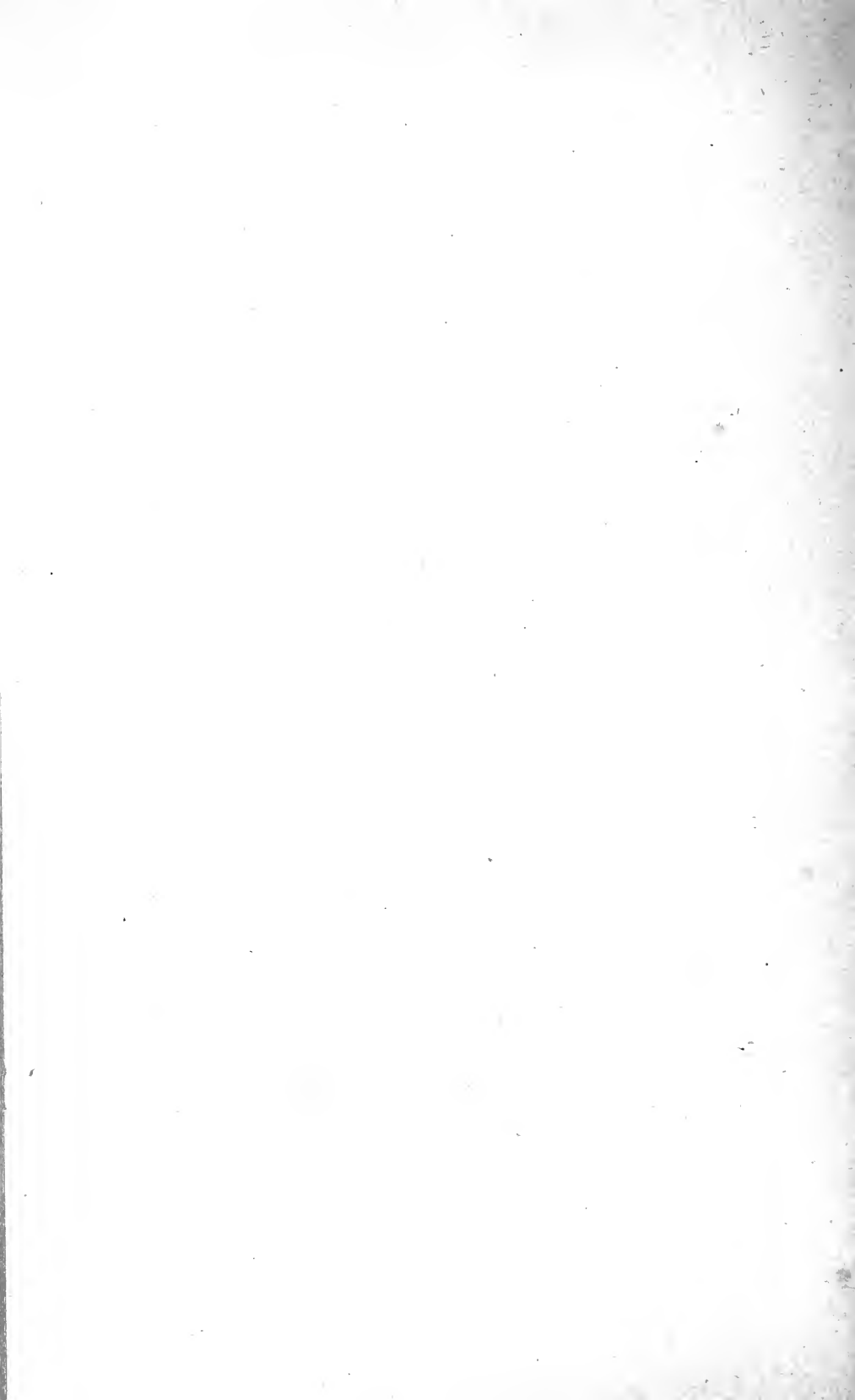
An early start was made from Mornington, and long before eleven o'clock there loomed out of the fog the royal yacht and her attendants, the *St. George*, *Juno*, *Royal Arthur*, *Mildura*, *Wallaroo* and *Ringarooma*. There was evidently a desire that there should be no hitch in the arrangements, and long before midday the *Ophir* was safely at anchor. As the huge yacht steamed up the bay, it was noticed that she was flying a strange flag. It was a birthday tribute, from the heir to the throne of England to the dowager empress of Russia, and the Russian flag flew from the masthead of his ship. The other war vessels, quick to notice the flag, joined in the welcome and fired a salute in honor of the event.

The *Ophir* took up her anchorage midway between Port Melbourne and Williamstown, and the war ships lay grouped around her. In shore the *Hansa* and *Kormoran* represented Germany, while next to them, the *Noord Brabant* flew the Netherlands flag. Over toward Williamstown the *Cerverus* and the South Australian gunboat, *Protector*, rode at anchor. On the seaward side of the *Ophir* lay the *Royal Arthur*, then the *Juno*, *Ringarooma*, *St. George* and *Wallaroo*. Standing out boldly in her white paint, the *Brooklyn* came next, and the *Mildura* lay between her and the Russian ship, the *Gromoboi*, which was the furthest out. It was a grand sight to see those huge ships lying there, all summoned to take part in the making of a nation's destinies and a welcome to the eldest son of the king of England.



### PARLIAMENT HOUSE,

This noble edifice was commenced in the early fifties, and will yet take years to complete. The intention is to crown the magnificent colliade by a Dome of imposing dimensions.



The paddle steamer, *Hygeia*, which had been deputed to convey their royal highnesses to the St. Kilda pier, ranged up beside the *Ophir* soon after she anchored. With the first revolution of her paddles there burst from the port side of the *Royal Arthur* a puff of smoke, and instantly the other war ships took up the signal, and the firing of the salute of twenty-one guns had begun. It was a magnificent sight. From the masthead floated the royal standard and the vessel was gaily decorated with bunting. Under an awning aft the funnel comfortable seats had been placed, and there the duke and duchess sat and watched the approach to St. Kilda. Under the control of Commander Richardson, of the Victorian navy, and navigated by her regular master, Captain Patrick, the *Hygeia* steamed gently across the bay. The yachts, which had been swarming around the *Ophir* from the time she anchored, set sail across the water, but they were soon outstripped, and though the *Hygeia* had to swing round into the bight by Port Melbourne, so as to obtain a straight run into the St. Kilda pier, the yachts had no chance of getting across quickly. Slowly Captain Patrick drew the *Hygeia* up to the pier, and when all had been made taut, his royal highness, dressed as a British admiral, stepped forward with the Duchess of Cornwall and York and to the strains of "God Save the King," walked ashore to receive the official and public welcome of Australia.

#### THE LANDING.

Under the cloudless sky the St. Kilda pier was a very pretty sight. Its great length was emphasized by a crimson carpet

running along the center from end to end, and rows of masts from which brightly colored penants flew. The shelter shed was made quite beautiful. Midway was a handsome arch erected by the St. Kilda yachtsmen, and at the place of landing a canopy which was festooned and draped. The esplanade and its stands were thronged with people, and every window commanding a view of the scene was occupied. Then, on the bay side, were the royal yacht *Ophir* and all the war ships and smaller crafts that took part in the landing ceremony. The pier was lined on each side by the Victorian permanent artillery and the first battalion infantry brigade. It was just five minutes to two when the royal visitors walked down the gangway from the paddle steamer *Hygeia* and were received by his excellency, the governor general. This was signalized by cheers of welcome. His excellency at once presented to their royal highnesses, Mr. E. Barton, Prime Minister of the Commonwealth; Sir William Lyne, Minister of the Home Department; Sir George Turner, Treasurer, and others. His royal highness wore the uniform of an admiral and the Ribbon and Order of the Garter, and the duchess was dressed in black and carried a bouquet of orchids and violets. When the royal party had passed under the arch, they halted for a moment, and Lieutenant Colonel Hughes, mayor of St. Kilda, was presented to them and handed to her royal highness a large bunch of orchids. It was just twenty minutes past two when their royal highnesses and Lord Wenlock were seated in the semi-state landau on the lower esplanade.



## FROM ST. KILDA TO THE CITY.

A strip of scarlet and gold flashed against the royal blue of the sky told the dense black mass of people who had gathered on the foreshore opposite the St. Kilda pier, that the royal carriage was mounting on the upper esplanade. While on the lower esplanade the procession was hidden from the view of those on the street level, and the watching for its first appearance heightened the excitement. People swarmed all over the great buildings facing the sea, until they looked like a rugged range of humanity; on the high peaks hundreds of bright banners had been planted. The huge sea-wall dividing the lower from the upper esplanade was crowned with men, women and children, and the egg-shaped space between the junction of the two esplanades and Fitzroy street was a solid mass, in which it would have been impossible to crowd a sparrow. As the royal visitors came into full view the pent-up enthusiasm of the crowd was loosened. Those who had seats jumped to their feet, heads were bared, flags, handkerchiefs and hats waved and fluttered in the sunlight and a mighty cheer echoed along the shore. This tumult whetted the expectancy of the crowd further on in Fitzroy street. There they were from ten to thirty deep on each side of the route. The street was lined with one of the infantry brigades, and the white helmets of the soldiers made a snowy fringe to the enormous black carpet of the crowd. The crowd never made a mistake. Everybody had taken the trouble to learn the exact position of the royal carriage in the procession, and

they waited and watched for its appearance. Everywhere the same hearty cheers greeted the duke and duchess. The sound of thundering voices was never for a second allowed to diminish in volume.

At the intersection of Fitzroy street and St. Kilda road the cities of St. Kilda and Prahan had erected an imposing arch. Tremendous applause went rolling down St. Kilda road as their royal highnesses made their way beneath. The shouts of joy were taken up by the two immense lines of people—in some places fifteen deep—which reached all the way to Princess Bridge. On leaving the St. Kilda arch the order was given to “trot march.” Hundreds of people had taken up positions on St. Kilda road four or five hours before the arrival of the procession. Some of them had provided themselves with stools and chairs and most of them brought their luncheon. The streets at right angles to the road were completely blocked with vehicles, filled with eager and enthusiastic people. Many of the fine houses along St. Kilda road were beautifully decorated, streamers and lines of flags having been stretched from the ornamental trees in the grounds attached.

The quick pace was maintained until the Domain was reached. At that point a very pretty sight had been prepared for their royal highnesses. The slope of the Domain from one end to the other had been entirely covered with Sunday-school children. They were thirty-five thousand strong, and standing beneath the fresh green trees they made a charming picture. On the approach of the royal carriage the children sang “God Save

the King," and "God Bless the Prince of Wales," under the leadership of Mr. Davies, who was perched upon a very high stand, from whence he could be seen by the singers. The royal carriage instantly slowed down to a walking pace, and then, the singing quite finished, the children piped their glad hurrahs and waved the forest of tiny union jacks. The scene appeared to please their royal highnesses, who bowed their acknowledgments.

#### THE COUNTESS' PAVILION.

A neat and commodious pavilion was specially erected by the public works department on St. Kilda road, opposite the entrance to Government House, for the use of her excellency, the Countess of Hopetoun, the wives of the state governors, and the staff of his excellency, the governor-general. Shortly after three o'clock his excellency, the governor-general, attended by Captain R. W. Duff, A. D. C., rode from St. Kilda pier (where they had been receiving their royal highnesses) through Albert Park to St. Kilda road, and thence along the route of the procession to the pavilion. As the carriage of their royal highnesses came opposite his excellency the governor-general saluted, and the Countess of Hopetoun and all the ladies in the pavilion rose from their chairs and courtesied, while the visiting naval officers, and those of his excellency's staff who were in the pavilion saluted. Their royal highnesses seemed specially pleased with the reception accorded them, and returned their courtesies with a genial bow. There was no stoppage of the procession at this point. The royal car-

riage was merely slowed down as it passed the pavilion. The governor-general and the Countess of Hopetoun and party waited till the procession had passed, and then his excellency rode to government house, while her excellency walked hither, accompanied by Captain Wallington and Mrs. Corbet.

#### ENTERING THE CITY.

It was just three o'clock as the troopers who preceded the royal procession reached the Princess Arch, and a few minutes afterwards a sound of distant cheering announced the approach of the duke and duchess. The duke's carriage having halted in front of the platform, Mrs. Gillott, Mayoress of Melbourne, handed to her royal highness the Duchess of Cornwall and York, a handsome bouquet, with sprigs of maidenhair and asparagus ferns. The bouquet rested in a holder of gold, set with opals, to which were fastened two white streamers, beautifully hand-painted.

The duchess accepted the bouquet, and leaning forward, thanked the mayoress for her gift. An address of welcome was then presented by the mayor and council of Melbourne to the Duke of Cornwall.

#### THROUGH THE CITY.

The line of march through the city was up Swanston street, along Collins street and Spring street to parliament house, down Burk street to Williams street, and thence via Collins street back to Swanston street, and home to government house. Throughout almost the whole route there were unbroken lines

of spectators. Buildings were draped with flags, stands, roofs, and windows occupied high placed spectators, the roadway kept by troops, the foot-paths occupied by the public. At intervals the procession passed under special arches—the King's arch in Swanston street; the Queen Victoria arch, the Duke's arch, the Butter arch, the German arch, the Manufacturer's arch, etc.

The magnificent carriage horses, bright with scarlet pad clothes and scarlet streamers, and jingling with rich gold-plated harness, performed their task with quiet decorum. The postilions in all the bravery of scarlet, blue and gold, sat in their saddles like statues, and the whole equipage arrested the eye by its sheer brilliancy and splendor. Yet it was not the equipage itself but the occupants that the eyes rested upon, instinctively passing by all details and accessories to search the features of the personage who represents for all Australia the living embodiment of that principle of constitutional monarchy, which has done so much for Australia, and for which she, too, has suffered in these later days. The slight figure, and the delicate face, glowing with a flush of pleasure at the warmth and evident spontaneity of the welcome which was shouted to him from the very housetops, rivets the gaze of the spectator. Ever and anon his royal highness, who was dressed in the uniform of a British admiral, lifts his hand to his cocked hat in graceful salute to the cheers of the multitude. Beside him sits a lady in deep black, whose face is familiar to all through her portraits. She is alert to all around her, keen to observe, and quick to appreciate. Ever and anon she

draws the attention of his highness to some feature of the decoration or some specially enthusiastic outburst of cheering, and bows, not only to the people on the sidewalk, but to those in the raised stands, and even to the eager watchers who clap their hands and wave their handkerchiefs in the topmost windows. In the demeanor of the royal pair geniality and deep human sympathy are written large for all to read.

In Spring street, on the left-hand side, the great hotels were bright with many-colored bunting, and from the roof of one of them a long festoon of flags swung out in a graceful curve before the grateful breeze that came to temper the summer heat of the sun. On the right was the stately pile of parliament house, fringed with a line of tall and waving ferns that divided the steps from the roadway, and crowded on steps and terraces, at windows and on parapets, with the guests who had come, from far and near to be present at these celebrations. As the royal carriage passed loud cheers broke from the occupants of all the balconies and grandstands and from the dense masses of people who blackened the steps of parliament house. Here were gathered the prime minister and his ministers of state, who had come back hotfoot from the landing place to see their royal highnesses go past the home of the federal parliament place. Here also were officers in strange uniforms, admirals and captains and lieutenants from the war ships of those great powers that had dispatched their cruisers on a voyage of many thousands of miles to carry greetings and congratulations to the young nation which is even now stepping forward to join them in the councils of the world.



Maori Whare and Pataka.





From the point of view of a piece of organization, nothing could have been more successful than the arrangement of this procession. All arms of the defense forces of Australia were represented, and the parade must have brought home to many the extent and variety of the troops at the disposal of the federal minister of defense. New features of interest, too, met the royal pair at every turn. As the royal carriage wheeled into Williams street, the cadets came in view, parading over four thousand strong, a solid body of alert, determined lads, the foundation of splendid war material in the future, for the cadet of today is the veteran of tomorrow, as the records of South African campaign can testify. Then, as the procession turned into Collins street, the stately line of the great thoroughfare showed a long perspective festooned with flags and banners, and, best of all, filled from end to end with faces that smiled down in a welcome that could not be misunderstood. Passing under the graceful German arch with its warm and kindly greeting, the royal visitors turned into Swanston street, and after crossing the bridge, proceeded at a trot to government house, the various detachments finding their way back to camp by the shortest route. The great ceremonial of the day was over.

#### AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

At government house his royal highness inspected the guard of honor, accompanied by Lord Hopetoun. Each of the military commandants was then presented to the duke, and immediately after the same honor was bestowed upon Colonel Hoad, chief of the staff.

The duke expressed himself as highly gratified with the whole of the arrangements in connection with his reception, and the procession, and all with the successful carrying out of all the details.

The inspection and presentation did not occupy more than three or four minutes, and their royal highnesses then entered government house, followed by the governor general and the Countess of Hopetoun and the members of the suite of the royal visitors who had by this time left their carriages. As the duke crossed the threshold the royal standard was hoisted on the tower, notifying that his residence was there for the present, and the battery on the government domain fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns. This concluded the proceedings, and the naval forces then formed into fours, and headed by their band, marched off to quarters.

On the first day of the *Brooklyn's* visit in Melbourne there was such a dense crowd on the pier trying to come on board this great fighting ship, that, in their eagerness to hurry over the gang-way, thirteen ladies were crushed to insensibility and had to be carried on board and immediately attended by the ship's doctor. This occurred nearly ever day of her stay alongside the dock. They certainly showed us a royal welcome, and nothing seemed to be too good for the Yankees.

We made good use of our opportunities, throwing ourselves into the mad rush for pleasure with a will; and all hands were sorry when the *Brooklyn* steamed out of the harbor for Auckland, New Zealand.

## CHAPTER VII.

NEW ZEALAND—THE MAORI WONDERLAND—ROTORUA—WHAK-  
AREWAREWA—HEALTH RESORTS OF NEW ZEALAND—RE-  
CEPTION OF THE KING'S SON AT ROTORUA—A  
GREAT MAORI GATHERING.

THE BRITISH COLONY of New Zealand lies two or three days' sail to the eastward of Australia. It was originally inhabited by cannibal tribes called Maoris, who have been gradually elevated to a higher plane of civilization, and are said to be the most intelligent people of Australasia. They are above the average in size, very energetic and intelligent. Many handsome boys and girls may be found among their tribes, and I should term them the most interesting savages under cultivation of Europeans.

New Zealand is only about forty years old in civilization, but, with the aid of an excellent government and the indomitable energy of her people, she has already reached a state of civilization which, considering the difficulties under which she has labored, is commendable.

Europeans from England, Australia and America make up the bulk of white inhabitants. Inter-marriage, however, has resulted in a considerable per cent of half and quarter blood natives, who are extremely comely and intelligent.

The soil is productive, and they are blessed with a fine climate. Among the valuable productions of New Zealand are gold, silver, coal, timber, wool, flax, corn, oats, wheat and beef. Little pork is produced.

Auckland lies on North Island, and is a pretty little city of perhaps 40,000. It also possesses the advantage of a fine harbor, as well as other great natural advantages. The mountains back of the town form a pretty frame for this most interesting landscape. But so quiet did it seem after the hurry and crowds of Melbourne that some of the sailors suggested among themselves that it would be a good thing for the admiral to fire an extra salute, in order to awaken the people. However, they proved later to be fully awake, and made our visit a very pleasant one.

The Salvation Army has a great hold in New Zealand, and one cannot, I understand, even drive a vehicle through the streets on Sunday because of the noise it would make. They certainly have made Auckland a quiet city and a moral one.

After a few days' stay in Auckland, the flagship came down the coast to Wellington, another nice little city of about the same number of people, situated at the southern extremity of the same island. Here we were treated in the usual hospitable manner and enjoyed our stay very much. While Wellington has not the natural advantage of a fine harbor that adds so much to the beauty of Auckland, it is a very promising little city, and there is great rivalry between them.

A great part of New Zealand contains rich farming land. This little country is rising rapidly in importance. The peo-

ple greatly admire and imitate the Yankee. A leading citizen, who asked my opinion of New Zealand, appeared well pleased with the reply that it was a charming place in which to live, but had one dark blot upon its character—the whipping post. He agreed with me, and said that a “move” was being made to abolish it.

New Zealand is famous for its many health resorts. A great number of mineral, hot and cold springs, as well as several hot mud baths are situated in her boundaries. Among them are Rotorua and Whakarewarewa, two favorite places of all visiting tourists.

#### ROTORUA.

This township consists of the government portion (Rotorua containing sanatorium and hospital, and Ohinemutu, the original native village. The points of interest are: First, the government sanatorium, situated in beautiful grounds and containing curative baths—Priest’s bath for gout, rheumatism, sciatica; Rachel’s bath, for psoriasis, eczema; Painkiller bath, for chronic rheumatism, parasitic diseases of skin; Postmaster bath,—action that of a modified mustard plaster. Second, the Maori pah, containing whares and runanga houses, hot springs, steam jets, and boiling mud holes; near Rotorua are the celebrated cold water springs, Hamarana and Tikitere, familiarly termed The Inferno of these regions.

#### WHAKAREWAREWA.

This native settlement, the real center of wonderland, is nearly two miles from Rotorua. It is mainly bounded by Pua-

renga Stream. Passing over the bridge the tourist may select as a guide one of the bright-eyed Maori girls who offer to conduct him. The spot to attract attention is the great ngawha or cooking pool, named Parekohuru, a circular crater full of boiling, transparent, cerulean water. This pool, the Maoris say, "is as deep and unfathomable as a woman's heart." Proceeding on the visitor reaches two large pools of warm water, which are generally alive with Maori men, women and children, some of the latter squatting at ease on the brink ready to dive for coins. A little farther on is a violently turbulent spring, Korotiotio, which overflows and fills the adjacent reservoir, from which the oil bath draws its supply. Passing on by numerous bubbling mud pots and clouds of sulphurous steam, the traveler approaches the center of this wonderful scene of wild thermal activity, and surmounting a gentle rise, reaches the Geyser Plateau. Here are situated the wonderfully shaped Brain Pot, the peerless refractory Wairoa Geyser, which throws a perpendicular column of water 150 feet, "in spite of prohibitory parliamentary decree." A few yards further will be seen the Twin Geyser, the immense Pohutu Geyser, and others of corresponding interest.

At the time of our visit the people of New Zealand had been preparing for some time to receive the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. There was general excitement in anticipation of this event. The Maoris were preparing to receive them at Rotorua and entertain them in true Maori style.

## ROTORUA DECORATED TO RECEIVE ROYALTY.

Wet mists enfolded the soft green wooded peaks of Mokoai, the "Sacred Island of Tinirau," set in the still waters of Rotorua, and wreathed in heavy, fleecy clouds, the adjacent bush ranges, when I paid my preliminary visit of inspection to the great Maori assemblage on the racecourse, which lies midway between Rotorua township and the Geyser Valley of Wlaka-warewewa. Rotorua in midsummer is chiefly remarkable for its inexhaustible supply of dust. Just then the most noticeable feature of the township and its surroundings was the all-per-vading mud. The skies had swept over the assembling tribes for the last week. But, given a spell of dry, clear weather, the midwinter season in Rotorua is said to be far pleasanter than the summer period. I have seen the lake for days at a time a motionless sheet of polished silver under a cloudless sky, its surface unrippled by the faintest breath, with the classic isle of Mokoai rising like a glorious emerald from the shining waters. Such, however, was not the aspect of the Rotorua-Nui-a-Kaku at the time of writing.

It is hard to put in words the color, the animation, and babble of sounds which are some of the things that strike one at this great congress of over four thousand people of the native race, representing every tribe in New Zealand, from the North Cape to Otago. It was a good deal larger, I was told, than the great gathering held at Taupiri in 1894, at the Tangi over King Tawhiao, and is also a very much larger affair than the important meetings held at Kopua and Hikurangi in 1878 and 1879, between Sir George Grey and the

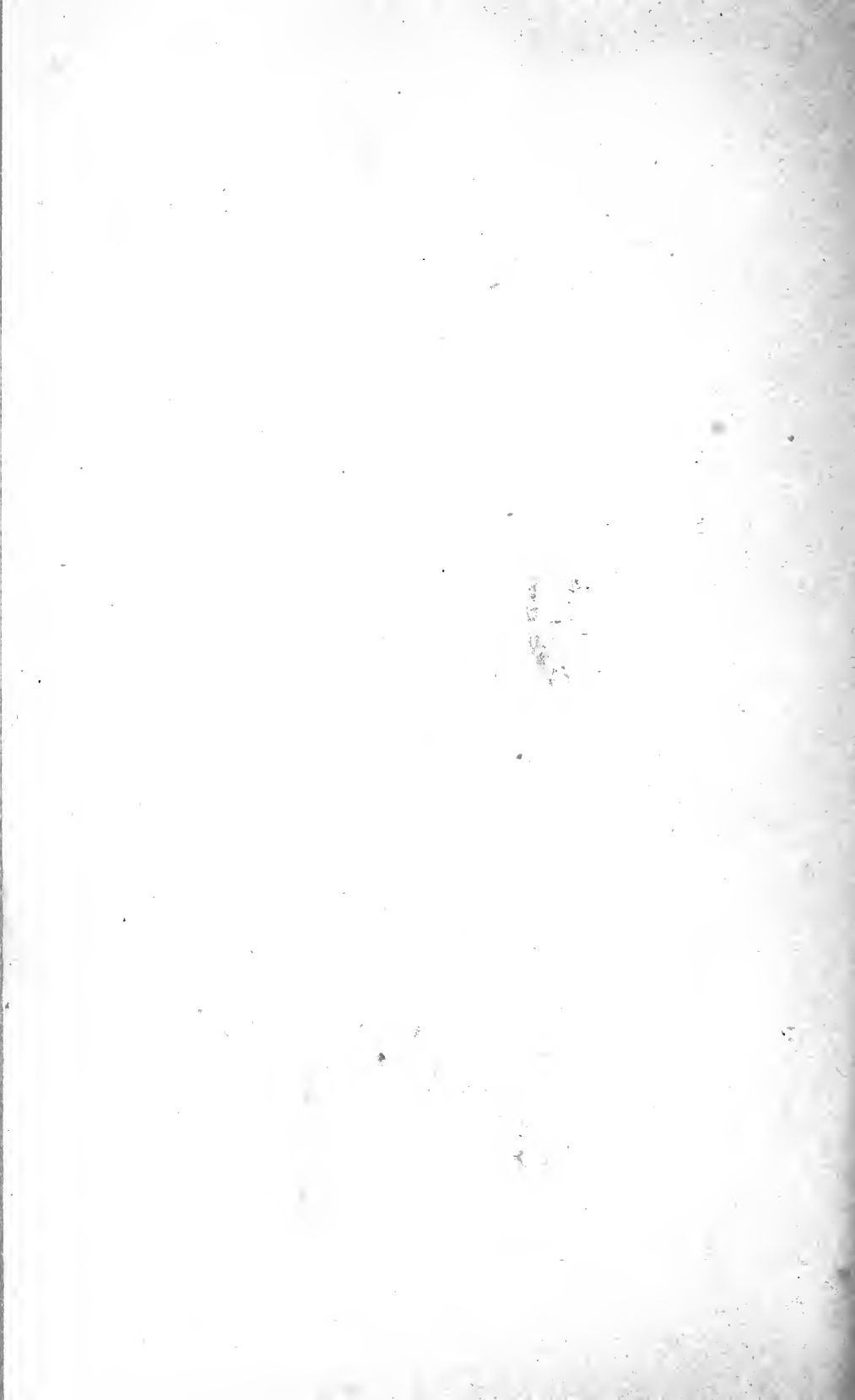
Kingites. In fact, there are only two meetings which will at all compare with it—the Remuera gathering of 1844, when the might of Waikato, under the redoubtable cannibal warrior Te Whero-whereo, made such a martial display that the white population of the infinite capital trembled, and the conference of tribes at Kohimarama in 1860. But this Rotorua “hui” of 1901 outshines them all, and will be remembered in time to come as the last great combined display in force in the New Zealand native race. In the symbolic language of the Maori, the “Waitai,” has come to meet the “Wai-Maori,” the salt coast dwellers have journeyed to greet the “fresh-water tribes,” the inland people of the soil; pilgrims to a Geyser-land Mecca. It is a fitting occasion, too, in the Maori eye, for the tribes from east and west and north and south to meet on common ground, for the visit of the Great White Queen’s “mokopuna,” is the event of a life-time; the sons of the soil liken the duke to the proverbial “Kotuku-Rerenga-Tahi,” the rare white crane, whose flight is seen but once and no more in the span of one’s life.

The old order of things had been temporarily revived at this “hui.” On the wide racecourse flat we saw the old Maori costume, the ancient weapons,—“rakau maori,”—the savage-looking tattooed faces of historic Aotearoa. Centuries old songs, snatches of weird incantations, dating back to the legendary Hawaiiiki, of the thousand isled south seas, are heard as the long severed tribes greet each other, and the orators pace up and down, spear in hand, and leap into the air and pour forth poetical greetings, as in the days of old. Yet it is a curious mingling of the old and new. Deeply tattooed warriors, whose





Uncle Sam is Trying to Educate these Pickaninnies.



memories go back to the cannibal era, who, have, as it were, hardly emerged from the stone age, sit side by side with young bloods who ride bicycles and pound the big drum in the village brass band. The attire of the people is a wonderful mixture, too. A great many are dressed in the height of pakeha fashion and some sport frock coats and bell-toppers, mats of flax and feathers abound, many of them very fine examples of Maori garments, and thrown over the shoulders or worn around the waist, they give just the touch of picturesqueness which is needed to redeem the costume from the associations of European stores. But the ladies' dresses certainly cannot be called prosaic or commonplace. They are all colors imaginable; a pakeha ballet or a pantomime is nothing to a Maori "hui," when the softer sex give their boxes a holiday.

The encampment itself forms a sort of a great semi-circle on the eastern side of the racecourse, and separated from the cleared ground in front of the royal grandstand by a wide belt of very short manuka scrub. The one wide and long street is flanked on either side by many scores of tents, and by large raupo wharves, and from the main avenue branch off various small lanes forming the divisions between the camps of the various tribes. Some hapus are housed in large marquees, others are detached in sections, like a regiment of soldiers in line, or a square of bell tents; others make themselves at home in the familiar raupo huts, and all are happy, merry and good tempered.

Every Maori tribe in New Zealand has its representatives here; some in hundreds, others in smaller parties. There must

be close on four thousand people in the encampment, besides the numerous hapus of the Arawa tribe, whose quarters are Ohinemutu and Whakarewarewa, and who as the "tangata-whenua," the people of the place, share with the government the responsibility of entertaining the visitors. From the north cape to Otago the tribes all have their delegates here to join in welcoming their heir to the throne; and the food supplies they have brought with them are as varied as the localities of the tribes. Tons of potatoes, kumaras, shellfish, droves of cattle and pigs, flocks of sheep, are there to feed the hungry multitude. Then there are various delicacies peculiar to particular districts, potted pigeons and wild duck from the Taupo district and the forests of Tuhoe land; Taro from the semi-tropical far north, and preserved mutton birds from the south island. A great pile of a couple of hundred tons of firewood was stacked on the far side of the "marae," close to the store sheds, where the permanent force men were busily engaged serving out the government's share of the provision to the tribes; and at the rear of each tribe's lines were the out of door cooking quarters, where scores of boilers and native "hangis" (the primitive earth ovens) were going continuously.

#### THE TYPES OF THE PEOPLE,

in this great marae are a deeply interesting study. Every tribe, from the Aopouri in the far north to the Mgaitahu who dwell in the cold "wai-pounamu," are here, and the differences in the facial and physical type would give much food for speculation to an ethnologist. The wiry, alert looking Ngatiporou from the East Cape stands up to Haka side by side with a big,

jolly faced, but somewhat soft looking Ngatikahungunu sheep owner from Hawke's Bay, and the Wairarapa, and the quick eyed, small built men of the Whanganui river exchanged laughing salutations with their old Hauhau enemies from Opotiki and Whakatane, the active dancers of Whakatohea and Ngatiawa. One of these Whangamuis has an almost Mongolian cast of countenance. Here and there one catches a glimpse of a true Jewish type of nose; that tall, curly haired man with a Semitic cast of countenance is a Ngaiterangi from down Tauranga way. A curious type is the "Urukehu," or fair haired, pure blooded Maori; the reddish tinge in the luxuriant tresses of the "Urukehu" woman is a relic of a very ancient aboriginal strain, whose source is lost in mystery. When it comes to "action front" and the men stripped for the dances of rehearsal for the duke, or for the daily welcome to visitors, one sees what fine physiques the Maori race can show. The Whanganui and Ngatiapa men are on the small side, but exceedingly well developed, and as active as deer; the Ngatikahungunu on the other hand are more dignified and slow in their movements, but show magnificent torsos. Maori women do not display so much of their charms as do their cousins, the belles of the South Sea Islands, so we must confine ourselves to the faces, which are even more varied in their local distinctiveness than the men's. Some faces (especially those of the young half-caste girls) are as finely molded as those of the high born "taupos" of Samoa; others have the flat nose and thick lips inclining to the Papuan. Some real beauties there are among the younger girls; large eyed, oval faced

creatures, with their shawls draped around their heads, like pictures of Spanish ladies in their mantillas, but all, young and old, swinging along with that peculiar swaggering roll of the hips which is characteristic of the wahine Maori—born perhaps of generations of training in the movements of the haka. The ladies of rank bear themselves like duchesses, conscious of their long ancestral lines, and they sail majestically along with something like haughty scorn expressed in the curl of their liberal lips and the tilt of their blue tattooed chins.

Many of the highest chiefs in the land are here. There is the young Te Heuheu, high chieftain of the Lake Taupo people, a handsome, well built man of thirty-five, whose flashing eye and proud bearing proclaim him a “tinorangatira,” a chief indeed. Te Heuheu is an excellent type of the best men of the modern Maori; intelligent, educated and combining with his European knowledge a deep pride in his noble pedigree and the records of his illustrious ancestors. For the Heuheu can rehearse his genealogical table back forty generations—a thousand years—away into the hazy mists of the past, when his “Tupunas” dwelt in the warm summer isles of the great Ocean of Kiwa. He has demigods on his family tree; he has even a family guardian—atua or god, by name, Rongomai, whose outward form is that of a shooting star. The proverb of his tribe, the Ngatituwharetoa, has it: “Rongomai is the god; Te Heuheu is the man.” And again, in the symbolical phraseology of the lakemen: “Tongariro is the mountain; Taupo is the sea; Te Heuheu is the man.” These high sound-

ing sayings were applied to Hauhau's famous grandfather, Te Heuheu, the Great, who was a man-eating warrior of dread renown, who figures in Angas' rear sketches secured nearly sixty years ago, and who perished with fifty of his tribe in the land slip at Te Rapa, Taupo, in 1846. Amongst the other prominent chiefs one sees here in the broad camp square are A. T. Ngata, Reverend Mohi Turei, R. Kohere and Te Houkamau, of the East Cape district; and Taonui, and many another man of rank with pedigrees which go back into the dark ages.

#### THE WELCOME OF THE DUKE.

A noteworthy feature of the reception tendered the duke were the numerous striking songs, war chants, ballads and other poetical compositions of the tribes, some breathing the fierce spirit of Tu-mata-uenga, the angry faced god of war, others in a lighter vein which were sung by the various divisions of the Maori people. In their tangi songs, "Apakuras" for the dead queen, they make touching reference to the passing away of Wikitoria, their great "Takairu-Ariki," as they style her, to the dismal regions of death. I was present at a "full-dress" (that is to say, very little dress) practice by the combined men of the East Cape and surrounding districts, chiefly Ngatiporou, in their large marquee in the encampment. The tent was crowded with half naked dancers, armed with "tewhatewhas," and with their admiring friends. Ngatiporou were careful to admit no members of outside tribes who might be wandering around to pick up "points" in dance songs from the East Cape tribes, who are acknowledged past masters at this

sort of thing. For a couple of hours the rehearsal of songs went on, and many a wild refrain was chorused to the accompaniment of resounding slaps, as one man, on the bare bodies of the dancers of Ngatiporou. Here was to be seen a curious spectacle of an M. A. and L. L. B. of the New Zealand University, a polished gentleman and a clever young lawyer, bounding up and down, stripped to his trousers, a flax girdle around his waist, spear in hand, leading his tribe in the war dance of their ancestors. For Mr. Apirana Ngata, one of the finest members of the Maori race living, does not disdain the martial parades of his forefathers, and patriotically encourages his tribe in healthy emulation with other people, whether these sports or in more serious matters. He and others of the more advanced men of Ngatiporou pride themselves on having eliminated a great deal of the more objectionable features of the dances and songs; they have in fact succeeded in Bowlerising the haka.

#### ARRIVAL AT ROTORUA.

Punctually at half past four in the afternoon the royal train swept round the long curve leading into Rotorua station, and drew up alongside the platform. The reception by the assembled multitude of the Arawas was a sight long to be remembered. As the train steamed up hundreds of the people of the soil sprang up, and with their women waving green branches and the army of men brandishing, in splendid time, up and down, to right and left, their wooden weapons, they sang, or rather shouted, their stentorian "powhiri" of welcome to the king's son.



The effect of the welcome song and the combined stamping of many hundred feet and simultaneous drill with the plumed tawhatewhas, was exceedingly fine and greatly interested the visitors, to many of whom such a sight was quite a novel one.

Accompanied by Lord Ranfurly and the rest of the occupants of the train, their royal highnesses alighted on a carpeted platform. They were met by Captain Gilbert Mair, an old colonial officer, who was in charge of the Maori encampment, and Captain Turner, chairman of the town council, together with several of the more prominent Maori chiefs.

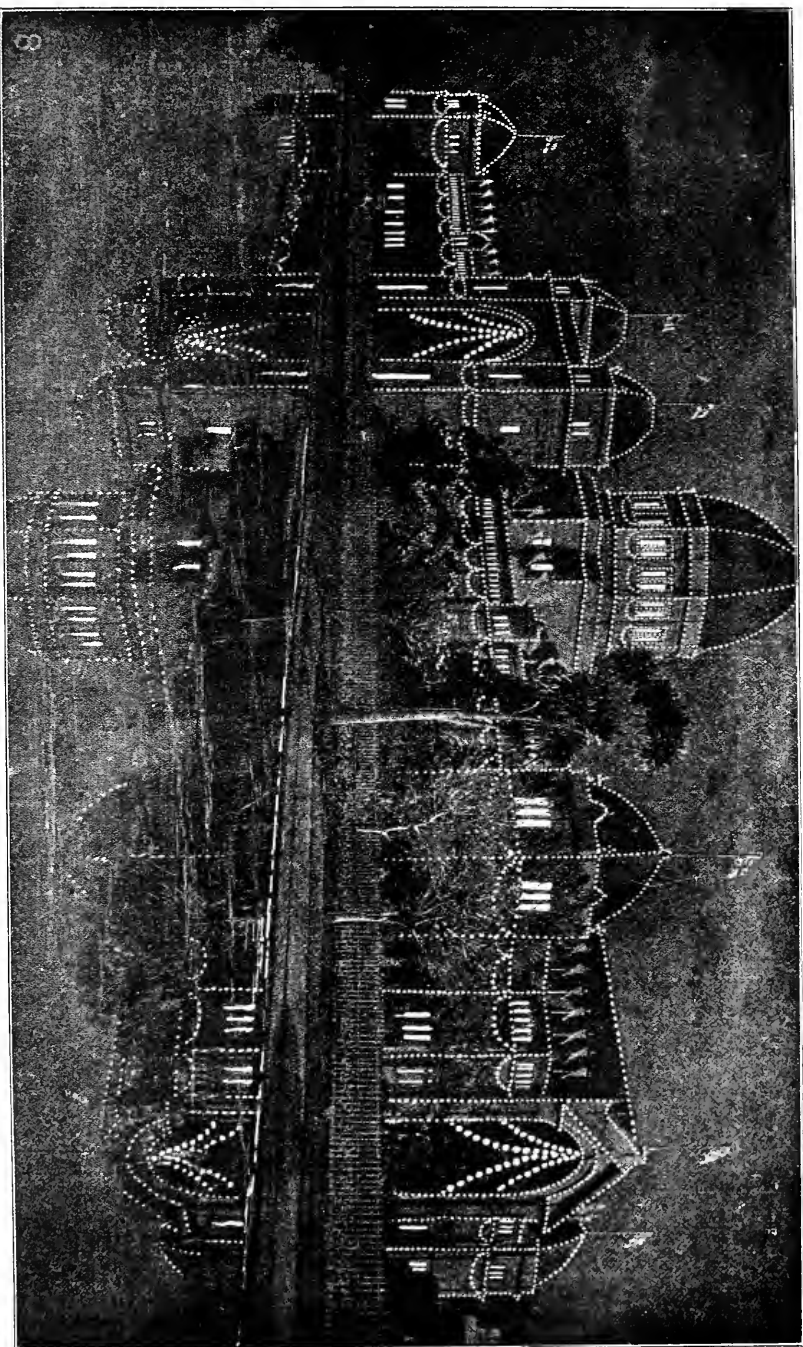
The duke was in civilian attire, dressed completely in black. This caused a great deal of disappointment among the Maoris, who had expected that his royal highness would appear in uniform. The Maori associates the "mama," or prestige of a "tinorangatira" (great chief), with his outward symbols of authority, such as a military uniform. The duchess was also dressed in black, wearing a perfectly fitting tailormade costume and black toque. Lord Ranfurly and the members of the staff were also in mufti. Captain Mair wore the uniform of a New Zealand officer of the militia.

The proceedings at the railway station were very brief. After Miss Dorothy Turner had presented a bouquet to the duchess, Lord Ranfurly introduced Captain Turner to the royal visitors, and then presented to the duke the two principal representative chiefs of the Arawa "waka," or ancestral tribal canoe. Both these chiefs wore handsome mantles of native manufacture and carried valuable weapons of their race.

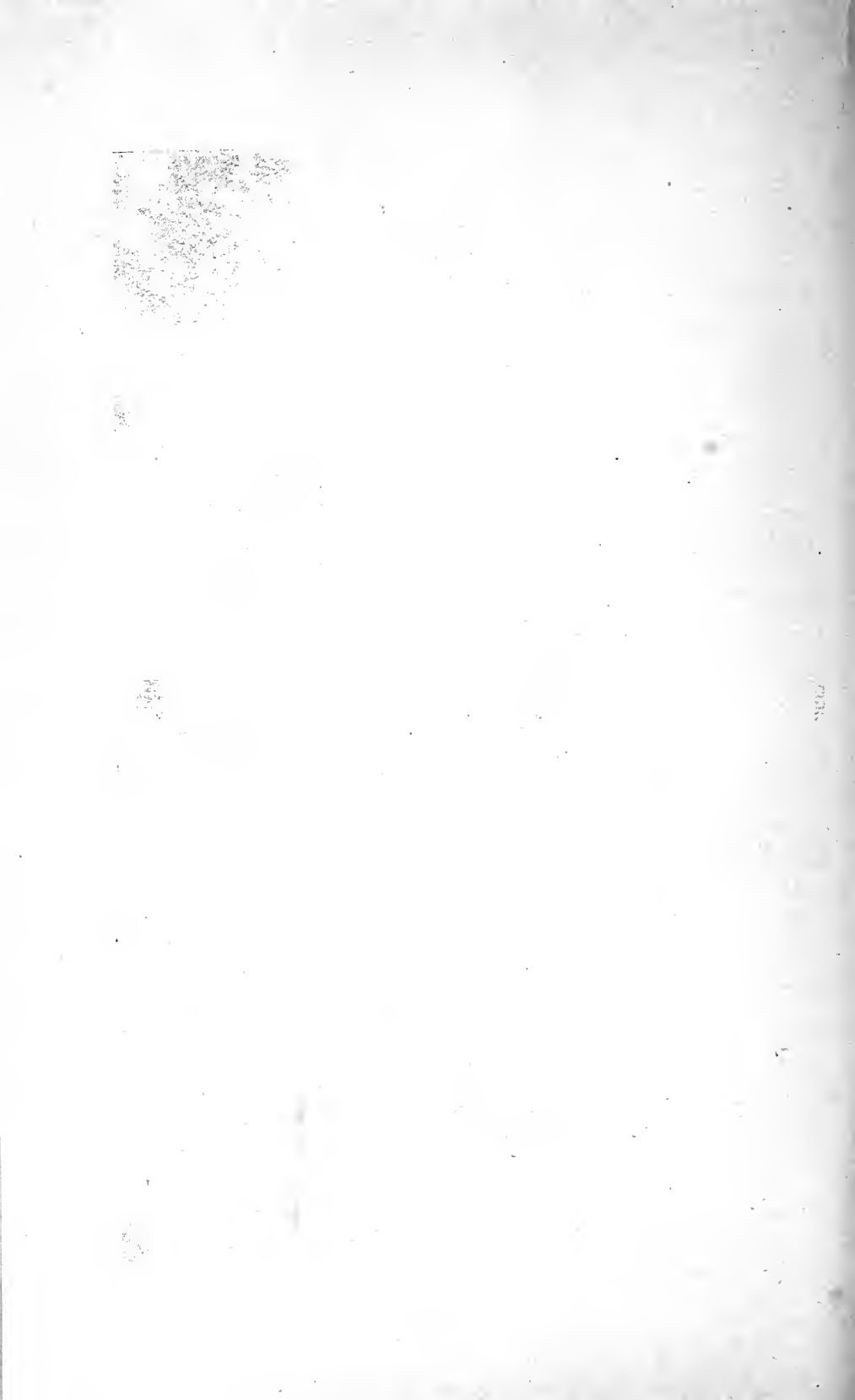
This brief ceremony over, the duke and party walked

through a carpeted passage to the rear of the station where the carriages were waiting. Soldiers, together with the Hamilton and Rotorua brass bands, were lined up outside the station. As the duke and duchess emerged from the station the band struck up the national anthem, while the troops presented arms. Outside the gates the expectant crowd of Maoris cheered lustily, and chanted their songs of welcome to the duke.

The duke and duchess entered the first carriage, accompanied by Lord Wenlock, and drove to the Grand hotel, which had been reserved for accommodation of the royal party. The rest of the party followed in carriages. The mounted infantry acted as escort to their royal highnesses. The Maoris were wildly enthusiastic, and swarmed in hundreds along the route behind the royal pair. Many broke through the lines, and ran along behind the carriage, waving their wooden battle-axes and spears and chanting songs of welcome. It was a great pity that the weather was so bad. The effect of the decorations, and indeed of the whole reception, was marred by the drizzling rain and the fast gathering darkness. The line of route tramped by the swarming crowd was literally a sea of mud, and the unfortunate visitors who had to follow the procession on foot had rather a lively time of it in getting up to the Grand hotel. But neither rain nor wind seemed to dampen the enthusiasm of the Maoris, who splashed along the road as fast as their legs could carry them. Some pushed right in among the horses, and the large staff of policemen had their work cut out to curb the exuberance of the excited throng.



Exposition Building, Melbourne, Australia.



The drive to the hotel occupied about five minutes, and the procession traveled at a walking pace. The native minister met the royal party at the entrance to the hotel and was presented to the duke and duchess. The ceremony of presenting the united Maori tribes' address of welcome took place at the veranda steps. As the royal couple reached the steps, the band struck up again, and the natives broke out in another dance of welcome. Both the royal visitors seemed pleased with the cordiality of their reception, and the quaint Maori gathering was evidently full of interest.

It was some little time before the shouts and chants of welcome subsided, but presently the natives managed to restrain their enthusiasm for a while and the formal welcome was proceeded with. The minister, mounting the steps of the veranda, read in clear tones the following address of welcome from the Maoris, a copy of which was furnished me by a friend in Auckland:

MAORIS ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

"Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of York: Welcome, welcome, welcome. Oh, son, welcome to these isles, Au-te-a-roa and Te-Waipounamu! Welcome to Maoriland! Welcome thou who art of the blood, the emblem of the mana, the majesty of the empire, under whose rule we are proud to abide. Oh, royal daughter of princess joined to him who is son of our lord king, we likewise greet you! We heard with our ears, and hoped that we might see with our eyes, and rejoice that this thing has come to pass in our day and genera-

tion. This is a great day—a day that will live in the memory of our race while God permits them existence.

“Yet it is a day of mourning. We mourn the great queen to whom our fathers ceded by treaty the sovereignty over these isles; who was the guardian of our rights and liberties from that time until she slept with her fathers. We, the humblest of her children, alien in blood yet akin by law and allegiance, mourn the loss of a mother who sought the good of high and low alike; who loved peace that by peace among her people they might rise yet higher in greatness. She was all that our fathers knew in their day. Her name is a gift they bequeathed to us ere they passed away. Pass, oh mother, to thy rest with the mighty dead who went before thee!

“Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! In the name of the king, your father! We hail the new king in your person! He has succeeded to the throne of his mother, to be our chief, our lord, our sovereign. Here in the presence of your royal highnesses we renew our oath of allegiance; we confirm the act of our fathers, who gave all to Queen Victoria and her successors.

“Hear, oh ye peoples, today we make a new treaty; new and yet old, inasmuch as we confirm the old, to which we but add expressions of continued loyalty from our generation, and pray that our sovereign and our white brethren may give us of their strength to live and thrive with them and among them.

“Hear, oh prince, hear, oh princess, from the far ends of the earth, from remote Hawaiiki across the great seas of Kiwa

you have come to see these lands and people. It is well, for by so doing you have drawn closer the bonds of love which knit us all together.

"Welcome and farewell! Farewell, since you must pass on! It is enough that we have seen. We wish you a safe return to our king and his queen, from whose presence you have come to gladden our eyes in this, the most distant part of the empire."

To this the duke replied at some length. His royal highnesses' remarks were interpreted in Maori by the minister for the benefit of the assembled natives, who listened with a keen attention, punctuating the speech with guttural ejaculations expressive of evident appreciation.

The following is a full text of the response, a copy being furnished by a gentleman in New Zealand.

#### THE DUKE'S REPLY.

"To the Chiefs and Tribes of the Isles Autearoa and Wai-pounamu: The warm words of welcome which you have spoken to the princess and myself have gladdened our hearts. From the far ends of the earth, over the wide seas, we have been sent by the great king, my father, to hear and behold in their own beautiful land his children, the Maoris. The great queen, whom your fathers knew and loved, and for whom you mourn with us, and with all the natives and races under the majesty of the empire, had, before she passed to her rest, desired us to visit her people beyond the seas, to tell of her great gratitude for the aid of those brave young men in the

cruel war into which she, who ever loved and worked for peace, had been driven. Proud and glad was the great queen also that the sons of her Maori children, eager with love and loyalty, longed to stand side by side with their brethren in the field of battle. The king, my father, though his cup was full of sorrow, and parting with us, his children, but added to his bitterness, could not endure that her wish should pass unfulfilled, and I come in his name and on his behalf to declare to you the deep thankfulness of his heart for your loving sympathy in his loss, and for the noble and tender words in which you spoke your love and reverence for her memory. The words of the Maoris are true words, the words of the generous people who are ready to make good with the hands the promise of the lips. To receive your pledges of loyalty, and to learn from me that you have renewed your oath of allegiance and confirmed the act of your fathers, who gave all to Queen Victoria and her successors, will give joy to my father's heart, and will fill him with strength and courage for the great work that lies before him. The heart of the king is warm to his people in New Zealand. He rejoices to see them dwell together in peace and friendship, and prays that they may continue to be united and to strengthen each other in works of peace, and that they also may strive for the common good and in aiding him to keep one and united the many people under his sway. If our visit helps to that end, we shall be glad to count as naught the sacrifices we have made in order to see your chiefs and you face to face in your beautiful country. Of our brief visit to the Maoriland we shall carry with us last-



ing memories of the loyalty and love and generous kindness of the Maori people. May peace, prosperity and every blessing abide with you and yours forever."

When the duke had finished, his remarks being put into beautiful Maori by the native minister, the latter led the Maoris in a rousing old war song. The well known ancient chant commencing "Kaimate, Kaimate, kiaora, kiaora," was most appropriate to the occasion, being often used as a song of welcome to guests. Impromptu as the song and dance were, the Maoris infused into them a heartiness that marked the spontaneity of their enthusiasm. One bare-legged veteran, in full native costume, with an up-to-date top hat surmounting his tattooed face, danced excitedly within a yard or two of the royal couple, brandishing a taiaha as he chanted his song of welcome. The air of amused pleasure with which the duchess regarded the enthusiastic old man and his companions showed that the novelty of the reception appealed strongly to her sense of humor. The duke, too, seemed genuinely pleased with the proceedings. After the dance of welcome the band struck up the national anthem again, and the crowd cheered as loudly as before, their royal highnesses acknowledging the salute with a bow. The royal party then entered the hotel and the crowd dispersed.

#### VISIT TO OHINEMUTU.

The duke and duchess were accorded a royal welcome when they made their visit to the Arawa tribes gathered at the old Maori village of Ohinemutu. The Arawas assembled about a

thousand strong in front of the meeting house, Tamate-Kapura, overlooking the stirring waters of Rotorua. A bright sun and a blue sky favored the royal visit, which was made about half past ten o'clock.

The scene in the village square of Ohinemutu was a most brilliant and picturesque one. Several hundreds of all sections of the Arawa men were gathered in two long rows, in fighting costume, ready to greet the long expected duke. They were stripped to the waist, with feathers in their hair. All wore native hats and carried meres, taiahas and te whatewhas. Behind them were gathered a great crowd of native people, while at the entrance to the village a select party of forty women, in gala costumes, wearing blue sashes, flax waist mats, and carrying green bows in their hands, were stationed to wave and sing a welcome to the royalties. They were headed by a woman named Kiri Matou, better known as the Duchess—the leader of women's dances at Rotorua.

The carved house was gay with flags. In front of the house stood the Arawas' flagstaff, from which floated several large ensigns. At the foot of the post the Arawas had mounted on a carved pedestal the bust of Queen Victoria, presented to the tribe thirty years ago by the Duke of Edinburgh, who visited Ohinemutu in 1871, when the place was in a very primitive condition, and when the old fighting stockades still stood here. Over the bust of the Queen was erected a handsome wooden canopy, painted in Maori style.

In front of the parade of warriors sat old Major Fox of the Ngatipikiao section of the Arawas, clothed in a fine feather

mat, and holding in his hand the claymore presented to him many years ago for his services in the war. Other chiefs representing all sections of the Arawa tribe were gathered here to meet the royalties. Captain Mair was busy superintending arrangements for the reception.

At ten-thirty the royal carriage drove up with the duke and duchess and their party.

The women sang and danced their powhiri of welcome, waving their leafy boughs and retiring slowly backwards, still singing in a musical rhyme as the royal party advanced to the marae. The song greeted the duke in poetic language as being drawn to these shores in the Arawa canoe, from the uttermost ends of the earth, and the regions that lie beyond the horizon. On reaching the marae, the duke and duchess were saluted with great enthusiasm as they walked on to the center of the plaza, the duchess with the native minister leading, followed by the duke and Lord Ranfurly. Then came the Arawas' formal song of welcome. The armed men were all kneeling on the ground, facing the royalties, with their wooden weapons held in front of them with both hands, led by their chiefs, who ran up and down giving the time. The men of Te Arawa sang in tremendous chorus their powhiri to the duke, keeping time by waving their plumed weapons, with splendid precision, old Major Fox in front of the warriors flourishing his glittering sword as his tribesmen yelled their long throated welcome to the king's son.

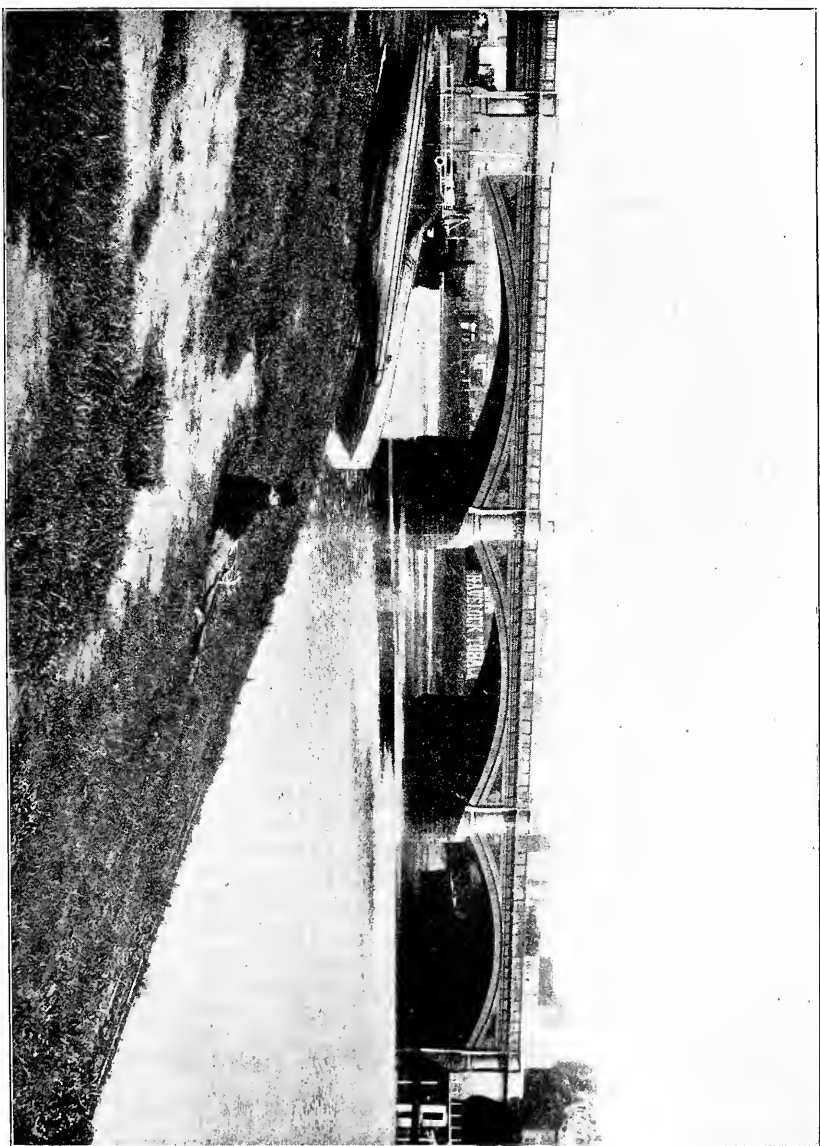
At the conclusion of the martial song, the natives, still kneeling, all saluted the duke and duchess, who were then es-

corted to Tama-te-Kapua, crossing the Paepaepoto, and walking around the interior to inspect the curious historical carvings on the slab panels with which the walls are decorated, forming a picture gallery of the Arawas. The native minister acted as interpreter. After a few minutes spent in the house, which was spread with fine mats for the occasion, the royal party emerged and walked across the marae to the foot of the flagstaff, where stood the bust of the late queen. Here a number of Arawa chiefs and chieftainesses were in waiting to receive the duke and duchess. The native minister, assisted by his aide, introduced them to the royalties.

Two handsome young women of rank of the Arawa tribe were in waiting to make presentations to the duke and duchess. The ladies were Te Rongokahira and Te Paerakau Haerehuka, both of whom are direct descendants of great chiefs reigning over a hundred years ago.

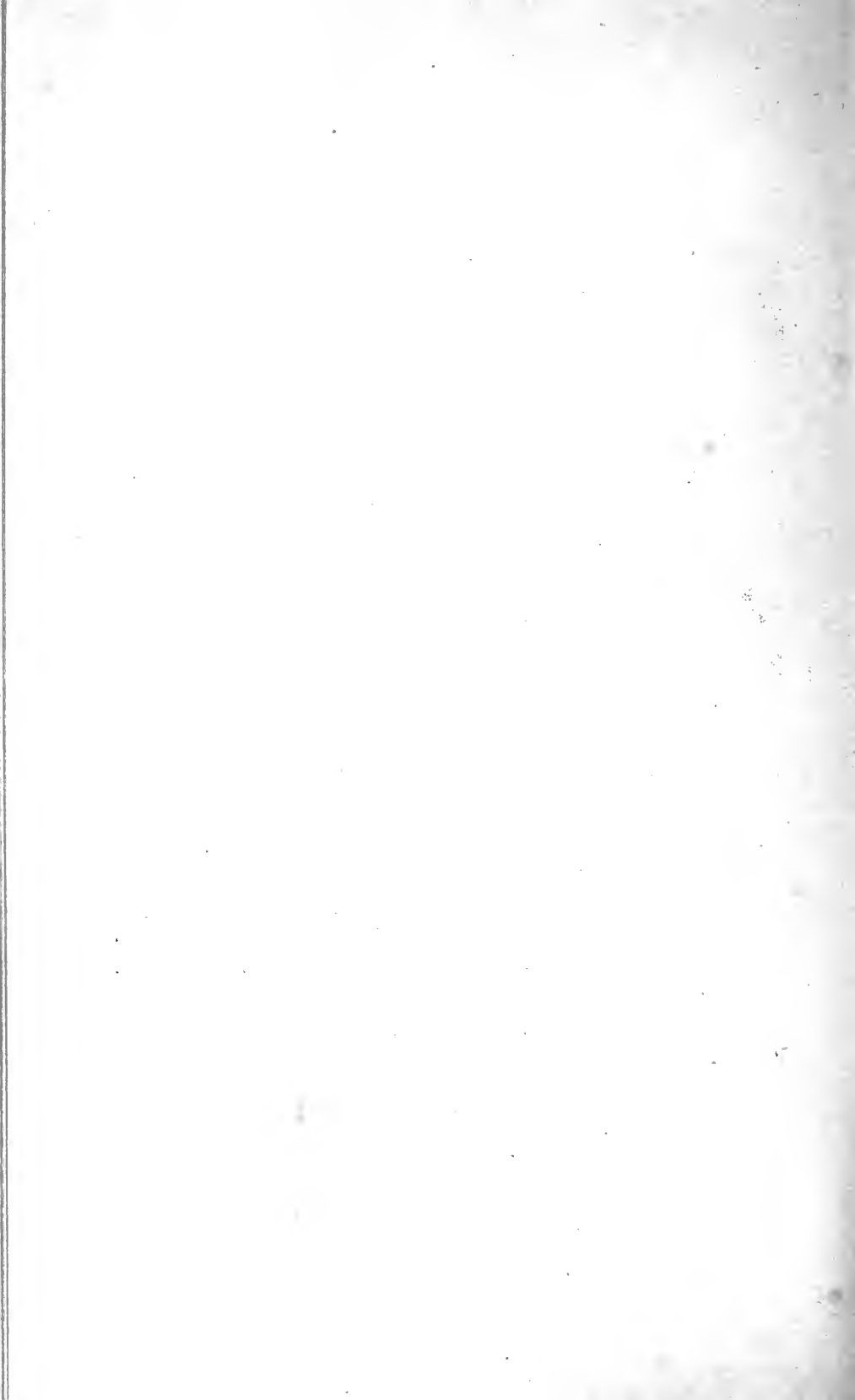
The two chieftainesses now handed to the duchess a much valued patupounama and greenstone weapon, an ancestral relic, also a white kiwi feather tea cosey and a muff of brown kiwi feathers. The green stone was a marriage gift to Rongokahira from the Ngaiatahu, a south island tribe. It is known to the Maoris by the name of Taratawa.

At the foot of the queen's statue were laid out several very fine flax mantles and mats, together with a green stone mere. These were the Arawa gifts to the duke and duchess. A tall black bearded chief named Pirimi Matoihaia, of Whakarewarewa, made a short speech in reference to the gifts of the Arawa people, Captain Mair interpreting. Pirimi said:



### PRINCE'S BRIDGE,

Spanning the River Yarra, is composed of three magnificent arches, its total length is 550 feet. With this and the Queen's Bridge, the City and Southern Suburbs are connected.



"We are spreading these Maori gifts before the statue of our late majesty, Queen Victoria. This is in accordance with the custom of laying down presents in memory of those who are departed. They are tokens of our love, therefore we beg your royal highness not to disregard these small presents, unworthy though they may be, but to take them with you. This is all. We here are all the Karaws."

Their royal highnesses graciously acknowledged the gifts. Pirimi also displayed before the eyes of royalty the Arawa tribal ensign, a blue silk flag, heavily fringed, bearing the words, "Te Arawa, 1870." Leaving the foot of the flagstaff the royal couple and party walked up along the lines of the armed men until they came to the tattooed veteran, Major Fox, who, by reason of his feeble health, was seated in a chair. The major rose and was presented to the royalties, who shook hands with him. The old man's face lighted up with deep gratification and pleasure as the duke and duchess inspected the sword borne by the venerable soldier, which was sent to him by Queen Victoria. The major, on being presented, handed a green stone toki or ax to the duke as a token of his love and regard.

The duchess, seeing the old chief was an invalid, asked him why he had troubled to leave his bed to see them. He replied gallantly that his love for the royal family was so great that he could not stay at home.

Another song of welcome was sung in a lower key by a section of Arawas behind Major Fox. Soon afterwards the duke and duchess were escorted to their conveyance, which drove

up to the marae for them. They took their leave of the Arawas amidst a scene of excited enthusiasm, the Maoris chanting a farewell waiata in the fashion of native songs. This was an old, well known chant, which appropriately bade sorrowing adieu to friends.

The duke and duchess bowed and smiled as they drove off, the duke turning to the assembled people and raising his hat, in which was displayed a huia feather, presented to him on the marae, the rare plume which was the old Maori badge of chieftainship. Then the royal couple drove away, followed by the shrilly chorused farewells of the gaily garbed people, whose minds will ever retain vivid memories of this all too brief visit to the lakeside home of the Arawas, amongst boiling springs of the historic Ohinemutu kianga.

#### WHAKAREWAREWA'S WEIRD WONDERS.

From Ohinemutu the party drove to Whakarewarewa, arriving at eleven-thirty. They were met by the Tuhourangi section of the Arawa tribe, headed by Te Keepa, Uita Taupopoki and other leading chiefs, the natives cheering enthusiastically. They were shown Nelson's famous carved house at the entrance to the village as they passed, and then proceeded along the road to the bridge over Tuarenga creek. Here an arch of welcome, handsomely decorated with ferns and lycopodium, was erected on the bridge, with "Haere-Mai," the Maori welcome, written overhead. After crossing the bridge, their highnesses and party alighted, and proceeded to the government reserve.



The government inspector led the way. Sophia, the veteran, guide, and one of the few survivors at Wairoa during the famous Tarawera eruption, acted as guide to the duchess, Maggie Papaqura, a handsome half-caste girl guiding the duke. The first spot visited was the Wairoa geyser. The inspector threw in a quantity of soap, and in a few minutes a magnificent column of boiling water burst forth, reaching to the height of about one hundred feet. The geyser played with immense activity for several minutes, making a grand spectacle.

Returning through the native enclosure, the duke and party stationed themselves on the bridge, and watched with great interest and amusement the dusky native children diving from the railings into the creek twenty feet below. The duchess was highly amused at the antics of these excited little mortals, who vied one with another in diving for a silver coin and pennies thrown from the bridge above. Two tiny Maori girls with a present of half a crown were each to dive from the bridge for the benefit of the duchess. Nothing loath, the little mites putting the coins for safety in their mouths, jumped boldly from the rail amidst great laughter and applause. A band of Maori girls in bright-colored blouses danced the graceful poi dance. As the royal party passed along from the village, the brass band played the national anthem and the crowd cheered lustily. Both the duke and the duchess appeared thoroughly pleased with the curious sights witnessed.

## CARNIVAL OF THE TRIBES.

It is a curious and striking scene that meets the eye. Massed in the center of the ground are the dancers, every man in full fighting costume, stripped to the waist, and wearing mats of rustling flax, each carrying a long pointed spear. Over the dusky warriors flags of every tribe assembled flutter in the breeze, which the huge ensign "porourangi," of the Ngati-porou, with its crescent moon and star standing out against the dark blue background, to the tiny bannerets carried by some of the tribes. In front of Wangamui natives wave their white Motea ensign, presented by Queen Victoria to the defenders of Mopea. Another much prized flag, the red ensign of the Ngatihua, presented at Otaki by Lord Onslow. The flags, spears, and columns of dusky warriors combined to lend a very martial air to the scene, and the white tents of the big encampment in the distant background enhance the military effect. To the left are the poi dancers, dressed alternately in red and white, in a huge semi-circle. Around the enclosure runs the black line of spectators, while the stands on either side the royal pavilion are crammed to their utmost limits. Overhead is a blue unclouded sky, the whole enclosure being bathed in brilliant sunshine.

It is a long wait till ten o'clock when royalties are due, and the tribes fill in the time practicing their dances and songs of welcome. Others squat upon their haunches, jabbering excitedly. Four brawny warriors approach the royal pavilion, bearing on their shoulders the ten-foot model of the famous Rawa canoe, laden with gifts for the royal couple. The canoe

is placed upon the stand, and alongside the natives plant the blue banner of the Arawas, a flag presented them in 1870 by the Duke of Edinburg.

Shortly before ten loud cheering announced the arrival of the duke and duchess. The former was carrying in his right hand the green stone adze, presented to him by Major Fox, while the duchess carried a fine mere also presented to her. Their royal highnesses, on taking their seats in the pavilion, were presented by the minister's wife with mats, which she fastened around their shoulders. The duke's mat was of dog skin, with a beautiful border, while the duchess wore a mat of kiwi feathers.

The tuhoe drum and fife band played the national anthem as the party took their seats and the leading East Coast chiefs assembled in line before the grand stand to greet their royal guests.

Immediately in front of the royal stand were massed the great body of the Maoris in battle array, in close formation of column, or "matua," each tribe forming a sort of square in compact bodies of armed men, all stripped to the waist, flax kilts or shawls around their waists, their faces daubed with black and blue war paint, and their hair decorated with feather plumes. The sight was an exceedingly war-like one, as the tribes yelling their battle songs, fell in companies on the parade ground. They crouched down a short distance in front of the stand, weapons in hand, waiting for the arrival of the royalties. About two thousand Maoris were gathered here

to take part in the dances, while almost another three thousand natives were spectators.

As the royal party took their seats the great body of the people, wildly excited, rose up with spears and wax axes in hand.

Then began a splendid martial scene, the like of which will never be seen again in New Zealand. The Ngapuhis performed a war dance and then moved off. Then came Te Arawa, who also with their weapons in hand, went through the warlike drill with machine-like precision, singing in great chorus a song of welcome, roared from several hundred throats, led by old Major Fox, who, sword in hand, danced wonderfully energetically.

Then came the war dance of the Ngaiterangi tribe, from Tauranga, armed with sharp spears, and with white feathers stuck in their hair. They sang their welcome song, then yelled the well-known old war song, beginning "kia kutia," etc. A Wan Ganui tribe, dressed only in flax waist mats, danced some splendid hakas, which were loudly applauded as they moved off.

At intervals in the dancing the ceremony of presenting gifts to the royal visitors took place. A line of men and women advanced, facing the ranks, and deposited their treasures at the royal pavilion at the feet of the duke and duchess. Every tribe had given its most precious heirlooms, and some were very rare and priceless in their historic associations—meres of whalebone and greenstone, beautifully worked mats of kiwi feathers or colored flax handsome feather kits, korowais, and puihuis in wonderful variety of form and color. One gift

was an old-time banner of flax, another a beautiful mat of pigeon feathers. The gifts, numbering dozens, were piled high in a heap on the floor of the pavilion before the royal couple, and the minister's wife fastened a handsome green stone piki around the duchess' neck. The Maoris' address of welcome, beautifully framed, was laid on top of the pile.

#### THE ROYAL MEDALS.

There were thirty-six chiefs who received medals from the duke, among them Major Fox (Pokiha Taranui). The aged Major Fox was the last man to be decorated by his royal highness. The old man wrapped in his korowai sat in a chair before the table where the duke presided. When his turn came, he arose to his feet, leaning on his taiaha, and the crowd cheered loudly as the duke, with royal courtesy, advanced from the table and himself pinned the medal on the aged warrior's breast. All the medals were stamped with the heads of the duke and the duchess, and inscribed in commemoration of their visit to the colonies, with the date, 1901.

#### THE CHILDREN'S FETE.

When a small band of children are engaged in those exercises taught them in the public schools, the effect is interesting, but when they are seen in regiments, thronging a space of several acres, the result is surprising and full of interest. You see twenty thousand hands flash into the air simultaneously, ten thousand pliant young bodies bending together rhythmically but with machine-like regularity, and the movements stir you strangely.

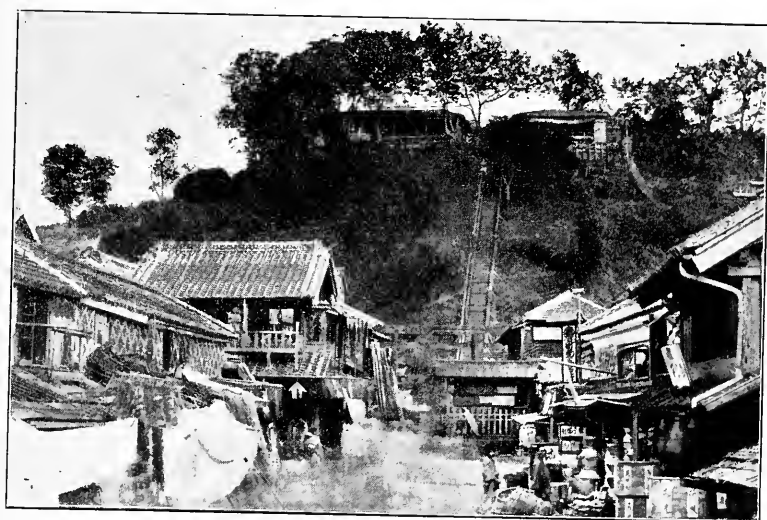
Perhaps the prettiest item of the day's play was the May-pole dancing, in which several companies of quaintly clad and pretty little girls took part, dancing with all that simplicity and grace which seemed to be part of the life and nature of healthy, happy children. The weaving bright ribbons as the dancing sprites moved in and out, seemed to pulse in time with the music and flow into the melody, a feast of color.

Youngsters, of both sexes, dressed in the familiar fancy costumes of the Scotch, the Irish, Welsh, and English, and children in costumes too numerous to specify, danced, marched, exercised and sang, and whatever they did was done with a verve that carried a glow of satisfaction to the breasts of the spectators, whose ejaculations spoke the creative pride and the magnificent delight of papa and mamma.

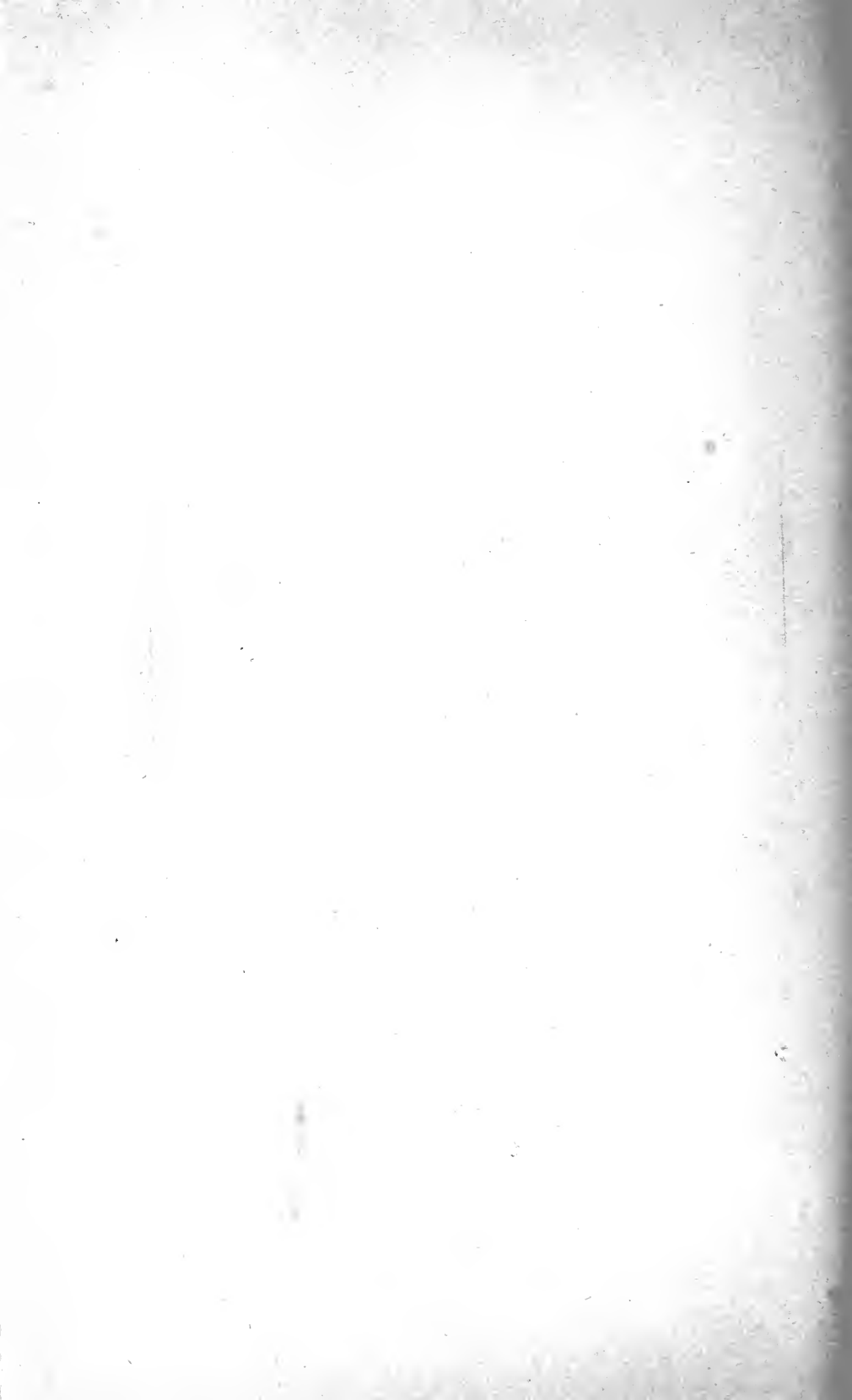
The singing of the children was pleasant and a proof of excellent training and good management. A few regiments of cadets recited in one voice "The Charge of the Six Hundred," with appropriate music and suitable gestures. "Sabring the gunners there," with a brave flashing of bayonets. The mirror drill display was another pleasant exhibition of effective work; in fact, nothing the kiddies did was done ill, and they always succeeded in conveying some of the delight they felt themselves to the spectators.

#### RETURN OF THE BROOKLYN TO SYDNEY.

On June 15th, the flagship returned to Sydney, Australia, where she was thrown open for inspection by the public. An official ball was given by the admiral to the high officials on shore, as at the other places visited by the *Brooklyn*.



Tea House ; One Hundred and One Steps ; Yokohama, Japan.





Here the vessel was docked and underwent necessary repairs prior to returning to Manila.

The fourth of July was celebrated in Sydney harbor, which is a port of English sentiment, by the usual sports, such as boat racing, climbing greased poles, and various contests which generally go to make a celebration of Independence Day. At night a variety performance was given by our minstrel troupe, on board the *Brooklyn*, which was largely attended and apparently enjoyed by friends of the jackies on shore.

So did we conduct ourselves in Australia and New Zealand, and it is hoped that the visit of the flagship *Brooklyn* did much to cement the goodwill between the United States and these colonies, and to elevate, if possible, the many resident Americans who treated us so royally, in the estimation of their neighbors, the colonists.

The morning of July 7th, 1901, was spent in gazing for the last time upon the shores of New South Wales, as we slowly steamed out of the harbor of Sydney, bound for Manila, Philippine Islands, via Albany, West Australia, and Batavia, Java.

## CHAPTER VIII.

RETURN TO MANILA—BOAT RACING WITH BATTLESHIP KENTUCKY—ADVANCEMENT OF PHILIPPINES—THE BEST PLAN FOR PACIFICATION.

THE RETURN to Manila was a pleasant one, and our friends in the bay were delighted with the stories we had to tell the colonies. While Manila is not the most pleasant place in the world, it did seem good to see "old glory" waving over the forts, and one felt to a certain extent he was home again.

Not long, however, were we to enjoy the pleasures of quiet life in the bay alongside of the beef-boat, for Admiral Remy found it necessary to proceed in a few weeks to the north.

Before we left Manila, the *Kentucky*, flagship of the junior squadron, Commander Rear Admiral Kempff, formerly senior squadron commander, challenged the flagship *Brooklyn* for a boat race between the two ships' apprentice boys, with their race boats. The crews to be all boys who were to pull four miles.

We were not in a fair position to lose much money, as Australia had been a very pleasant place to visit, and pleasure, I have found, costs money. But the *Kentucky* was persistent, and with the navy yard and other ships in the harbor she managed to make up a purse of \$13,000. Well, we had to put up our mess money and almost "pawn our socks," but we covered it.

When the *Brooklyn's* boat racing boys appeared, there was a "howl" from the *Kentucky*,—she wanted to race her big boys, who had been in special training for three months, against our boys, who were too busy sight-seeing to train, but who had managed during our colonial cruise to win five or six races from the Australians and New Zealanders, but our boys, though all under age, were the biggest lot of six-footers on the ship.

The boats were towed out to the starting point, opposite Manila, and at the crack of the revolver got off together.

Tremendous excitement prevailed on both these great flag-ships, their crews of approximately six hundred people, were crowded and perched upon every available point of vantage.

Johnnie Davis, of Santiago cable-cutting fame, coxswain of the *Brooklyn's* cutter, launched ahead from the first, and as we watched through our glasses the steady stroke of these big boys of Uncle Sam, there came simultaneously from the throats of both ships' crews alike a great cheer in admiration. In perfect time, without a single command, the oars of both boats dipped and pulled like clockwork, while, as they grew closer, the brawny muscles of every man could be traced as they played back and forth on the oars.

Admiral Remy's flag of rank is a small blue flag, with two white stars; Almiral Kempff's, when in company with his senior, is red, with two white stars. In appropriate imitation, the boats' crews had adopted these colors respectively.

Thirteen thousand dollars is a considerable sum of money to men of the navy and on both ships they were shouting en-

couraging words to their boats. Though excitement prevailed on the ships, the boats' crews appeared cool and collected. Coxswain Davis, with his body swaying back and forth in true race boat fashion, steered the little craft in a masterly way. So cleverly did he meet the choppy sea that hardly a drop of spray fell upon his men during the entire race. They feathered and pulled as one man, driving her through the water at a great pace, as smoothly as if she were propelled by machinery.

There is something exciting about a boat race that exceeds that of other races. A feeling that the muscles and skill of men cause her to rise and fall so steadily, forging ahead, as to almost seem to be a thing of life, makes one feel akin to the contestants.

As they neared the *Brooklyn*, her band struck up the "Stars and Stripes," bringing forth a cheer that shook to her keel this great fighting ship.

All this did not seem to affect the crews of the race boats, both the blue and the red kept on methodically, the red straining every nerve to regain lost ground.

Strain as they might, it was plainly impossible for the *Kentucky's* boys to win, but in order to lessen the number of strokes of her disgrace, she kept bravely on until, with a shout of exultation, the *Brooklyn's* boat crossed the line, and waving the blue flag wildly, Johnnie Davis ordered his men to "toss oars," while every man in the bay commenced to count the strokes of disgrace it cost the *Kentucky's* boat to reach goal. Loud enough for the *Kentucky* to hear, we counted strokes as

they were taken up to one hundred and forty-six, when the poor, crestfallen crew finally tossed oars across the line.

With the band playing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," we sent a steamer over to the *Kentucky* to bring off the purse, and the committee reported the "sorest" ship's company imaginable.

For the next few days there was plenty of shore liberty in Manila. Everybody had money, and it was very amusing to see the boat loads of liberty men pull past the *Kentucky* on their way ashore, shouting in derision at their defeat. Very few liberty parties from the *Kentucky* that month.

A few days after the events narrated above, Pete O'Hare, a very jolly old Irish fireman, when returning from liberty at night, lost his balance, and fell overboard from the little steamer *Barcelo*, and was never again seen. Though searching parties were immediately sent out to drag that part of the bay, it was of no avail, and poor Pete was left at the mercy of the sharks of Manila Bay.

As is customary on such occasions, the sailors on the *Brooklyn*, rather than wound the pride of his mother by contributing a purse, sold his clothes at auction. For instance, an old sock, hat or other article of little intrinsic value, would be sold for five dollars, then returned to the auctioneer to again find a buyer. In this manner over \$600 was contributed to his mother.

One sunny afternoon about the time of which I am writing, I happened to glance out of a port toward the city of Manila, and beheld the strangest condition of atmosphere I have ever wit-

nessed. The water was smooth as a sheet of glass, the sky black with dense clouds, through which jagged shafts of lightning shrieked and roared with the ferocity of a maddened lion. The air was sultry and hot. Afar off in the mountains I detected swaying and bending among the cocoanut trees, which denoted the presence of wind.

Steadily, but surely, it grew closer and closer to the bay, gathering force as it advanced until, in about two minutes, it struck the water almost like a blow from some tremendous unearthly power, and in less than a minute had reached the ship, and coming broadside on, rolled her over to starboard before she had time to swing at her anchor. The waves came up almost incredibly quick and in less time than I take to write this, a tremendous sea rolled, tossed and roared in Manila Bay.

Small native boats could be seen making for the beach when the storm first appeared, but, poor devils, they were caught in a death trap, and some of them went down before our eyes. The bay is full of sharks, that no doubt are well fed.

In about twenty minutes the wind was all gone, the weather returned to its former brightness, leaving a high sea as the only sign of the typhoon's visit. The ship acted nobly, but it was a severe ordeal and she tugged and groaned at her anchor chains like a great animal in captivity, terrified to madness and unable to escape. Her awnings were barely saved by prompt action on the part of the officer-of-the-deck, who, on the first appearance of the typhoon, called his men on deck and furled all canvas. A boat load of fresh beef at the gang-

way was torn loose and swept away, leaving us to subsist on canned and salt provisions a few days.

Before the storm all was peace and comfort aboard the ship, but in twenty minutes misery reigned; ports were closed, hatch-covers on, decks wet, the vessel rolling and pitching, while many of her crew felt that terrible monster to grapple with—seasickness.

How well this shows us that we may be taken any moment. It recalls to one the nearness of the end and cautions him as to his daily life.

#### ADVANCEMENT OF THE PHILIPPINES.

'As this work is not intended to take up exhaustively the history of the Philippines, the labors of Professor Dean C. Worcester, in his book on the Philippine Islands, is respectfully recommended to those who may desire more complete information.

Professor Worcester writes from personal experience of the islands, long before they were brought to the notice of the United States, having made three different trips of extended research. His work is scholarly, and is considered authentic by learned authorities.

The Philippine Islands lie in a part of the world of which little was known in the earlier centuries, except vague rumors that vast wealth was there, ready to be taken by any adventurous navigator, who could reach it. But as time rolled slowly on the piratical epoch came and departed, leaving in its train, as its only good, the disillusion of the world as to fabulous wealth obtainable in the orient without labor. Wealth is there;

but, instead of picking up gold in the streets and hills, it must be won through commercial industry.

These facts, when finally brought to light during the period of exploration of the fifteenth century, in which Columbus discovered America, and Ferdinand Magellan, or Hernando Maghellanes, a Portuguese nobleman, representing Charles I., King of Spain, undertaking the discovery of new Spice Islands, left Spain in August, 1519, and after perilous adventures, landed at Cebu, Philippine Islands, on August 7, 1521, caused nations to seek new territory.

He had stopped for a time at the Island of Mindanao, where making friends with the natives, he learned of the richness of Cebu from a native chief, who finally piloted the expedition to Cebu.

The natives at Cebu saw the great ships coming and were alarmed, but the chieftain from Mindanao, being a brother of their king, assured them that the strangers had come with friendly intent and only desired food. The king, thereupon, proposed to make a treaty with Magellan, with both Spanish and native ceremony. The Spanish ally welcomed the proposition he had come so far to obtain, and bringing his men on shore, impressive ceremonies were held. The king and members of his royal household were baptized, the customary exchange of blood was made, and allegiance sworn to their new master, the king of Spain.

To further win the good will of the king of Cebu, Magellan entered with him into his native wars with his own men and arms, but was wounded in a skirmish on the little



island of Mactan, within a year, and died there, without ever enjoying the harvest of his labors. I have visited his tomb, and, as I stood near it, reading the Spanish inscriptions thereon, it occurred to me that many great men have thus been cut off from the enjoyment of their earnings by an ambition too great and harmful to others.

When Magellan was no more, the expedition, though they endeavored to carry out his plans, soon went to pieces, and only one of the five original ships ever returned to Spain, the first vessel to circumnavigate the globe.

The king of Spain organized other expeditions, but it was over forty years before the islands were reduced to actual possession.

The present deplorable state of the Philippine Islands is directly responsible, in my opinion, to Philip II., in whose honor they were named, who inspired by religious zeal, or the devil, as may be, set out to conquer and convert the Filipinos to Catholicism, thereby adding them to the already long list of nations that, adopting Catholicism, failed to prosper.

Miguel Lopez de Legaspi, with six Augustine monks, left Spain for the Philippines in 1563, where he arrived first at Camaguin and touching at Bohul, decided to invade Cebu. The king, being suspicious, sent a spy to report on the Spaniards. The man returned with ridiculous stories of ships manned by giants in magnificent robes, who drank fire and blue smoke out of their mouths. This settled the king, and when Legaspi landed, in April, 1565, to take possession of Cebu, the king welcomed him, but the natives were suspicious

and soon made strong attacks on his party. However, he withstood them, and also threw off the Portuguese who made claims to the islands.

In 1570 Legaspi's grandson, Solcedo, was sent with an expedition to subdue Luzon. The first city council of Manila was established in June, 1571, and forms of government enacted. In 1572 Legaspi died, adding one more to the list of energetic martyrs for ambition.

During the next three centuries, attempts were made by various powers, to wrest the islands from Spain. Chinese overrunning the archipelago were massacred or deported, their property being divided between the state and holy Catholic church.

During this time nine attempts were made by Spain to subdue the Sulu Islands, but in each attempt failure was their only reward.

Insurrection has existed in the Philippine Islands since 1622; its causes, the same that have provoked the more recent revolts—tyranny of the Catholic church and burdensome taxes levied by church and state alike.

So has the existence of the Filipinos been burdened with insurrection, tyranny and war since the time of Magellan. They have never had an opportunity, and it is not beyond my comprehension why they are not more highly civilized today.

When Dewey steamed into Manila Bay, the Filipino was in active insurrection against his old time foe; he welcomed the appearance of "old glory," almost as the coming of an angel of promise; but his centuries of betrayal and tyrannical gov-

ernment had so biased his mind that he was unable to understand the signs of honest authority. His greatest misfortune was that he failed to recognize his savior.

Among the higher class of natives, it is now understood and their ignorant rebellion against the United States government is deplored.

Though no actual proof is in my possession with which to back a positive assertion, I may state as my belief that the Catholic priests advise, order and often compel the Filipinos to fight the United States government against their will, while, at the same time, the priests pretend in their associations with American officials to do all in their power in quelling the insurrection.

Since Americans have taken control, the advancement toward higher things has been amazing. Schools, roads, machinery, modern planting, water traffic, and communication have improved one hundred per cent.

Today the Filipino, with brains, strength and ambition, may attain any height. Opportunities surround him and many are taking advantage of them. Never before in the history of his country has the Filipino known such good fortune.

If the present policy of our government is carried out in the Philippines, twenty years will make the islands habitable and a pleasant place to live. They are rich in fruits, verdure and every growth conducive to a pleasant, tropical home. Modern irrigation, sewerage, etc., will also take away much of the danger from fevers.

If the United States father the Philippines, I predict a great future for them.

#### THE BEST PLAN FOR PACIFICATION.

General Otis early recognized education as the best civilizer and recommended public schools as a military measure. To tame a Filipino; first, catch him; then, teach him that it is easier and more pleasant to be good; and you have him civilized; otherwise "skin" him.

With education distributed freely among the former class and hemp and buckshot among the latter, there is little doubt in my mind that they can soon be pacified. I would recommend the latter means of pacifying some of the priests who have double dispositions.

What can you expect of a Filipino when thousands of good, sensible Americans are so superstitious that they will not move a broom or a cat, move in the dark of the moon, will not sit thirteen at table, commence a lengthy piece of work on Friday, and countless other ideas too numerous to set forth here? The Filipino has for generations been accustomed to believe and obey the Catholic priests; do you think he will begin now to doubt when told by them that Americans wish only to steal their homes and kill them? Will it not take education, and plenty of it, to teach these "old dogs" new tricks? Why not remove the cause? We will suppose, for example, that the United States government will select one hundred of the most intelligent Filipinos, and subject them to a vote of the people in the islands to elect twenty-five men to form a con-

gress to represent their people. Let us appoint twenty-five people here, the same way to meet with them, in consideration of a plan of independent government for the islands.

Let them draw up this plan and submit it to the congress and president of the United States. If approved, then let the Philippine-American congress set a figure that shall cover all expense incurred by the United States in behalf of the Philippine Islands. When a figure has been set let the islands form a United Island government of their own, within certain limits, prescribed by said Philippine-American congress, under the protection of the United States government and pay from their United Island treasury, in a given number of years, what Uncle Sam has spent on them.

I do not presume to such height as the ability to suggest the proper manner or form of government these people should have, but it is evident to me that, if Uncle Sam's army is kept there much longer trying to "lick" these poor people, and incidentally draw good salaries, which a few of them draw, the figure it will be necessary to name would buy more than one such archipelago.

To illustrate the common, every-day state of affairs in the Philippines, I will draw a word picture of a scene familiar to those who have lived in these islands.

A native cart was slowly moving along the road leading north from San Fabian, a water buffalo between the shafts, the cart being loaded with small bags of rice and coffee. It was a very warm evening, and the roads were exceedingly bad, so that the buffalo was taking his own time, frequently lying

down to cool himself in the numerous mud puddles along the way.

A native man in the Filipino dress, and a woman were following this droll conveyance, and if any one had taken pains to notice so common an occurrence as this manner of travel, he might have seen that the native was unusully large and muscular, nearly equal in physique to the average American. The woman, also, was above the average height of the Filipinos of this locality, well rounded and extremely graceful and comely in appearance.

The man wore a large straw hat, the rim hanging down over his eyes; a pair of abbreviated linen trousers and a gauzy shirt fluttering loosely outside his trousers in the breeze. He wore a belt with a bolo at his side and carried a short buffalo whip in his hand.

The woman wore no shoes or stockings; a pair of sandals of native use on her feet, a single piece of cloth about two yards long by one in depth, was wrapped around her waist a couple of times and tucked in, in place of being pinned or buttoned, reaching below the knees. Underneath this she wore a white cotton chimese, cut low in the neck, which, being like the waist over it, rather gauzy, revealed dimly the daintily rounded bosom and was gorgeously embroidered, about the neck. Over this she wore a loose, gauzy waist only reaching half way to the skirt, with very large flowing short sleeves. The waist was not belted, and lacked, perhaps, six inches of meeting the skirt, as is the prevailing fashion. On her head was a large straw hat, similar to the senior. Her hair was jet black,

very fine, and if unrolled would have reached her knees. It was worn combed up in front and laying in great rolls and braids on her head and neck. Barring the cocoanut grease covering her hair, it might have been the envy of the proudest queen. A string of beads clung about her neck, which she would count occasionally, mumbling a prayer as she did so.

Just as the sun went below the horizon, on the banana cropped knoll near the sea, the man guided his buffalo to an open spot on one side of the road, unfastened his harness, and after giving him a drink at a spring near by, tethered him in a grass plot and returned to the woman, who was busily engaged in preparing some rice and curry for cooking. He gathered a few dry sticks and started a little fire over which she hung the pot to cook. He then climbed a neighboring cocoanut tree and secured several green nuts, cut from a stalk near by some green bananas for frying, and after digging a few yams, carried them back to the camp and they busied themselves in silence in preparing the evening "chow."

When supper was over, the woman first attended to the small supply of dishes, then touching him on the arm, she made several rapid motions with the fingers; he was, apparently, deaf and dumb, for he answered in the same manner, and picking up a polished cocoanut shell, went to the spring and filled it with pure cold water, and gave it to her.

When they were settled comfortably, squatting upon the ground, he pulled a home made cigar of gigantic proportions out of his pocket, and lighting it in the fire, proceeded to enjoy one of the chief comforts of the orient. His companion

lit a native, home made cigarette and together they sat in silence, only interrupted by an occasional talking with the fingers or a smile. After a while she produced from a hidden pocket a small bundle of green leaves. Slowly unrolling the package, she disclosed a number of smaller leaves of different varieties, took some in her mouth, and after chewing them a moment, added a small bit of a peculiar salve-like mixture and the chew was complete. The degree of perfection shown by the deepening tint of carmine in the saliva. To a European such a mess would seem disgusting, but she appeared to enjoy it, and after getting it into good working order, handed the package to her companion, who proceeded to manufacture his own "chew."

They would have appeared a queer pair in civilization, as they squatted there in the firelight, smoking and chewing that nasty mess. But as the fire lighted up the scenery, the extreme beauty of the young woman must have been seen. Her face was delicately round, with the most roguish dimples in both her brown cheeks and chin. They sat by the fire, while she listened to the sound of the buffalo munching grass nearby, an occasional flapping of wings, as a night bird or vampire passed overhead, and a steady hum from the swarms of mosquitos which continually worried them. When they had finished smoking, the woman arose, made a few signs on her fingers, and with her dark face wreathed in most bewitching smiles, climbed up into the cart and lay down upon the sacks, the man most carefully and tenderly covering her with some native mosquito bars lying in the cart.



This is the present mode of travel in the Philippines. In twenty years, with energetic management, it is possible to change all these things into modern conveniences. It is possible to so improve these foreign possessions that men of business, brains and capital, inured to the comforts of civilized lands, will be willing to go there and improve to a higher plane these beautiful islands so richly endowed by nature.

It is the object of this chapter to state plainly my opinion of the best plan for the pacification and advancement of these islands. Given in brief: Give them what they want, their independence; but hold a mortgage, so to speak, upon their country until Uncle Sam has received every dollar they have cost him. On the other hand, if Uncle Sam desires a plaything with which to experiment, or a place in which his young braves may have an opportunity to sharpen their claws in preparation for any real fighting he may later require of them, or if he desires to spend his money and lives of his boys in the civilization and improvement of the Philippines from a Christian and charitable standpoint, and is willing to take so great a moral responsibility as the control of eight million people or more, with whom he is rather inexperienced, then let him continue as he is at present conducting affairs.

Why are the Philippine Islands in our possession?

Was it because Spain was spanking the Filipinos too hard?

Was it because the Filipino is a nice little boy and we just simply liked him so well that we want to spank him a little ourselves?

Was it because he had a rich country, and "poor Uncle Sam needed it?"

Was it because "poor old Spain" was hard up and we just wanted to give her a little "lift" of twenty million or so?

Was it because we needed a coaling station on the other side of the world? We could store quite a little coal on the Philippines, if we could just get these eight million people out of the way; but as it is they might walk off with it or throw it at us.

Maybe it was because Dewey "licked" poor old Montijo in Manila Bay and therefore "just simply had to swipe" the Spanish possessions while we had an opportunity and an excuse.

Maybe we will find out in about a century that Spain licked us after all. If she wanted to get rid of the islands, and sell some of her old obsolete ships for a good round figure, it would have been the best plan to carry out her part as she did. Of course, I understand that a couple or three of her ships were modern, but it would at least have been necessary to make a "show" of resistance. I don't think this was quite the reason of our possession, but it is about as plausible as some others.

Perhaps Uncle Sam wanted to make a lot of fine looking army and navy officers and give them good "jobs." It is a shame that some of these nice looking sons of shrewd old dads did not have good "jobs" before the war. But then, I should not speak lightly of them, because they really earn their money. They are brave, the brass collared ones, and look

pretty on parade. Why, you ought to see how they love each other! It is simply too sweet to see how quickly, when Captain or Lieutenant Smith shoots a bloodthirsty old Filipino and wife, with half a dozen children or so, or Ensign So and So, in command of the captured Spanish ship So and So, a little gunboat about the size of a steam launch or tug, bombards a bamboo "shack" or sinks a canoe load of fishermen, I say it is just too cunning to see how quickly a brother officer will write a nice high sounding letter to the secretary of war, or the navy, praising the brave conduct of his dear gallant brother at arms, and recommending him for promotion!

Now, on this subject, let me make a serious remark in favor of many brave officers and men who have served their country faithfully in the Philippines. There has been a great deal of hard fighting there and thousands of men and officers have fought bravely and honestly, with no expectation of reward. Many of them fell. Many have received wounds that incapacitate them for life. They are one and all brave fellows, deserving of all the honor and praise it is possible to give them. Every man who fights in the orient is deserving of some reward. But, on the other hand, there are a few like those I have ridiculed above, who are too worthless to ever perform any real brave deed that are constantly throwing bouquets at each other, when they are not browbeating the enlisted men under them, and who spend their time in seeking promotion by such means.

Are the Philippines in our possession because we really wanted or needed them?

Do we need them now?

Have we so many boys and so much money to spare?

Are there no places in all this great country where a few extra million dollars could be spent to aid, clothe, feed, educate and improve the general circumstances of our own people?

Do the Filipinos want us there?

Do we want them here to run the United States?

Did we want the British to run the United States in 1812?

Did Spain have the absolute right to sell the Philippines to us?

Were they Spain's to sell?

Are the Philippines ours because we have acquired them according to the sentiment of the Declaration of Independence?

Are they ours because a "bunch" of men, sent to Paris to represent our government, did more than their duty, and so compromised us that we are now burdened with a "white elephant"?

Is it because of honor that we keep the islands?

Is it more honorable to "lick" them into submission or subdue them with kindness by giving them what they desire and what is, perhaps, already theirs before God?

The above questions and suggestions were recently asked me and made by a farmer living in the state of Iowa. Some of them interested me, as they show, to a certain extent, the general situation from different points of view.

These questions do not state or intimate in the smallest degree my own opinion, which has been previously stated in these words: "I believe the hand of God directed the Philip-

pine movement, and it is a noble thing for a great and glorious nation, like the United States, to take charge of and save eight million people, even though, in their blindness, it is necessary to force them into submission." To these words I will add the other half of my opinion, heretofore unexpressed: "Because of their ignorance, it may be necessary to force the Filipinos into submission to our rule, but, if this great country desires to continue in the grace of God, it is our duty to give to the Filipino what is rightfully his; and if we wish the spirits of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and William McKinley to smile upon us in commendation from above, we will show finally to these poor, downtrodden people the active sentiments of mercy, in granting them liberty, freedom and peace."

These are the respective conditions loved most by the presidents named above. Presidents who proved, each in his time, their superiority and greatness. Taken collectively their natural sentiments, known by every school boy in America, should weigh heavily in the Philippine decision. Could we err in following their sentiments, which must be echoed in the hearts of American people?

Emilio Aguinaldo, about 32 years of age, is a man of unusual intelligence. He was born in the province of Cavite, near Manila, where he received most of his education, and where after a brief period of study in Hong Kong, he began the practice of law.

He joined the insurgents early in 1897, in which year the famous "pacification" of the Philippines was negotiated,

Aguinaldo and his followers receiving about four hundred thousand dollars in Spanish money, equal to nearly half that amount in United States currency, for their promise to cease hostilities and assist the Spanish in pacification. The Spanish, on their part, were to grant certain reforms, including the restrictions of a power exercised by religious orders, Catholic, etc., and impartiality of justice and law between Spanish and native contestants.

The Spanish did not carry out their elaborate promises of reform, but instead used every available opportunity to irritate and humiliate the Filipinos. The religious orders were given increased power, vacancies of bishoprics being filled by priests of those orders most offensive to the insurgents.

The Spanish officer in command in Manila, General Rivera, executed many insurgent leaders and persons who by the treaty he had promised to protect, endeavoring by this method to break the bonds of insurrection. The Spanish presented him with the Grand Cross of San Fernando, in recognition of his services in establishing peace in the Philippines. Since the Spanish had kept with so little faith and endeavor their promises of reform, the Filipinos considered themselves freed from its obligations and renewed hostilities.

It is said that Aguinaldo went to Hong Kong with several of his leaders and from thence to Singapore. The money acquired through his bribery by Spain was deposited in banks in Hong Kong and a law suit soon arose between one of his subordinate chiefs and himself as to its disposition. The subordinate sued for a division of the money among the insur-

gents according to rank. Aguinaldo claimed that the money was simply entrusted to his charge, to remain in the bank until he had tested the Spanish as to their making the reforms mentioned in the treaty, and if they failed to do so, it was to be used in prosecuting a new insurrection. The suit was settled out of court by paying the subordinate five thousand dollars, and severing his connection with Aguinaldo. No steps were taken by the Spanish towards the proposed reform and Aguinaldo is supposed to have used the money in the operations of the following insurrection, thus demonstrating, according to his statement, his honorable intentions toward his country. He is reported as having refused money from United States Consul Pratt at Singapore to defray personal expenses upon his return to Manila.

There were a great many stories afloat at the time as to Aguinaldo's real intentions concerning this money, but it is generally believed that he used a greater portion of it in purchasing arms, supplies, etc., with which to carry on the insurrection.

Aguinaldo was sent by Consul General Wildman, in the *McCulloch*, from Honk Kong to Manila, and landed by Admiral Dewey with a few cannon and considerable ammunition in Cavite, across the bay from Manila. He took possession immediately of an abandoned house in Cavite, and began to prosecute, with his daily increasing army, the action against the Spaniards.

It seems that when Major General Merritt, in command of the American army of occupation, arrived and captured the

city of Manila, in co-operation with the naval forces, friction commenced with General Aguinaldo. He was not given the recognition he expected and resented the occupation of the city of Manila by American forces.

President McKinley instructed that no joint occupation of Manila was to be made with the insurgents, and that the insurgents and all others must recognize the military occupation and authority of the United States and the cessation of hostilities proclaimed by the president.

Aguinaldo, from Cavite, immediately formed a dictatorial government, of which he was the head, appointing such officers as were necessary in each village or pueblo, to carry on, under his direction, the business of police, justice and tax departments. These officers were to elect representatives from each province to form a revolutionary congress. Later, in June, 1898, the government was changed to revolutionary, with the title of president for the executive, Aguinaldo.

I cannot help but believe that, if the United States government had instructed its servant, the general in command of the army of occupation, to treat more friendly with Aguinaldo and had recognized him as a military leader and ally from the first, there would have been little friction with the insurgents. It was but natural for Aguinaldo to resent the independent occupation by foreigners of his country—at least he felt it his country—and if sufficient diplomacy had been used, it is probable that much of the bloodshed and strife that have marked the last four years would have been saved.



The life of this Filipino leader and the Philippine situation during the insurrection, up to the time of his capture, would take up too much space here, and, as it is not my intention to make this a chronicle of Philippine history, but rather a story of my travels around the world in the navy, I will leave this work to better qualified and more able writers.

Early in March, 1901, the flagship *Brooklyn* had just returned from Hong Kong to Manila Bay. Up to this time, the numerous efforts to capture Aguinaldo had proven fruitless. So often had failure crowned such efforts, and as often had I been conversant with such attempts and false reports of success, that the subject had become, in the office of the commander-in-chief, one of jest and ridicule. It was believed that the wily insurgent leader had long since escaped from the islands or was dead, and he was almost, for the time being, forgotten.

However, a letter was dictated to me one morning by the admiral's secretary, directing the United States ship *Vicksburg* to report to the military governor for secret service of a few weeks' duration. The secrecy of the affair aroused my suspicion, and by keeping my "eyes open," a few hours, I finally "tumbled" that the *Vicksburg* was going south with Major General Funston, to make another attempt upon the liberty of Aguinaldo. I learned also that he had taken a company of Macabeebe scouts with him, and though I could not guess the particular ruse that was to be employed, a previous knowledge of General Funston's ways gave the affair considerable interest to me.

I said nothing, however, of my suspicion, but watched during the next few days very closely for news of the *Vicksburg*. But nothing of particular interest occurred, and I had almost given up hope when, early on the morning of March 28, 1901, the *Vicksburg* was sighted steaming to the anchorage off Manila.

Going to the admiral's signal bridge, I took a long glass and made out finally through the dim light of early morning, the figures of the Macabeebe scouts on the decks and aft on the quarter-deck those of several officers.

As the day broke and light came, I could make out faces fairly well, and closely scrutinizing those of the officers discovered two or three Filipinos among them. But it was not until I had watched for several minutes that, as they filed slowly down the gangway to a steam launch waiting there, that I finally recognized by memory of his picture, the great insurgent leader, Aguinaldo y Famy. He appeared very much at ease, as near as I could tell in the distance, and from the movements of his body, I judge he was not very talkative or given to gestures. He did not turn his head as though in conversation as he passed down the gangway.

He was a little man, and as he stepped into the launch passed out of sight. This was the only time I ever saw him, except a few days later in Manila, when I caught a glimpse of him as he was being driven down the street toward the palace in a carriage, under the escort of American officers.

His face is one that, under no circumstances that I can imagine, would appear common to a close observer. His eyes

are keen, but uncommunicative. He has a rather sad, thoughtful countenance, and one would instantly pronounce him a man of deep personality.

The record of this energetic, shrewd little fellow is wonderful, and I believe, if given the opportunity, he will again distinguish himself in whatever occupation he takes up.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE WORK OF THE ARMY IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—CIVIL  
SERVICE—OPPORTUNITIES FOR INVESTMENT—  
CHANCE FOR POOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

UP TO THIS TIME the army may be said to have accomplished considerable in the way of bettering the condition of life in the Philippines. It had become firmly and methodically established in all the important islands. Communication by cable, telegraph and telephone, as well as by steamer, had brought the archipelago into a more compact body, lessening to a great extent the danger and privation of small isolated detachments, which the limited number of troops, compared to the territory covered, made it necessary.

Martial law, with all its restrictions, bettered the condition of friendly Filipinos, and made possible the continuance of commercial pursuits, in a small way, necessary to their welfare.

The army built roads, caused the cities to be cleaned, contagious diseases isolated, built hospitals and cared for the sick natives free of charge, upon application. It established schools, compelling attendance for a certain portion of the year, and in fact took up at first the complete control of civil as well as military affairs.

Certain officials were appointed to conduct the affairs of provinces, and the terrible "muddle" of Philippine business was straightened out until it became almost manageable.

Inter-island cables were laid, light houses built and kept in working order. Surveys were undertaken and charts and maps are now available.

It is almost beyond the power of imagination to understand the labor, disappointment, loss of life, danger and force necessary to bring these improvements about. With what fatigue, melancholy and anxiety the brave boys in brown have toiled away in the fierce tropical sun, through rice fields, dense jungles and forests.

I have been asked, "Is it worth while, all this trouble for the Philippines?"

Emphatically, yes. From the time of Magellan the Filipino has had no opportunity, but has been kept down and brutally tyrannized. As I have said before, I believe the hand of God directed the Philippine movement; and it is a noble thing for a great and glorious nation, such as the United States, to take charge of and save eight million people.

Army life in the islands, from the standpoint of the private soldier, is severe. His day runs something after the following manner: Rising at "reveree," about five o'clock in the morning, they dress and "fall in" immediately for company "roll call." This occupies, perhaps, ten minutes, then the order "fall out" is given and they prepare for breakfast. In about half an hour, during which time they commence to clean quarters, clothing and accouterments.

At "mess call" the company falls into "single file" or "line," and marches past the "cook shanty," or tent, with their mess gear, consisting of the patent tin folding plates, and a tin

quart cup, together with knife, fork and spoon, if they haven't lost them. As a man passes by he is given two slices of bread, if bread is available, otherwise he receives "hard tack," a cup of coffee or tea, and his plate filled with whatever may be on the bill of fare. Usually a man is permitted to return for a second "helping," but often there is little to help him to. After receiving his ration, he goes away by himself and makes comfort on a rock, box or the ground, as best suits his fancy. In barracks there are usually "standing" tables prepared.

There is often considerable growling and mumbling about meal hour by boys who were pampered at home, but the most of them eat what is placed before them in diplomatic silence, accepting philosophically the fare provided.

They are sometimes quartered in tents, but generally in empty Filipino buildings or sheds. In Cebu, the company of the Twenty-third Infantry, of which a "townie" of mine, Duff Burchett, was a member, was quartered in an old Spanish fort near the sea. This fort was quite old, built of heavy blocks of stone, the wall surrounding the quarters, cook-house, prison, etc., being about twenty-five feet high. On top of the wall was sufficient room, if need be, to drive a carriage or artillery wagons, and sentries continually paced to and fro along its bulwarks.

When standing on top of this wall, one looked over a smaller breast-high wall, through which at proper places there were apertures for great guns. There were no guns mounted there during my visit, except saluting guns of the Twenty-third

Infantry. Inside this fortress wall was a square in which the troops occupying the fort were mustered, fed and quartered. Sheds were built around under the lee of the walls and bamboo cots, of the Filipino pattern, served as beds. No bed clothing being used except the regular army blankets and mosquito bars.

Over the entrance or gate of the fort stood a two-story building, probably intended originally by the Spaniards for officers' quarters, and part of it was so used at the time of my visit, but as there was only one officer in charge of the fort, he lived in part of the building with his American wife, the only American woman in Cebu at this time, while the company of which Duff Burchett was a member, occupied the main room of this entrance building or tower in the second story.

My meeting with Duff Burchett was rather interesting. Neither of us knew the other was in the antipodes. One evening in Cebu, when the *Bennington* was stationed in the straits as a station ship, I was ashore in a restaurant when two soldiers came in. I glanced up at them, and the unusual cleanliness, neatness and soldierly bearing of one of them caused me to look closer. His face appeared dimly familiar, but, feeling almost certain that there could be no one of my acquaintance in Cebu, I was about to lay the thought to a resemblance, when the young soldier threw back his head in a characteristic way and said, "I'd give a month's pay to see some one from home."

This was not an unusual statement in the Philippines; I had heard it often before, but, though he paid little attention to me, I then knew it was my old acquaintance, Duff, from my home town.

Approaching him I said, "Hello, Duff, I'll take the fifteen-sixty, please."

He was too astonished for a moment to speak, but finally grasping my hand, he exclaimed, "Why, John Swift, that's the first time anybody's called me Duff in a coon's age; where in the world did you come from?"

During the next two months Duff and I visited back and forth on the ship and in the fort, and had considerable enjoyment in making excursions about the city together.

He was considered by his commanding officer as being, perhaps, the neatest and one of the best soldiers in Cebu, and for that reason was chosen to serve a considerable portion of his time as orderly for the general in command of the military forces. At "guard mount" in the mornings it is customary to select the neatest and cleanest soldier for the general's orderly for the day. Duff was usually selected.

After breakfast the soldiers take up their work of "cleaning up," and at nine o'clock the guard of the day is marched to the parade ground and amid elaborate ceremonies the old guard of the previous twenty-four hours marches out and the new guard takes their place. The officer-of-the-guard is called the officer-of-the-day, and is equivalent to the officer-of-the-deck of a man-of-war.



About 10:30 a. m. the troops remaining in quarters are taken to parade ground and drilled until 11:30, when they return to quarters. In the tropics, however, it is customary to drill the troops earlier in the day and late in the evening, allowing the hottest part of the day for rest; at least they are supposed to do so, but many commanding officers, like others, are liable to possess demoniacal temperaments, and drill the men in the hottest part of the day, instead of the coolest. Again, many officers use judgment and give their men all opportunity to withstand the ravages of the tropics.

The soldiers detailed to stand guard, walk post two hours and are relieved for four, when they stand another two hours' march. They are on duty for twenty-four hours, then, on coming off guard, the succeeding twenty-four hours are spent in performing "old guard fatigue," virtually cleaning or policing camp, or other laborious duty. This adds much to the severe duty of the soldier. Walking post, with a heavy gun, "in a soldierly-like manner, keeping constantly on the alert, etc.," as the law requires, is extremely fatiguing, and after twenty-four hours of such alternating work, a soldier is in a fit condition to rest. But under many commanding officers, during my experience, he was required to clean camp, and perform heavy manual labor the next day after standing guard. However, I am inclined to believe this rule did not prevail in the Philippines, else our soldier boys could not well bear their burdens.

Let me disillusionize those who believe the soldier's duties are light. On the contrary, they are extremely heavy.

A soldier on guard in the Philippines would, perhaps, be stationed in the suburbs by some old house or cross road, with orders to challenge all comers. Let the night be dark, rainy, with mud under foot, and rumors afloat of an uprising of the natives, and the poor, shivering, dripping, homesick, miserable soldier, pacing back and forth across the road, trying to penetrate the darkness with tired, sleepy eyes, and straining his ears continually for the always expected cat step of a Filipino creeping up to split his head open with a bolo, and you have some conception of a soldier's duties.

Discipline in the army is severe. A soldier must not sleep on post. He must not drink while on duty. He must treat his superior officer with greater respect than he feels, or the officer usually deserves. He must be clean, neat in uniform, his coat buttoned, shoes polished, and never fail to address his officer with "attention," the "hand salute" and "Sir." He must not leave quarters without permission. Like the sailor, he must not whistle. The four duties of a soldier are: To obey, keep clean, fear God and shoot straight.

The "guard house" for the soldier, like the "brig" for the sailor, holds the banner of supreme hatred. It is continually held over the soldier and he gets in it on slightest provocation. For example, a man for "disrespect to his superior officer" may be court-martialed and his sentence read, "thirty days in the guard house, in double irons, on bread and water, with full ration every third day, and loss of thirty days' pay."

He has little chance of redress, if wronged, and, in my opinion, he is often made to bear the brunt of a contemptible superior's spite and maligning efforts.

Since the beginning of our country the soldier has been her safeguard in supreme moments of emergency. Though the last resort, he is a safe one, and has saved America from dependence and ignominy on more than one occasion.

Yet there are people, calling themselves good, honest, patriotic Americans, who hold themselves aloof from him, and pointing the finger of scorn, ridicule him as a fool who leaves a good home, perhaps to be made the tool of tyrannical superiors, and suffer death or privation in foreign lands. Let those who feel that this shaft belongs in their breast reconsider, and think of what would become of their homes, their little ones and themselves if all men felt so little patriotism.

As soon as the conditions in the Philippine Islands would permit, Judge William H. Taft was appointed civil governor and the military government retired to make way for a new staff of civil servants. Instead of martial law, which puts a certain restriction on all movements, civil law became a fact and permitted affairs in Manila, the Philippine metropolis, to resume their original commercial activity.

A civil service board was formed and discharged soldiers, sailors, civilians and Filipinos took examinations for governmental positions. Quite a number of Filipinos were found qualified and given clerkships and various other positions within their competency, and many of the volunteer soldiers who had been filling official positions at the munificent

salary of fifteen dollars and sixty cents per month, suddenly found themselves earning one thousand two hundred, and even as high as two thousand dollars a year.

It was a splendid way to reciprocate for their long, severe service for Uncle Sam, and many deserving young men were given the first chance of their lives to better their personal condition. However, it is the policy of the United States government, as far as I can see, to encourage the Filipino, and whenever one qualifies himself for a civil position he is given first chance. This may fill many of the lower offices, but if any man apply himself, it is my opinion that he will move upward to a higher place when the Filipino is ready to take his seat.

It is right that the Filipino be given this encouragement—it is the quickest way to pacify him—educate him and give him a good “job.”

The postoffice, under civil government, in Manila employs a great many people, and does a tremendous business. Besides the regular native mail, this department handles all mail for the army and navy, whose branches, scattered about the entire archipelago, make the postoffice one of the most important offices in the islands.

In the postoffice at Manila I met another of our neighbor boys, Mr. Beard, of Moulton, Iowa, who entered civil service from the army, and is rapidly striding forward toward fame in his department. He has an excellent position, in charge, when I left Manila, of the city box department, and is one of the smartest lads I have met. Though we were not acquainted

prior to our meeting in Manila, it seemed good to meet some one from near home, and we became good friends.

Hurrah for old Iowa! Everywhere I met a boy or man from this state he was about two steps ahead of the others.

While I am on this subject let me remark that the above statement is none too broad, for this reason—Iowa spends large sums of money for educational purposes, therefore her boys have comparatively good educations, and are better qualified in general to hold positions.

Let Iowa keep on spending her money for schools, and as long as she does, she will have good reports from the boys who may go to other parts of the world.

The postoffice has established sub-offices at many of the more important little towns. The government has for convenience divided its territory into provinces or districts, with judges, treasurers, tax collectors, etc., which positions are nearly all open to bright Americans.

In brief, the business affairs of the Philippines are conducted by the civil government and its laws are enforced by the military authorities, whenever their intervention is necessary.

Under the civil government come the heads of justice, revenue, improvement, maintenance of public works and general finance of the archipelago.

Justice is obtained through much the same process, with judges, jury, lawyers, etc., as the people of the United States endeavor to obtain it, with, I presume, much the same general result. For example: Don Miguel has a piece of land; Jim White wants it; Jim looks through the rather unreliable Span-

ish archives in Manila and finds there is some little "hitch" in the title of the property. So Jim employs a "jack-leg" lawyer to "snake" the land, and if poor old ignorant Don don't "look out," it will certainly, as a little boy I knew said, "git snuck."

Revenues I am not personally posted about, but have heard a number of times that the government of the islands get them, if somebody else don't get them first. Of course, they run the risk of coming in second to collectors and agents of the insurgents, as well as the church. I know personally, in my official capacity, of a certain English company in Borneo, who sent tax collectors over to a certain province on one of the islands and collected considerable tax money. This seemed so ridiculous to me at the time that I did not believe the papers before my eyes, but they were written by an army officer; so, of course, there can be no error. At least it is not generally believed that a graduate of West Point would lie.

Improvement is carried on by appointing boards to investigate reports of improvements advisable from various sources, and if the board reports favorably, they are empowered to carry out their recommendations or another board appointed for that purpose. For example: A large sum of money has been appropriated to improve the harbor of Manila; another to build light houses; another to survey the archipelago, and countless others of minor importance.

While the army is engaged in the pacification of the islands, the civil government is pushing them to a higher plane of ex-

cellence in many ways, and their labors are of equal importance with those of the army.

Maintenance of public works and finance are carried on much the same as the improvement of the islands, and judging from what is plainly evident, Governor Taft and his aides do not labor in vain. There is tremendous improvement to be seen since he assumed control throughout the entire archipelago.

By releasing the army from this work of government, a great many officers and men were made available for line duty, and therefore, a smaller force is required than would be necessary under the old management.

In Manila you will see the neatest uniformed and as handsome a force of American and Filipino police imaginable. They wear "kaki" blouses, trousers, and caps, with tan colored leather leggins, and carry a heavy revolver and short club. They are very neat and "up-to-date," and are quick to make arrests. They have the reputation of arresting at once any offender of the law.

Nearly all of the white police were "picked" men from the army, who preferred to accept a position to returning home upon the expiration of their enlistment. Their pay is about fifty dollars per month.

The civil service pays good salaries, and the appointments are intended to be fair to all. A bookkeeper will receive from the first about eight hundred to sixteen hundred dollars a year. Stenographers and clerks receive about the same pay. In brief, the pay of public employes is some better than in

the United States, but as living is more expensive there, the pay remains in the end about the same.

If one desires to enter civil service in the Philippines, he must apply to Washington and take the examination here in the United States or go to Manila and take it there. The examinations, at the time I left Manila, were not very stringent on account of the difficulty in securing competent people to fill the great number of vacancies. However, people are flocking into Manila in considerable numbers and civil service conditions will, no doubt, early assume the same proportions they have in the United States. For this reason prospective applicants had best take examinations here and receive appointments before leaving their homes.

The lives of civil service employees in the city of Manila are tolerably pleasant. They have good hours, the work is clean and always interesting. It is the intention of the government to erect houses, cold storages, and many other public affairs, to add comfort and convenience to the lives of their employees.

One great trouble in the lives of such people, when I visited at Manila, was the difficulty of obtaining fresh beef and provisions. There are not sufficient markets and trucksters to accommodate the people with good, clean, fresh food at living prices. It is hard to get a meal in Manila for less than one Mexican dollar, equal to about half a dollar in United States currency; and such a meal could be furnished here for from ten to fifteen cents. If men of capital were to build cold storage there and ship from Australia or San Francisco meat and



provisions and furnish them at a reasonable profit, life in Manila would be improved considerably.

The opportunities in the Philippines at present for investment of capital are excellent. The islands are rich in timber, hard and soft woods, minerals, coal, copper, zinc, gold and silver, and the soil in natural ability for production.

For a capital of one million dollars stock, opportunities are open in the following lines, which are necessary to the comfort of the people and improvement of the islands: Copper mines, stone and marble quarries, saw mills, furniture factories, cold storages for meats and provisions, contracts for improvement of roads, bridges, harbors, cities and building of houses and bridges. Telegraph lines, cables, telephones, railroads, street railways, inter-island steamer lines, all offer opportunities for safe investment and considerable return.

To those with smaller amounts of capital, ranging down to twenty thousand dollars, there are a multitude of opportunities. Manila needs a fifty thousand dollar hotel. It needs a commercial college; a first-class theatre, first-class business buildings; a skyscraper would be filled with tenants before it was half built, or even started, if it were advisable to erect so great a structure in an earthquake-disturbed locality, which is questionable. Not to enumerate further, I will say that the Philippines, if continued under the control of the United States, offer the best opportunities for men of capital of any part of the world I have visited.

Then think of the chances for men below the twenty thousand mark, on down to two thousand; shoes, clothing, gro-

ceries, meat, medicine, household goods, furniture, "especially American beds," and, in fact, everything that is required by people here in the summer, offer inducements to those who will export them to or manufacture them in the Philippines.

There are thousands of opportunities there for men with a little money and a man with no money might make it all right, but if they desire to ever see their native land and loved ones again, I advise men with no pull, money or education, to keep away from the Philippines. There are thousands there now who are willing to spend months at the most humiliating and fatiguing toil to pay their way back home. Some are desperate and will take almost any risk to reach home again.

In connection with this subject, I wish to say to any man or woman of wealth who may, perchance, read this, and who have made more money than they need and are inclined to help their fellow-men, get together others of your kind and send some poor, honest, sensible young man out to the Philippines to act as your agent. Use your influence with the government and have an arrangement made by which destitute men may return from Manila to America. If you do not wish to pay their fares outright, and of course it would not be advisable, let them sign contracts to return the amount out of their first year's wages upon return to America, and let your order or society secure them positions here. This would give you, perhaps, a new interest in life, and God would bless you for such efforts.

Of course, as society advances in the islands, poor men will have better chances, and there may be no necessity later

to help them get home, but this will, I feel sure, be some distance in the future, and in the meantime, many poor, honest men who go out on the other side of the world expecting to make fortunes, and instead become destitute, will not have to die for want of a few dollars with which to pay their fare home again. Such a measure as I have mapped out would, of course, be truly a charitable one, but such charity, though scarce, is God-like.

There is an excellent field for money-making and pleasant occupation in the pursuit of planting in the islands. Hemp, tobacco, rice and fruit are about the best branches of the business of cultivation from a money standpoint. With an investment of from five to ten thousand dollars, a planter can make himself independent with a larger income, less risk and more pleasant occupation, than in nearly any business he might engage in at the present time. While I do not advocate the risk of an American's life by over six continuous years of residence in the Philippines, if he owns a paying plantation, he may spend three or four months of each year in near-by Japan, which will prepare him for the balance of the year's constant physical strain in the islands.

My experience and observation show that there is a constant drain on the system of a white man in the tropics, which necessitates a change of climate of at least once in three years and preferably more often.

Japan, being within easy communication, with several lines of steamers plying between Hong Kong and Japanese ports, with others between Manila and Hong Kong, makes a suitable

and pleasant summer resort, easy of access. In previous chapters I have endeavored to portray in her true colors picturesque and delightful little Japan.

It seems to me that I should desire no better opportunity to advance myself in this world's affairs, while at the same time have the opportunity of doing good for others, than to own a plantation on the islands of either Luzon, Panay or Negros.

It may be a year or two before a man would be safe in taking his family to the Philippines, but he would not be warranted in taking a woman and children there at first in any event. He should go first alone, and gain some knowledge of conditions and prospects, as the state of affairs in the islands opposes in general those of the United States.

I believe a magnificent home could soon be made there. With nature to assist in all her abundance of verdure, a very small minimum of labor would repay tenfold the planter and home-maker who aimed at prosperity and luxury. Trees are ever green, flowers blossom the year around; every little bush has a wealth of foliage. Imagine the beauty that could be brought to adorn a home with every conceivable tropical growth trained and cultivated to meet one's desire.

Sugar is an important product, and cane thrives in nearly all parts of the archipelago.

Under such conditions as I have imagined a planter, he would necessarily be required only to oversee his possessions. White men do not perform manual labor in countries that are inhabited by colored races. While the Filipino is not a fool, he naturally values himself unusually beneath a white man, or,

if he does not so place his value, he at least is generally willing to serve the white man for a little "filthy lucre."

The money used in the Philippines is not preferable to United States currency in commercial affairs. First, it fluctuates in value; second, it is bulky; third, it is not the money of the country. However, the United States money is used considerably, and will finally, I believe, generally replace the Mexican and Spanish currency.

The native costumes and foreign language detract from the convenience of business associations between the American and themselves, but they are tractable, when friendly, and learn readily the language of their white superiors.

Though not very strong, generally they make very good servants, and though treacherous they will readily adapt themselves to our ways.

At any rate, they are human, and, no doubt, would appreciate, to a certain extent, humane treatment; I have found humane treatment one of the best aids in dealing with ignorant, partly or wholly uncivilized people everywhere in my travels. They can feel, like us, and, poor fellows, though they get little kindness from white men, I have seen them become extremely friendly upon the receipt of a kind word.

The Filipinos are intelligent and make up in that characteristic what they lack in physical strength.

Perhaps money is to be made quicker in some of the more distant inlands or lower southern parts of the archipelago. Isla de Mindiano is said to be rich in placer gold, and Zamboanga, Cebu, Illilo and many other southern cities greatly

need and would abundantly remunerate the capitalist for investment of a little money in ice machines, cold storage, etc.

Now is unquestionably the time for prospective investors to go to the islands. In fact, capital and brains are joining forces there every day, and soon the best opportunities will have been taken.

#### CHANCE FOR POOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Philippines offer inducement in some ways to young men and women of brains, even if they have little money. The civil service pays well, and they are extremely anxious to have bright young people come to the islands.

A bright, energetic, forceful boy or girl, who can pass the examinations given by the civil service at Washington, in the Philippine branch, stands a good show to go to Manila for two years at a salary of one thousand to two thousand dollars a year with passage paid both ways. Of course, if they wish to return to the United States, before the expiration of their contract, their return passage money is forfeited, therefore, I advise boys and girls to have on deposit three hundred dollars or more in Manila, as the effect of the tropical climate on their constitution is uncertain.

Rooms are a little scarce in Manila, but they can be found, and are generally large, airy and can be made, at little expense, very pleasant.

Unlike America, it is hard to find furnished rooms to rent in the Philippines. But there are plenty of stone houses in healthy locations.

The houses are generally built so that the living rooms are all in the second story, only using the lower part for storage purposes. This custom is due to the extreme heat of the tropics, as air circulates more freely among the second stories.

If some bright Yankee could devise means to insure "skyscrapers," against the action of earthquakes, their adoption in Manila would be immediate, as building space on the principal streets is entirely inadequate. I noticed a few large buildings and hotels in Manila that were four or five stories high. They were built of stone and appeared to be perfectly secure.

Living would cost about forty dollars a month in American money. As a rule the young men of my acquaintance in Manila live a half a dozen or so together, occupying an entire house, which saves them considerable annoyance from house neighbors of foreign speech.

During my stay in Manila society was not plenty on account of the scarcity of American women. But, during the latter part of 1900, a number of families and school teachers came out, adding much to the pleasure of life in Manila. Taken out of the sound of lovely woman's voice, out of sight of her face and figure, man is a poor stick, indeed. He is a burden to himself as well as to other people.

The last year has done much to make Manila habitable and affairs there are daily improving.

In conclusion of this subject, I will advise all people, especially inexperienced boys and girls, that if you accept positions in the Philippines, assure yourselves, before leaving home, that your return passage is certain at any time it may

be necessary to come. The climate may suit you and it may not. You should either have three hundred dollars in gold deposited in a Manila bank, and keep it there as before mentioned, or a contract with the government or a responsible firm to send you back to the United States within thirty days' notice. Do not go, unless you have this assurance.

With brains and a good government position, young men and women may do well, but by all means, do not place yourself in a position that will leave you penniless in Manila. Money in a bank here in the United States is not much good. Better have it where you can get it at any time. I would not wish to "tackle" the Philippines with less than one thousand dollars a year assured besides the bank deposit.

#### CAVITE.

Cavite is a place often mentioned in matters pertaining to the Philippines, and I doubt if the general public quite understand its exact location and importance. Manila Bay is very large—so large that one cannot see across the water, except the mountain tops on the opposite side. The city of Manila lies at the extreme eastern end and Cavite lies around the shore of the bay to the southwest on a narrow point of land projecting out into the bay.

During the occupation of Spain, Cavite was used as a naval base and magazines were located there. They built quite an extensive fort and kept a good many prisoners in the ill smelling, foul dungeons underneath its walls. Cavite is a town of, perhaps, five hundred natives.



At present the United States Navy has its repair shops and storehouses there. The little captured Spanish gunboats are all repaired there, but all ships of the *Bennington* class and upward are too large to be drawn upon the ways, and have to be sent to China or Japan for docking.

A short time before my return to the United States, I visited Cavite. It was on a very hot afternoon that Arthur Babcock, the captain's writer of the *Brooklyn*; Howard Gage, an apothecary, his friend Clark, another of his profession, and I left the flagship for an afternoon's stroll on the beach and a visit to the cemetery in the suburbs of the town.

The streets of the town were dusty. Tired, thirsty dogs lay panting in the shade of the old Spanish fort wall, with their swollen tongues hanging out of their mouths. Naked Filipino children sprawled upon the beach under those grand old shade trees that fill the little park along the shore, and water buffalo wallowed in the hot sand and water of the bay, with, perhaps, the erroneous idea that it was cooler than the air.

Everything seemed parched. One drank water and lost it almost immediately through the pores of the skin, by perspiration.

It was not a particularly lively day to strike out with the intention of enjoying a stroll, but with the assistance of our friend Clark, who because of his jokes was an important personage that day, we managed to make up quite a cheerful party.

Gage and Clark had just come out from the United States to begin each a four year cruise, and we were showing them

the sights and relating stories of battles, skirmishes, etc., as we pointed out the localities in which they had occurred.

Out through the west gate of the city we passed over the narrow isthmus, connecting Cavite with the mainland, over which Aguinaldo was chased back and forth by the Americans at the outset of the insurrection. From this spot I pointed out to the left another narrow neck of land over which I witnessed a skirmish one afternoon. First the United States marines would fire a few shells from a four-inch field piece into the trenches of the insurgents at the other end, then Aggie's insurgents would charge bravely across, until stopped by a fusillade of lead or steel from the marines. Then their retreat would resemble a school boys' scramble after a ball or away from a skunk's nest. Then both parties would lie on their arms and grit their teeth until courage worked up to about "one hundred and eighty," when the performance would be repeated.

However, everything was quiet this day, and heat was the only enemy we had to contend with. As we advanced it grew terrific. Off came our coats, collars, shirts open at the neck and periods of rest in the shade grew more frequent.

Presently we came to a very long, narrow lane, out in the country, where the trees lined either side and the branches, meeting overhead, formed an archway nearly a quarter of a mile in length. The air was perfectly delightful. What a change from the burning sun to the cool shady avenue of branches!

Clark remarked that it was like going from Chicago to Philadelphia.

As we strolled down this cool sweet smelling lane of green boughs and flowers, they told us of the United States. What new songs were being sung and whistled on the streets, of new books, plays, prevailing styles of clothing—the young men were wearing shirt waists—*shirt waists!* think of it; shirt waists, like the girls; oh, the sissies.

Clark whistled a little piece that I found perfectly charming. He told me it was over a year old and had been sung to death—it was entitled “Little Georgia Rose.”

At the end of the avenue, we came suddenly upon an old Catholic church in ruins, with a cemetery at its rear. This was enclosed by a wall of, perhaps, eight feet in height, with broken pieces of glass stuck into cement on its top to keep out marauders.

An old Filipino sexton and his aged wife were in attendance and very politely opened the gate for us to enter. Leading the way he passed around the church among the graves.

There were many ordinary mounds with odd, ancient looking stones, inscribed in Spanish; but most interesting to me was the famous Filipino sepulchres. On the inside the wall was built out to a thickness of, perhaps, ten feet, sloping on top from the wall down to about six feet high in front. All along the face of this projecture of the wall was built or cut in, every few feet, in double tier, square holes large enough to admit a coffin which could be pushed back endways out of sight when a

marble plate could be placed over the aperture, on which the necessary inscriptions are placed.

Many of these pigeon-holes, as Clark called them, were covered with such marble plates. We read the inscriptions on some of them; simply the name, dates of birth and death, and some little verse or epitaph.

A few of the openings had no coverings and we could look in upon the coffins. They were odd shaped affairs and looked as though they had been used for many years. I have no doubt but that they had been used for more than one corpse, as it is the Spanish custom, when relatives of the deceased fall in arrears with the rent for a sepulchre, the bones of the dead are taken out and thrown in a pile of other such delinquents in a corner of the yard reserved for that purpose.

I visited such a corner in this yard and found amid great tall, strange rank weeds a pile of human skulls, femurs, ribs, etc., on one of which there was some decayed flesh that caused us soon to retreat.

At one grave in place of a headstone there was a bushel basket filled with white polished skulls. I picked one out and was going to try to buy it, when it accidentally slipped from my hand to the ground. One of the boys said "Oh! don't take him; he don't want to go."

I did not believe the skull had any motive or power to act on its own account but, as it was not a complete specimen, I replaced it in the basket, much to the relief of my friend.

However, some time previous to this, in Lingayen Gulf, Luzon, when General Wheaton, with 2,300 men jumped into

the water and waded ashore under fire from the insurgents, while the *Bennington* and five other ships bombarded the coast, I offered a friendly old Filipino, who came off with fruit to sell, two dollars to get me the head of one of the killed Filipinos, and after cleaning it, bring it off to me.

The next time we visited there he brought off a skull and I paid him as I agreed, but it looked old and weather worn, and I feel sure it was one he had purloined from some cemetery.

## CHAPTER X.

CRUISE OF INSPECTION—CHINA, JAPAN, KOREA AND SIBERIA—  
RUSSIAN MILITARISM—YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

WITH THE *Kentucky's* thirteen thousand dollars we proceeded to China and Japan for an extended cruise of inspection, with regard to the fortifications, defenses, adaptability for shelter, and indication of uprising of the Chinese.

On the evening of September 26, 1901, the *Brooklyn* weighed anchor and got under way for Nagasaki, Japan. The weather was clear and pleasant, sea calm but all hands were inclined to growl at another of the *Brooklyn's* frequent changes, which added work and delays in receiving mails from home.

### WHY TAD SHIPPED OVER.

The heat had been terrific during the previous week, and all hands were in the sulks. It is true the band was playing on the quarter deck, but we had heard every piece on the program at least fifty times, so its only effect was to make one wish that particular part of the ship where the dago musicians sat would sink and stow them away in Davy's locker.

Partly because I liked him, and partly because he owned an electric fan, I dropped into the captain's writer's office, about seven bells of the second dog watch, for a chat with him. Tad was a clever fellow and thoroughly entertaining. I found him lounging in the big office chair with his feet planted as high

as he could well get them against the bulkhead; his coat off, shirt thrown open at the neck, sleeves rolled to the elbows, with the fan running four bells and a jingle square in his face. The breeze kept his long black hair standing on end, and he gave me the impression of a jinrickashaw man from Nagasaki. But he was comfortable, and he didn't care who knew it.

Taking a seat on the typewriter stool, I suggested that he either spin a yarn or swipe some ice-water from the captain's steward, in order that we might make it possible to cheer up. Running his fingers through his long hair, he smiled lazily and contentedly as the cool air penetrated to the scalp, and offered to match me to see who was to steal the ice and water. I won. While he was working the steward, I sent the orderly across to the flag office with an invitation for Schnitz to come over and partake of the cooling refreshment, with permission to bring his own cigarettes. Schnitz came, double time, and planting himself in his usual seat, a reclining cane chair in the corner, placed his feet on top of the desk and lit a cigarette.

Presently Tad came in with a pitcher of water and a big chunk of ice. I suggested that some one spin a yarn while the water was cooling.

No one replied, so Schnitz suggested that Tad tell us why he had re-enlisted in the navy.

It seemed to hit him right, for he took out five cigarettes and laid them on the desk in a row, ready to replace the one he was smoking when required.

We all made ourselves comfortable, because five cigarettes meant a twenty minutes' yarn.

"Well, mates," he drawled, lazily, "perhaps you remember that during my last cruise, I kept up a hot fire of correspondence with a trim little craft in Ohio. Romance, I think, was my principal incentive. Though I had been told most all about her life from the cradle up, and had been corresponding with her for about five years, through a series of unaccountable interventions, I had somehow never managed to meet her. Something was wrong each time an effort had been made for us to meet, so I finally drifted into the navy without having set eyes on her, and came half way around the world to help Dewey scoff the Spaniards, and later to spank the wayward Filipino.

"Well, she sent me a photo, and in return I sent her a picture of my friend Jones. You remember he resembled me somewhat.

"She wrote me how handsome it was, and how she kissed the picture every night before hammocks, and all that sort of business; an' I laughed, and laughed, like a fool. Never occurred to me once that I hadn't done a smart thing. I pictured, in my own mind, how surprised she'd be when I stepped off the train at her home; for I had an idea, mates, that I was just a little more likely look'n than old chaw Jones. It was one of my chief pleasures to remind my old chum, daily, that he was too slow to catch the measles.

"But, mates, I really loved that girl, though I had not seen her; and saved every cent I got with the intention of keeping my promise of starting up some modest business in civil life and marrying her when I was paid off.

"Laddies, you know I always was a fool—couldn't keep a good thing to myself—so told Jones all about the affair, and that I had sent his picture as a con.

"He laughed at me, and explained carefully, for the thousandth and one time, that I certainly was a blamed fool.

"As you probably remember, I became anxious as my time grew shorter; was terribly in love with her. Used to write every week and she did likewise. Her letters wouldn't show up for about three months, then we'd get a mail, and they'd have to use the steam crane to get mine aboard.



"We had plans all made, how she was to meet me at the train, and if we liked each other on sight, we were to get married within a week. In fact, we had prearranged every detail.

"I kept her letters in my desk, but never locked it; for, to my mind it was not possible that any man would be mean enough to read them.

"Finally my time had shortened down to six months. Jones, having enlisted three months prior to me, was to go home in the *Solace* the trip before I could go. We had been chums all our lives and neither had any secrets from the other.

"Well, I went with him on board the *Solace* and helped to carry his curios. He was very kind, and agreed to take a box of fine Chinaware I had purchased in Japan to Miss Waldron for me. He bade me goodbye with tears in his eyes—one moment, lads, till I light fires on a new one—but promised to meet me immediately upon my arrival in America; and the *Solace* steamed out of the bay the next morning with her homeward-bound pennant trailing back a hundred yards in the breeze.

"It was pretty lonely for me during the next few months, and my only consolation was the letters. I did not write about my friend Jones coming with the Chinaware, as I wanted her to be surprised with the present of a fine tea set from the other side of the world.

"Slowly the time dragged along, till finally one grand, beautiful morning orders came for me to return by the *Solace*, which vessel had again reached Manila to take another load of short-timers to 'Frisco.

"Lord, mates! You know how happy I was! I remember shaking hands and saying goodbye to Schnitz six times, and I guess I would have kept it up until now if the officer-of-the-deck hadn't ordered me in no gentle manner to 'get into the launch,' which was alongside waiting to take me to the *Solace*.

"One moment, lads, this bloom'n cigarette has a streak of rag in it; I'll have to take another, I guess."

I am not sure, but I thought I saw a tear in Tad's eye, and somehow got the idea that the fault was not wholly that of the cigarette. However, I may have been mistaken.

"Smooth voyage all the way. Japanese Inland Sea, Yokohama, Honolulu, in fact we took in all the sights enroute, and had a most pleasant voyage. I think I was the happiest man in all those waters.

"On arriving at Mare Island, California, it was a great disappointment not to find Chum there, as he promised to meet me; but I was happy and, after getting a new outfit of shore clothes at 'Frisco, went on board a sixty knot train bound for Ohio.

"Three days later, she hove slowly into port; let go both anchors, banked fires and all hands went ashore.

"I had telegraphed from Chicago to my girl on just what train I should arrive, and was again disappointed that there was no one to meet me. However, I was not one to feel bad over such a little thing; but then a sudden fear came over me that she might be ill.

"I chartered a four-wheeled cutter, anchored alongside, and gave the coxswain hurry-up orders to steam for Miss Waldron's anchorage.

"Pretty soon we hove in sight of a full rigged house, surrounded by several cables' length of park. I had always held the idea that she was not wealthy, so asked the coxswain who lived there.

"He told me Mr. Waldron.

"It seemed a queer coincident,—the names, but it occurred to me that my Miss Waldron must be—Oh, Lord!—perhaps she was the cook!

"Well, we dropped anchor, and I was put ashore with my bag and hammock. Didn't like the looks of the coast, and had half a notion to go aboard again and put back to sea, so I ordered the cutter to stand by and to clear ship for action, while I reconnoitered, to learn, if possible, the exact status of the enemy.

"Finally I picked up courage and my luggage and got under way, steering due south, direct for the front porch; rang the bell and asked the servant if I could see Miss Waldron, at the same time keeping a weather eye out for squalls, for she was Irish and homely as a Filipino without a G-string, and I didn't know but she might be Miss Waldron!

"She told me Miss Waldron was—one minute, laddies, till I light up another fool-killer.

"Where was I?"

I told him the servant was telling him Miss Waldron was—

"Oh, yes! She said Miss Waldron was not at home.

"I asked if I might see either her father or mother, and she invited me in to wait until my card was presented.

"While waiting I saw the photo of Jones lying on the library table with my name written across the corner, and laughed softly to myself, thinking how funny it would be when my Miss Waldron returned, probably in a few moments, and found out my deception.

"Presently the door opened and an elderly gentleman came in.

"I stepped forward and introduced myself as Mr. Tad, who had been engaged to his daughter so long by mail, stating that I had just returned from Manila to keep my promise to her.

"He held a telegram in his hand, which was shaking nervously, and he was very pale. It was quite likely the telegram announcing the time of my arrival. He said there must be some mistake; that I could not be Mr. Tad, for he had arrived some weeks before; that the marriage had taken place, and bride and groom were then on their wedding tour in Europe.

"Suddenly, it all came to me like a flash. I pointed to the picture on the table and asked if that was Mr. Tad.

"He said that it was; and no doubt took me for a lunatic, for I immediately weighed anchor and got under way. Hooked up all boilers, lashed the wheel to the course, and never stopped even for coal till I reached Manila Bay; and here I am.

"But to think, laddies, that my old shipmate, who has shared my last ten cents, Mexican, many a time, is now traveling in Europe under my name, spending her money and receiving her caresses; and all the time she does not, and perhaps never will, know that the real Tad is still in the Philippines.

"Well, mates, this cigarette has gone out, so let us tackle the ice-water, before I melt and escape through the scupper into the salt of this confounded bay."

The *Brooklyn* visited the ports respectively of Chefu, China, Chemulpo, Korea, Vladivostok, Siberia, and Hakodate, Japan.

#### CHEFU, CHINA.

During the Boxer uprising of 1900, Chefu was the cable base, or point from which dispatches from Tien Tsin and Peking were forwarded to Washington. Taku being the naval base, the commander-in-chief on the *Brooklyn* received telegrams from the army authorities ashore, and preparing them

in cipher on the regular form, sent them by the daily dispatch boat of the allied powers, detailed each day in turn, to the cable operators at Chefu, who forwarded them on to Washington.

As you pass into the anchorage off Chefu, the city appears at the base of a small mountain on the left. Winding round the city and up the side of this mountain, the city wall can be seen curling snake-like around knolls and gullies, until at the summit it is lost in the clouds, as it passed on over the peak.

Flags of various nations can be made out high on staffs above the city, marking the location of separate representatives or consuls, "old glory" waving among the rest, at the residence of the United States consul, Mr. John Fowler.

The *Brooklyn* found insufficient depth of water to go close in, but the view of Chefu from her anchorage was superb. Green grass carpeted the mountain side, marked here and there by a white stone building, high above the city, making the picture in colors a perfect dream of loveliness. Near this place the great battleship *Oregon* grounded on her way to Taku at the opening of hostilities in China.

During the China trouble of 1900, Chefu was considered a comparatively safe residence for foreigners, and thousands passed through on their way to Shanghai, the principal city of refuge.

#### SHANGHAI, CHINA.

Though Shanghai was not visited on this voyage, I spent a few days there earlier in the year, and deem this a proper place to describe it.

The men were given liberty here, going ashore in the gaudily painted sampans, and were landed in about six inches of soft, oily Chinese mud. One custom that merits remark is that of painting eyes on the bows of their craft, for as they say, "no have eyes, no can see; no can see, no can sabe; no can sabe, all bloke," and it pleased them greatly when they saw the letter on our boats, thinking, no doubt, that we were at last acknowledging their superior wisdom and painting double eyes on our boats.

A very neat little railway runs from the anchorage along the Yangtse river about thirty miles up to Shanghai, besides all kinds of other conveyances, such as rickshaws, carriages, and a queer kind of passenger wheel-barrow.

The road winds its way through rice fields, groves of bamboo and Chinese graveyards. It is very level and raised above the fields and swamps that abound there.

About half way to the city is a Chinese barracks, where were stationed from three to five hundred imperial troops, resplendant in yellow and blue silk jackets, trousers very loose, flowing and baggy, but wound close to the lower extremities and held by tight fitting leggings, and a profusion of red sashes and ribbons.

Except for the few rice fields, the country through which we passed seemed to be one continual graveyard. There were grave mounds all about us. Not like graves in the United States, but the coffin is placed upon the ground with earth piled over it to a height of six to ten feet. Occasionally we would discover an idol, keeping lonely watch over his sleeping

disciples. It is hardly probable that he receives any remuneration for his services or ever "got a day off." There are several of them, however, that are "off their base," having probably been knocked down by some of the strong odors from Woosung, which a god of flesh and blood, let alone one of wood, could not stand up against and live. The fallen ones are almost entirely hidden by the dirt that has accumulated, having in all probability lain there for centuries.

Soon the visitor begins to realize that he is nearing a city of apparently modern design, for great buildings, factories, warehouses and stores indicate the unmistakable advance of civilization.

At last we arrived in a European part of the city, the appearance of which confirms our first impression of it. The streets are broad and well paved. Numerous fine stone buildings are on either hand, with handsome residences, well kept gardens and many splendid hotels.

The city, like nearly all European settlements in the orient, is divided into parts for each residing nationality, of which each retains the individuality of its own nation, the manners and customs of each being markedly different. There is an American, French, German, English and Chinese town. Shanghai, however, is pre-eminently English.

Merchant vessels and small men-of-war from all parts of the world can get over the bar, at the outside anchorage off Woosung, and are lying out in the stream off the city of Shanghai, loading or unloading cargo.

One of the finest rambles that a tourist can take and one that none should miss is out to Bubbling Well in the evening. The sight-seer takes the road of that name, and walking away from the city's busy hum and bustle, is soon plunging into the quiet and peace of a beautiful country road, lined on either side by tall, shady trees, which overhang, their branches interlocking, making a leafy roof through which the sunbeams struggle, their mellow light tinting the beautiful scene with flashes of burnished gold. The road is full of crooks and turns, and abounds in cosy retreats, where the indolent may linger and drink in the glorious scene. Artists and photographers make this road their rendezvous.

In little lanes running off the road are refreshment houses and Chinese tea gardens.

Beautiful suburban residences, with great parks, skirt Bubbling Well road for a distance of three or four miles, and an early morning rickshaw ride, or in the evening when the "crush" is driving "four-in-hand" and showing off fine clothes along the road, is one of the very best means of securing enjoyment in Shanghai.

The Shanghai weather bureau is about four and a half miles from the city, with a Frenchman and Portuguese in charge. Both wore long queues. This is a precaution taken by missionaries and other Europeans who are compelled to mingle with the natives, with the view of propitiating them, as they have a great antipathy to foreigners.

A short distance from the weather bureau is situated a nursery and the orphanage. In the latter place the inmates are educated and taught useful trades.

Returning the traveler takes another road, which leads to "Old Shanghai," or China as she was in the days of Confucius. You can tell when you are nearing this place, by the innumerable lepers and beggars that beset your path and grow thicker as you near the gate. Some of the former were so indescribably repulsive and made hideous by this loathsome disease that they appeared hardly human.

At the gate of the city one takes a guide, who is indispensable, as by going alone you are in constant danger of violence, and mayhap robbery and murder.

The streets were narrow and ankle deep in filth, and business of every description carried on in dingy, ill smelling bazars that line them. Should you desire to buy anything to commemorate your visit to this foul spot, about fifty per cent is added to the price of the article, as commission for the guide, who is invariably a "Shylock" of the most grasping kind. But, alas, he is indispensable and he knows it.

The old town is enclosed by high granite walls and the inhabitants are not allowed much freedom outside. One appreciates the change in the atmosphere on going out, and gratefully inhales long draughts of pure air into his much abused lungs.

#### CHEMULPO, KOREA.

Korea extends down from North China between the Sea of Japan and Yellow Sea, west of the Gulf of Pechili, in which



Taku, the naval base mentioned above, is situated. Chemulpo, one of its principal cities, is built by the sea on the lower side of the peninsula, and is of great importance from the fact that Russia desires to terminate her great Trans-Siberian railway there, but being unable to arrange this, carried it out to Vladivostok, Siberia.

When the flagship dropped anchor in the harbor of Chemulpo, Korea, I glanced back toward the entrance of the harbor, and to my surprise could see nothing but a chain of islands apparently in the identical spot where we had entered; but on making inquiries, I learned that I was in a great mirage district and that there really were no islands, but simply reflections on the water.

The natives came off in small boats, as usual, but they wore strange dress and were different from any other people I had seen. It is a law of the country that, on the death of a crowned head, the people shall wear white mourning; but owing to the numerous deaths in the royal family during recent years, and the period of mourning being three years, the people have adopted white as a permanent national dress, and the cut and style is much like that of biblical days.

To sit on the old city's wall in the moonlight and gaze over this strange eastern city, makes one almost imagine the environment of the Savior, as the veiled, white-robed figures glide silently about the streets.

A number of my friends visited Seoul, the capital, with me, and we had the honor (?) to sleep in a hotel just outside the gates of his majesty, the emperor's palace.

No building in Seoul may be built more than two stories high, as otherwise the people (ordinary mortals) could look over his majesty's garden wall, and perchance catch a glimpse of one of his charmers.

The people look with disfavor upon the "palefaces," and it was with no little relief that I returned to the ship and sailed in her for Vladivostok, Siberia.

#### VLADIVOSTOK, SIBERIA.

Vladivostok is the terminus of the great Trans-Siberian railway, and I had the pleasure of crossing the longest railroad in the world.

There are two hundred thousand Russian soldiers barracked in Vladivostok, and the majority of the people are exiles, banished from their home country for political offenses.

They are a tough lot, and murders, robberies and outrages are familiar headlines in the daily papers.

A Russian soldier's pay is something like eighteen cents a month, which you can readily see does not make business lively or money easy.

Morality is decidedly bad and the people keep hours that are ridiculous. They rise at eleven o'clock in the morning, lunch at three in the afternoon and spend most of the night in revelry.

The military authorities are very strict and the greatest care is taken to prevent foreigners from obtaining descriptions of their fortifications; however, our American officers succeeded in getting into every port of the place, and secured descriptions as well as charts of them.

We visited this place early in October and found the weather about the same as January in Iowa. The sleighs, carriages and dress are picturesque.

When driving a high yoke is fastened over the horse with bells in the arch, and one or two horses hitched to the same whiffletree, but are not checked or reined, simply tied to the horse in shafts. Green overcoats, military boots and fur clothing are seen everywhere.

On October 29, 1901, the *Brooklyn* steamed out of the harbor of Vladivostok, bound for Hakodate, Japan.

The weather was fine and sea smooth. The scenery was not very interesting—hills appeared bare and rocky. The air of Siberia seemed to weigh upon us all, and all hands were glad to see the last of it. Tyranny, ignorance and depression marked the place as their own.

#### HAKODATE, JAPAN.

We arrived off Hakodate at seven o'clock on the morning of October thirty-first, and I saw, for the first time in three years, snow upon the mountain tops back of the city. It reminded me forcibly of America, and the desire for home came almost overpoweringly upon me. How one does long for a glimpse of his native land after a few months' absence. I believe my greatest desire was for America rather than for home, though that came next.

Hakodate is a pretty city of several thousand inhabitants, situated on the sea and surrounded on all landsides by undulating small mountains, which range down the coast as far as the eye can reach. The city is typical in construction, situa-

tion and customs. The harbor is a busy one and ships from many countries were anchored there discharging and shipping cargo.

"Old glory" could be seen waving high over the housetops at the residence of our consul. It always looked good to us when entering a port to see the dear old flag floating on the breeze a welcome to us. It makes one feel "at home."

As there is nothing of particular interest beyond my previous Japanese descriptions in Hakodate, I will pass on to the subject of Yokohama, to which place we proceeded after a couple of days' stay in the port of Hakodate.

#### YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

Early on the morning of November fourth the silver tipped peak of "Fujiyama," the pride of Japan, burst on our sight in all its majestic glory. Fujiyama is a mountain about sixty miles inland from Yokohama, discernible for a distance of eighty miles at sea.

As we steamed into the harbor, everything was bustle and confusion. Sampan were darting hither and thither, loaded with gesticulating Japanese, Chinese and East Indian merchants, all anxious to get on board first and dispose of their wares at fabulous prices to the green and gullible "jacktars." As soon as we dropped our "mud-hook," they swarmed aboard; the Indians tall and stately with their flowing robes and long black hair, carrying small black valises, their main article of traffic being jewelry and precious stones; the Chinamen were tailors, while the Japanese were, well, they were everything.

It was amusing to see a little brown fellow, about three feet nothing, carrying a huge bundle under which only his legs could be seen, and giving one the impression that they must be overburdened; but you are soon disillusioned, for as soon as he reaches a clear place on the deck, down goes the bundle, two brown hands flash around the knots, the ends of the unfolding cloth are thrown open and the dazzling array of wares are spread temptingly before you, while a smiling face showing two rows of large white teeth, greets you with the remark, "Velly good curios. You likie buy? Melikan man have got plenty money."

Visitors to the orient should observe one rule to the letter, and that is to give a Chinaman one-half of what he asks for anything, and the Jap's first price should be divided by three. The observation of this rule will guarantee a traveler against paying more than twice what the article is worth.

Shortly after anchoring, as is the custom in every port, we began firing salutes, starting with the Japanese, then the English, French, German, Russian and other foreign men-of-war lying in harbor according to rank. Then followed all the official visiting between the foreign men-of-war and Japanese officials and the admiral, which seems so essential to naval ethics. Still everything went off with a snap and precision that denotes thorough training.

Here we became acquainted with the whole-souled, big-hearted (?) Tommy Matsu, comprador. Oh, he "long time sabe Melikan man-of-war," and he did without a doubt. He brought off eggs that must have been laid before the war and saved es-

pecially for us; juicy steaks from the water-buffalo—the shoemakers made fine sea boots from them, but it would have been cheaper to buy them ready made. The chickens he sold probably perched upon Noah's ark, and crowed to apprise "old pop" Noah when it was time to get up and let out the cat.

Matsu kept a saloon ashore where he regaled the boys with blue vitriol labeled "Pure Scotch," at twenty sen per dose. He was an unparalleled scoundrel and not a fair representative of his countrymen.

Liberty was granted, and the boys took advantage of the opportunity in seeing the city and all the "sights." Many of them went to Tokyo, Japan's capital. The round trip can be made, giving a day and night in the capital, by train, the fare being one yen twenty sen, or about sixty cents in United States currency.

Tokyo is a delightful place to visit. There are many things of interest to be seen, chief among them are the various old temples and the emperor's palace, which is surrounded by spacious grounds, deep moats and lofty walls. At the entrance to the palace is stationed a body guard of foot soldiers in blue coats and bright scarlet trousers. Another place of interest is the famous Uyeno Park, which contains a well equipped menagerie, library, museum of natural history, beautiful gardens and driveways.

The curio shops in Tokyo are famous and well worth visiting. A Japanese curio store is a perfect maze of strange, useless variety, the most cunning little trick boxes, puzzles and contrivances imaginable, can be obtained at a very small cost.

The attendants or clerks are mostly women and they speak very little English.

The European papers published in Yokohama are the "Advertiser," "Gazette," "Japan Mail" and "Herald," dailies, and the "Box of Curios," weekly, the latter being one of the few American papers published in all Asia.

A great many of the crew attended performances at various native theatres on the avenue known as Theatre street. The price of admission for Japs is two or three sen, but for "Jack" it is all they can get, many of the greenest paying a dollar or two to see about as "bum" a show as was ever forced upon the suffering public. However, I found their shows entertaining, as nothing of the kind had ever before come under my observation.

A few miles from Yokohama there is a little city and a great navy yard. Yokosuka is an ideal navy yard, being naturally adapted for fortification, and many a grim looking gun protrudes its black muzzle threateningly over the bay. The entrance to the harbor is very narrow and thickly mined, and there are many reefs and shoals which are a great menace to ships not aware of their location.

The town is mainly inhabited by government employes and is about an hour's run by rail from Yokohama.

A jackie I knew once told me of their ringing in of a new year on board the vessel on which he was at the time serving, while at anchor in Yokohama, that was rather interesting. He told it as follows:

"New Year's day was coming on and the lads were getting their heads together to give it a warm reception. On account of the severe discipline maintained on the ship, each fellow who participated in any skylarking had to make himself as scarce as possible. The time came. Our police were safely wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. A close observer might have seen two dark forms, flat on their stomachs, gliding over the wet deck (for it was raining) toward the ship's bell. Another form, equally stealthy, but not so wet, might have been seen lurking under the hood of the conning tower passage, while still another kept necessary and vigilant watch on the movements of the officer-of-the-deck. Added to this a crowd of about twenty, each armed with sauce-kettles, dish-pans and spud-mashers, were quietly grouped about the hatch on the gun deck.

"Soon the faint and far off ringing of a bell ashore is heard; the quartermaster comes down from the bridge and strikes very softly and gently the necessary eight bells to indicate that twelve o'clock has arrived. Hardly is his back turned ere, with a wild yell, the two skulking wet figures spring into activity; with a bound one seizes the bell rope and strikes eight bells for the new year as it has never been struck before, and the figure in the conning tower turns on the full force of the electric fire alarm. Gongs are ringing all over the ship, the crowd of raving maniacs sacrifice the mess gear; the sleeping ship's company are aroused, the chorus is swelled and bedlam is loose. In twenty minutes everything is quiet again and every one feels better for this relaxation from tension of strict naval



discipline. But next day, when the cooks see their mess gear, there is a howl, and the heroes of last night's adventures are discreetly silent."

A few hours' ride in another direction from Yokohama takes one to the town of Kamaqura, near where the famous idol Dai-Butsu sits upon his throne. His history is in brief:

In the year 737 A. D., the emperor, Shomu, being a sincere devotee to Buddhism, caused numerous monasteries to be erected throughout Japan, and among the other churches thus built and endowed by his majesty is that known as the "Kotoku-in" at Kamnakura.

In the grounds of this ancient fane stands the famous colossal bronze image of the great Buddha which was cast in September, A. D. 1252, by the celebrated glyptic artist, Ono Go-bo-ye-mon, in accordance with commands received from the Shogun (Prince Munetaka) who assisted Itano No Tsubone to carry out her pious desire of fulfilling the dying injunctions of Minamoto No Yoritomo, one of whose waiting ladies she had been. The image was much injured by a tidal wave which swept over the site of the monastery A. D. 1495, yet notwithstanding the ravages of time and the fury of the elements, it is in a state of excellent preservation and repair.

It is about fifty feet in height, ninety-eight feet in circumference; the length of the face is eight and a half feet, of the eye four feet, of the ear six and a half feet, and of the nose three feet eight inches. The breadth of the mouth is three feet two and a half inches, the length from knee to knee is

thirty-six feet, and the circumference of the thumb is over three feet!

I visited this image on November 17, 1901, and found myself well repaid for my visit. There are a number of fine temples in this vicinity.

Friends Babcock, Gage and I spent Sunday in Kamakura and vicinity, taking lunch at a very nice native hotel for Europeans.

Though it is contrary to naval discipline to appear in civilian dress ashore, we took our own risk and donned "store clothes" once more, for the first time during my military service. It seemed rather strange and we enjoyed it immensely until, during lunch, who should enter the dining room but the admiral and Captain Dickens. Of course, we could not stand "at attention" or otherwise recognize them or draw their official attention to us, so, choking down the last bit of roast duck as quickly as possible, we hurriedly left the hotel, missing what appeared to be an excellent desert. I shall always, perhaps, wonder what it might have tasted like.

The admiral very generously failed to notice us, but we were in considerable fear during the next few days, lest his silence was only the forerunner of a storm, but he took no notice of it.

In Yokohama there are a number of fine silk stores, where for marvelously low prices can be obtained the finest silks of all descriptions. Their hand embroidery is famous the world over.

In one store I saw several kimono's elaborately embroidered in colors, ranging in prices from ten yen to five hundred. But,

owing to the heavy importation duties on silk, I purchased nothing but a few handkerchiefs and twenty yards of fine pongee silk. They have received such great praise from my friends and relatives here that I have deeply regretted that some of the more beautiful work did not accompany them.

The hotel Metropole, one of the finest European hotels in the orient, burned one night when I was ashore in Yokohama, illuminating the sky over the entire city. Thousands of people witnessed the conflagration and several lives were lost among its guests and attendants. This was considered a great loss to travelers, as a truly comfortable hotel is a great luxury in Japan.

The customs of the people make native hotels undesirable for Europeans, and the Metropole was considered a haven of rest among tourists. There remain several hotels, but none seem to reach the high state of popularity enjoyed by the Metropole.

In Yokohama are a great many book stores, where native publications are on sale. I found the native literature very interesting and unique, especially the childish fairy stories. They are usually printed in little pamphlets on crepe paper, profusely illustrated in colors and the language is childishly simple, while at the same time descriptive and easy to understand. They illustrate the childish nature of the unhampered Japanese mind, which is the real characteristic of all Japanese people. The following is a fairy tale translated into English of this class, that may interest my child readers, entitled:

## "THE ENCHANTED WATERFALL.

"Once upon a time there lived along with his father and mother a simple young wood cutter. He worked hard all day on a lonely hillside or among the shady trees of the forest. But work as hard as he might, he was still very poor, and could bring home but little money to his old father and mother. This grieved him very much, for he was an affectionate and dutiful son.

"For himself he had but few wants and was easily pleased. His mother, too, was always cheerful and contented. The old father, however, was of a selfish disposition, and often grumbled at the poor supper of rice, washed down with weak tea, or, if times were very bad, with a cup of hot water.

"'If we had but a little sake, now,' he would say, 'it would warm one up and do one's heart good.' And he would reproach the simple young fellow, vowing that in his young days he had always been able to afford a cup of sake for himself and his friends. Grieved at heart, the young man would work harder than ever and think to himself, 'How shall I earn some more money? How shall I get a little sake for my poor old father, who really needs it in his weakness and old age?'

"He was thinking in this way to himself one day as he was at work on the wooded hills, when the sound of rushing water caught his ear. He had often worked in the same spot before, and he could not remember that there was any torrent or waterfall near. So, feeling rather surprised, he followed the sound, which got louder and louder until at last he came upon a beautiful little cascade.

"The water looked so clear and cool that he stooped down where it was flowing away in a quiet stream and, using hand as a cup, drank a little of it. What was his amazement to find that instead of water, it was the most excellent sake!

"Overjoyed at this discovery, he quickly filled the gourd which was hanging at his girdle, and made the best of his way home, rejoicing that now at last he had something good to bring back to his poor old father. The old man was so delighted with the sake that he drank cup after cup. A neighbor happening to drop in, the story was told to him, and a cup of sake offered and drunk with many words of astonishment and gratitude.

"Soon the news spread through the village, and before night there was hardly a man in the place who had not paid his visit

of curiosity, been told the tale of the magic fountain and smelt the gourd, which, alas, was now empty.

"Next morning the young woodcutter set off to work earlier even than usual, not forgetting to carry with him a large gourd, for of course the enchanted waterfall was to be visited again.

"What was the surprise of the young man when he came to the spot, to find several of his neighbors already there, and all armed with buckets, jars, pitchers; anything that would carry a good supply of the coveted sake. Each man had come secretly, believing that he alone had found his way to the magic waterfall.

"'Here we are,' said one, 'all bent on the same errand. Let us fill our jars and gourds and go home. But first, just one taste of the magic sake.' He stooped down and filling his gourd put it to his lips. Once and yet again did he drink, with a face of astonishment, which soon gave place to anger.

"'Water!' he shouted in a rage. 'Nothing but cold water! We have been tricked and deceived by a parcel of madeup stories—where is that young fellow? Let us duck him in his fine waterfall!'

"But the young man had been wise enough to sit behind a big rock when he saw the turn things were taking, and was nowhere to be found. First one and then another tasted of the stream. It was but too true; no sake, but clear, cold water was there. Crestfallen and out of temper, the covetous band returned to their homes.

"When they were fairly gone the young wood cutter crept from his hiding place. 'Could this be true?' he thought, 'or was it all a dream? At any rate,' said he, 'I must taste once more for myself.' He filled the gourd and drank. Sure enough, there was the same finely flavored sake he had tasted yesterday. And so it remained. To the good, dutiful son the cascade flowed with the finest sake, while to all others it yielded only cold water.

"The emperor hearing this wonderful story, sent for the good young wood cutter, rewarded him for his kindness to his father and even changed the name of the year in his honor, as an encouragement to children in all future time to honor and obey their parents."

## CHAPTER XI.

RETURN VIA HONOLULU TO SAN FRANCISCO, THENCE OVERLAND  
TO NEW YORK—AROUND THE WORLD—DIS-  
CHARGED—BACK ON BROADWAY.

PRIOR TO LEAVING Manila the admiral issued an order to send all men having only three months or less to serve on their enlistments to the United States by army transport. Five minutes after this order was posted on the bulletin board on the *Brooklyn* tremendous excitement prevailed. Most of the men having short times to serve, had spent three years in the orient, some of them had spent six, and a few ten to fifteen years away from home.

It is hard for the inexperienced mind to grasp such a situation. Think of it! Ten thousand miles from home, friends, sweetheart, America! No society, little pleasure, except through letters from home, and oftentimes they were unsatisfactory and more often failed for months in their arrival. One toiled away, in whatever branch of the service he might find himself detailed, with no hope whatever of happiness before the expiration of the three years for which he was bound, and planned, hoped and despaired by turns. There was never any positive assurance of living to see home again; one could only hope and carry as bright a face as he had strength of mind. Added to this was the rigid discipline and privation of ship-board life; the arrogance of superior officers; the association

with men in all grades of immorality, ignorance and vulgarity from the four corners of the earth.

Bright, well educated, honest, well bred young gentlemen toiled at hard manual labor beside colored men, sat at table with them and found no fault whatever. Jack says, "Give me a ship with a sound hull, good strong engines and proper steering gear, and I'll not grumble at the paint on her." These were his sentiments with regard to men, but far worse than association with the negro, in his estimation, came the service under petty officers of foreign speech (Germans, Dutchmen, Swedes, etc., who spoke our language brokenly and domineered those under their command) who, because of their ancestral servitude were said to be more willing and submissive under Annapolis officers and, therefore, better liked and more often promoted. These foreigners are termed "square-heads" by Jack, and to serve under a square-head petty officer was considered the greatest aggravation possible.

All these things conduced to misery and the disagreeable points I have enumerated multiplied by years intensified a thousand fold the joy overflowing in the breasts of those whose enlistments lacked but three months of expiration when the boatswain's mate passed the word, "All men having less than three months to serve, lay aft to the executive officer's office." We promptly dropped everything and "layed."

The executive officer received us in his private office one by one and informed us that we could take our choice between the two propositions; be transferred to the station ship to await further transfer to an army transport going to America, the

sailing of which was indefinite, or remain on the *Brooklyn* until she reached Yokohama, when those of us who might remain would "probably" be sent home by mail steamer, provided the *Brooklyn* did not receive orders to proceed to the United States about that time, in which event we would have to remain in her until arrival in America, which might be several months.

A greater part of the "short-timers" decided to be transferred to the station ship and take their chances in an army transport.

There remained but two months of my enlistment, so, believing the *Brooklyn's* movements to be very uncertain, I made up my mind to remain behind and risk reaching home by army transport, though I had information that she would not sail for over a month, and that in the meantime the men going to the station ship would be very uncomfortable in temporary quarters. However, I was "advised" by one of the admiral's aides, which meant considerable more than the simple word "advise," to remain on the *Brooklyn*, that my services were required there, and that if I would forego my right to remain behind on the station ship, he would see that I was sent home by mail steamer on arrival at Yokohama, Japan.

This being the very end I was working for, satisfied me and I stood on deck and cheered for the "homeward bound boys," as they left the ship with a will.

Their condition proved afterwards to be much as I had believed it would be. They waited a month in the terrible heat and discomfort of Manila Bay, in crowded and uncomfortable quarters, then went aboard an army transport; after repeated



attempts to get out of the bay, she finally headed for Nagasaki, Japan; she broke down, the boys were transferred to another transport, waited nearly a month in Japan, started out once more and struck a rock, or grounded, then, after repairs, and considerable more delay, they finally headed out across the Pacific for San Francisco. A more disgusted lot of men would have been hard to find. One of them came to Yokohama, while the transport was "laying up," and his reports of "hard luck" were amusing. He said the men had spent all their money; could not draw money from the army, of course, so they had sold nearly all their curios, spent the money, and had started in to sell their clothes, in order to get "liberty money."

We fared better on the *Brooklyn*. After a very pleasant cruise about the countries mentioned in preceding chapters, we finally arrived in Yokohama and learned that the "draft" was still in Japan.

On arrival in Yokohama, I reminded the admiral's aide of his promise concerning my homegoing, and orders were at once written to the paymaster of the fleet to secure transportation for Miller, the admiral's printer, myself and fifteen men, making seventeen, all told.

As soon as the order was issued, I went out on deck and told all the men who were to go. They were wild with excitement. Caps were thrown in the air; they hugged each other in their delight, and Miller and I ran about the ship like maniacs, trying to tell our friends we were going home, talking incoherently, neither paying any attention to what either himself or the other fellow was saying. We ran forward to the

forecastle every few minutes to look for the *Doric*, the Pacific mail steamer in which we expected to sail, which vessel was expected to arrive that day.

The aide in charge of correspondence gave up all hope of getting any more work out of me. A thousand memories of home and friends came like an avalanche upon me, blinding me with their overpowering profusion and eliminating all power or desire to handle correspondence. Not me! I wanted the *Doric*, and I wanted her so bad that I just about had to have her.

The *Doric* finally came in, several hours late in arrival. We packed our clothes and curios up, bade goodbye to many of our friends and "stood by" for the order to "leave the ship." This order did not come, but the paymaster did, came back from the ticket office with the encouraging information that no accommodation was available on the *Doric*, but that the agent had promised to send us on the next steamer.

Well, we were about the sickest lot of fellows imaginable. Our friends flocked about us and nearly fell over each other in mock goodbyes. Some said they believed it was a trick to fool us, that they had never meant to send us home; others "lowed it was more pleasant on the ship than tramping in the states;" and they asked what "was the use" of going home only to reenlist at once or starve. Many and varied were the jokes they made that day, but we took it all in silence; previous naval experience had taught us the good sense of silence.

About the end of the week we began to have hopes again. The paymaster had told somebody and somebody had told

somebody else who said he believed we might get to go on the *Nipon Maru*, sailing a week later than the *Doric*. This was not much, but it was something that sounded good, so we nursed it a little and bye and bye we had catered to it so much that it grew and grew until, finally, it blossomed into a full fledged conviction that we were "sure" going on the *Nipon Maru*.

Miller and I watched three days for the *Nipon Maru*, two days and a half before she was due; but, who knows, she might be ahead of time. But she was not; she steamed in the bay of Yokohama "right on the dot" and dropped her "mud hook" inside the breakwater.

The "pay" went ashore again and stayed until the wee small hours of the night, so that it was not until nearly noon the next day that Miller "squeezed out of him" the overpowering news that "it was no go;" we must wait for the *Peru*, sailing eight days later.

Well, we went below and unpacked everything, well knowing that this was the only "sure" way to ever get away for America.

Another week was dragged out minute by minute. Miller and I had the remainder of our service figured out in seconds and passed some time decently away in subtracting the seconds in odd numbers every eight or ten minutes. Miller even went out on deck and voluntarily loaned a fellow five dollars for two weeks, in order to coax the *Peru* along to take us in a week. That was a "fetcher."

The "pay" had been confidentially interviewed by every man in the draft at least a dozen times to know if passage had

been secured by cable, telegraph, letter—anything, so long as we got it. The “pay,” executive officer, captain and on down to the ship’s cook was waylaid and questioned as to the passage on the *Peru* for the draft, until every man on the ship was sick and tired of the subject. Even the cat would hist his back, show his teeth and “scat” when he saw one of the draft coming his way. He need not have been so “sassy,” for he got nearly all the victuals of the entire seventeen men for three weeks; none of us could eat. I believe if we had been kept much longer there would have been no need to send us in anything but a box.

Well, something “fetched” her. Miller and I held a long debate over the matter; resolved, was it owing to the fact that he had loaned a fellow five dollars for two weeks, or to the fact that we had unpacked all our “things,” that the *Peru* finally came in and passage was actually secured in her? It was never fully decided, and I leave it to my readers to settle.

At any rate, something “fetched” her, and with a draft of sixteen men, I left the flagship *Brooklyn* on the morning of November twenty-third and went aboard the Pacific mail steamer.

The *Peru* is a small passenger steamer, with black hull and white upper works. She was neat to perfection, every rope, hatch cover, deck chair, etc., in its proper place. She steams eighteen to twenty knots per hour and makes the run from Yokohama to San Francisco in seventeen days. Her officers are Americans and her crew mixed Americans and Chinese. She is fitted up with first and second cabin and oriental steer-

age. There were several hundred Japanese on board, quartered much the same as hogs in a stock car forward in the oriental steerage. They were bound for Honolulu, and their passage was a terrible one. Packed like sardines in the black, foul hole, they merely existed through a ten day period of sea sickness and misery, to Honolulu. The *Peru* is about as well arranged for oriental steerage passengers as any Eastern ocean steamer (Pacific), but the reduced fare allowed orientals necessitates limited quarters and they nearly always take the cheapest passage, regardless of comfort.

We were quartered in the second cabin, which is located aft, and were allowed the freedom of the "quarterdeck." Being the only second cabin passengers, we had plenty of room and the jackies "went in" for skylarking immediately on going aboard.

The second cabin was fitted up with little staterooms and bunks in two tiers. Electricity and hot and cold water were furnished; our accommodations were complete.

And such a change from man-of-war life. The food was excellent; officers addressed us with politeness, spoke to us in kindly voices and treated us with respect. We felt that we were already out of the navy and for the first time in years our hearts swelled with that true feeling of freedom that marks people as Yankees the world over.

Promptly at noon, as scheduled, the *Peru* slowly steamed past the *Brooklyn*, that magnificent fighting ship of Santiago fame, with our little band of jackies standing at "attention" in her honor for the last time.

One of our party was a bugler, and as the clear call of his bugle sounding "attention" was wafted across the water to our old shipmates, we gave three hearty cheers for the dear old ship and the boys left behind. They manned the side and returned our cheer with a will, while the steam whistle of the *Peru* sent blast after blast across the waters in sympathy with the happy event, "When Jack Comes Sailing Home." These great ships, as though they understood, gracefully dipped "old glory" to each other, and almost before I could realize it, the flagship *Brooklyn*, my old home for eighteen months, appeared but a small speck of glimmering white upon the horizon.

After nearly three years of absence from America, home and friends, I felt with profound joy the throbbing of machinery which was set in motion to carry us back with all the speed that steam can insure.

Out across the great Pacific, with the grace of a swan, the *Peru* glided, throbbing and panting with seeming impatience at the resistance of a sluggishly calm sea; she rose, rolled, tossed her bow, and gently fell again, as though completely exhausted with the struggles, only to renew with increased vigor the toiling toward Uncle Sam's shores.

Life aboard the *Peru* was very pleasant. Her officers were extremely friendly and courteous. She was a good sea vessel, but, being rather small, tossed and rolled considerably in the choppy swell.

Our little band of sailors were the jolliest lot on the ship, and held nightly revels on the quarterdeck which often brought the first cabin passengers aft to breathe their share of the at-

mosphere of gaity. Mimic drills, fire quarters, battle, roll call, "mast," where the captain metes out punishment to men for breaches of discipline, and other affairs on board ship were held, all hands playing a part, which caused the days to pass by much more pleasantly than would have been the case if we had been content to mope and wish for the end of the voyage. A seventeen day voyage toward home was as nothing to us after traveling, during the three year cruise, enough miles to reach more than three times around the world.

"Blackie" and "Smithie" held first and second places, respectively, in the nightly revelry. "Blackie," being a Frenchman, danced and sang French songs as his own accompaniment. At regular intervals he would go below, reappearing presently with a big "square-face" bottle of gin under his arm. Using the bottle as an imaginary lady partner, he would waltz and two-step about the deck, singing his own accompaniment, with all the calm, apparent forgetfulness of self and rapture imaginable. His attempts at grace, occasionally interrupted by a roll of the vessel that would send him sprawling in the scupper, were positively "killing" in their awkwardness. "Blackie" waltzed much the same as a cow might, his heavy figure turning and twisting in the loose fitting sailor togs appeared so ridiculous that "Smithie" could not resist the temptation to joke him a little. A "chaw" between the two would follow something after this style:

Smithie—"Say, Blackie, you waltz all right, except your feet."

Blackie—"What else can you expect of me with no more room to waltz in than this—I've only got two feet."

Smithie—"Yes, I see you have only two, but you would have been a taller man if they hadn't turned so much of your legs down for feet."

Blackie—"Oh, pipe down about feet; watch me do a polka."

Smithie—"Poker, is it? Well, I call you; I've got four aces. What have you got?"

Blackie—"Oh! I've got sich a headache! Und I veel zick to my stumach. Smithie, vont ye blease smile at th' steward, zo he vill throw un orange at you? I think I need one."

Smithie—"What's the use, we couldn't feed it to you without a syringe, on account of the size of your mouth." (Blackie had an abnormally large mouth.)

Blackie—"Oh, you go and fall overboard; you might as well; you can't land at 'Frisko without showing citizen papers, on account of the map of Italy stick'n out all over your face."

Smithie—"Polly want a crac—, or, I beg pardon, Polly voo Fransa?"

Blackie—"Say, Smithie, aint it about time you shut up? Here, take this dime and go git a hair-cut."

Smithie—"Look here, Blackie, while you are about it you might as well give me a dollar and I'll git 'em all cut."

So they carried on, hour after hour, until the rest of the party reaching their limit, would chase them below to find united consolation in the gin bottle.

We were favored with beautiful weather during the entire voyage to Honolulu. Bright sun, smooth sea, with a sky clear



and blue, tinged here and there with occasional passing silver clouds, gave that Indian summer cast to the weather so necessary to a perfect sea voyage. To sit on deck, under heavy awnings, during those bright afternoons, off to one side of the deck with only my pipe for company, and dream of my home-going; the meeting with loved ones; alterations in my affairs since my departure, and a thousand other things that would be of interest, was delight almost worth three years' hard service to experience. How would my mother look? Was her hair white? When I left it was gray, but time might have altered all that. Would father be the same jolly "old dad" that I had left, it seemed, ages ago?

But, alas, was it wise for me to dream and build castles in the air on my prospect of reaching home? It was true, the sea rolled in ordinary calmness, the air was not unusually threatening, the machinery of the ship was, apparently, in excellent condition. But the *Rio de Janeiro* was said to have gone down in just five minutes after she struck with nearly all hands on board. Could it be possible that I was afraid of the ship sinking with me before arrival in "God's country"? Possibly, a little. A thousand things might happen in a day, and I wanted, oh, so much, to see home and friends again! It is impossible to picture to a mind with no similar experience with which to make comparisons the doubts, fears and agonies of longing that beset one under such a condition. One could only hope and wait, perhaps pray a little. One could only feel uncomforted the desire to urge the good ship on at a more rapid speed. At times she seemed to mope along at a snail's pace.

Seventeen days is a long time to wait with nothing but sky and water composing the horizon, when one is coming home.

The monotony was broken only by a day's visit in Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, which was all that was required to complete the happiness of our home coming.

Honolulu is a veritable Eden and is rapidly gaining in commercial importance. The missionaries originally sent out by the United States have a strong hold and the people are divided into a missionary and people's party.

These parties are continually at war with each other concerning the government. The missionary party is said to be in the majority and more powerful in the possession of wealth.

On entering Honolulu harbor the vessel passes through a channel blasted through the solid rock of a reef extending across the mouth of the harbor. On either side of the buoyed channel water dashes upon the dangerous reef, tossing spray dozens of feet into the air. Its roar can be heard for miles.

The harbor is a busy one, merchant vessels from all parts of the world line the docks and men-of-war and army transports are generally to be seen in or near port.

The *Peru* steamed into Honolulu harbor at night, giving us an excellent opportunity to view the city when illuminated. All along the beach in front of the city stretched a line of arc lights which gave sufficient illumination for the loading and unloading of vessels. On the domes and towers about the city were placed extra lights marking here and there the location of superior masonry. Farther on back of the city, up the incline to "Punch Bowl" crater, runs a zigzag line of electric

lights from the base to the top of the small mountain, following the electric railway in its windings to the very summit. These lights appear from the sea to be one continuous line of fire and the effect is magnificent.

The *Peru* tied up at the dock and began unloading and loading mail and cargo at once. Natives assisted in this work, and one of the strangest facts of my travels was met with here: a brown man speaking excellent English. So accustomed had I become to the jabbering of foreign tongue among colored men, that I paid little attention to these Honolulu people at first; but finally it seemed to me that I could make out what they were saying, and upon giving it my attention a moment, felt considerably mortified to recognize my own tongue.

About nine o'clock in the morning "all hands" went ashore to have a few hours' ramble over the city. The *Peru* was not to sail before evening, so that we had almost an entire day in which to visit this "hula-hula" land.

Leaving the Pacific mail docks, we passed along the mail steamer docks, through an immense freight house onto the main shore road. Five minutes' walk brought us to the city market. This is one of the finest fish, meat, vegetable and fruit markets I have ever seen. An immense shed, under which are fish tanks, tables, vats and booths or stalls, where fruit, cigars, soft drinks, etc., are sold. The whole was kept very clean, and there was little of the customary "market smell" to be detected about the place. It is conducted mainly by natives.

Across the street from the market is the United States naval station which is being completed. It covers considerable

ground, and judging from the class of unfinished work going on, it will be a model naval station.

Leaving the market, we proceeded down town. Found the city up-to-date and the people not far behind. A great many very pretty half-caste girls were seen on the streets and about the city. The people were richly dressed and the general appearance of Honolulu was prosperous. The streets were well paved, the buildings modern. The city is certainly a most beautiful one, owing its beauty, perhaps, to the luxuriant vegetation in which it abounds.

Flowers, pretty evergreen trimmed trees and vines appeared everywhere and the air was heavy with their perfume.

A number of native ladies and girls were selling garlands of flowers on the street, and people, everywhere, who appeared to be enjoying a holiday, wore them about their necks.

After we had exhausted the sights of the city and partaken of an excellent dinner at an American restaurant, we boarded an ancient appearing horse car connecting with the electric inclined railway for the "Punch Bowl."

Half an hour's ride up the zigzag railway brought us to the summit, where a magnificent view of the city was afforded. The famous "Punch Bowl" lies across from the highest point to which the car goes and you can look over into the crater of this extinct volcano. Splendid and varied is the scenery about the city of Honolulu, and as I stood on the peak of this mountain looking out over the beautiful evergreen clad city, upon the broad expanse of the Pacific to the horizon, a realization of the wonderful creation of earth came overpoweringly upon

me, and I realized for the first time, I think, the utter insignificance, when compared with creation, though his works and accomplishments may all be considered, of that conceited animal—man.

Returning to the city, we were preparing to go on board the *Peru*, when an incident came under my observation that may, if related here, prove of lasting benefit to many young ladies if closely studied. My readers will remember that it had been many months since I had spoken to a white woman; many months since I had looked upon the face of an American lady. If you can picture to your own mind the dilapidated state man would reach when isolated from his country woman, you will be able to understand to a small degree the condition of mind men in the orient are placed. In the United States woman is placed upon a high plane. She is the brightest part of men's lives; she is petted, idolized and, perhaps, spoiled. Good women are the fairest of God's creatures. He placed her on earth to love, and be loved by, man. Lovely American woman, the world has none more fair! Take her away and this old world would be a sorry place for man. Take away your mother, sister, sweetheart, wife, and the light of your life is faded into lusterless darkness. I had not heard the sound of voice nor looked upon the face of an American woman for months, until, on passing down a lane in Honolulu, two beautiful young American ladies slowly approached from the opposite direction and, hesitating near us, one of them exclaimed, "Oh, what a beautiful rose! Do you think we could get it?"

Several of our little band of sailors were together and we were gaping in amazement at the ladies. To me they appeared the most beautiful sight that had come before my eyes for months. The men were all struck with astonishment. One of them, an honest young Irishman, who would rather cut off his right arm than have displeased one of the ladies, sprang down the little bluff into the ditch where the flower grew, and losing his footing, fell into a puddle of water, wetting and disarranging his clothes, but he secured the flower, and running after the ladies, doffed his cap and, blushing red, said: "Excuse me, please, lady, here is the flower you wanted."

He made but a sorry appearance in his disheveled condition. He was scared, and his approach was not of the most formal character, but his heart was honest and it was plainly visible.

This young American lady, upon whose face we had all been delighted to gaze, upon the tremors of whose voice we were glad to bend our attention, as she looked at this young volunteer for his country, in the uniform of Uncle Sam's Navy, her country's protector, drew up her shoulders in haughty disdain, elevated her nose about two extra points in the air and fired such a look of killing scorn at poor "Mike" that he almost fainted, when she said: "S-i-r! I d-o-n't k-n-o-w y-o-u!"

With this surprising speech, she turned and hurried her companion away from those "dirty sailors."

If there is any young lady among my readers who does not understand the drift and meaning of this incident, let her at once ask her mamma, and then spend the next year in thinking hard over her reply.

The *Peru* sailed at dark and outside the harbor we found the sea quite rough and rising rapidly. By midnight a storm had struck us. The wind blew heavy, the night inky blackness, and the angry sea pounded, tossed and rolled the little steamer in a most distressing manner. In all my sea service I had never before felt real sea sickness. But, after traveling thousands of miles on the sea, in all kinds of weather from quiet calm to tremendous storm, without feeling this terrible monster's influence, I was destined to feel it within three days' sail of Uncle Sam's shores. The *Peru* being a smaller vessel and laid on a different keel, met the sea in a manner unusual to me; instead of the heavy plowing through the sea of a steel man-of-war, I felt the light buoyant bounding and rolling of an ocean passenger steamer, which, though comfortable enough when one becomes accustomed to it, turns a man-of-war's-man topsy-turvy.

However, I kept a stiff upper lip, and early on the morning of December 10, 1901, she steamed slowly through the "Golden Gate" into the harbor of San Francisco.

Oh, with what inexpressible joy did we look upon the shores of the dear old United States! How one's heart thumped and bounded with the hot affection and enthusiasm that came with this beautiful sight! Everything looked American, but, after all these strange places and sights, home (America) seemed a strange land; the people had strange ways; the buildings, streets and everything upon which one's eyes fell had a foreign look. I could have cried for the very sorrow of find-

ing myself a stranger at home, had not the excitement prevalent occupied my entire mind and attention.

We telephoned to the commandant of Mare Island Navy Yard and Station the fact of our arrival and he ordered us to proceed at once to the United States receiving ship *Independence*, at Mare Island, which is the naval rendezvous.

That night we slept on the *Independence*, and it seemed good. Though everything appeared strange, it was exquisite joy to feel that we were at last in Uncle Sam's land. They treated us kindly and considerable curiosity was evinced by the jackies on the vessel. There were "old timers" and "rookies." The young men who had just enlisted for service, and who were very anxious, as is usually the case, to be sent to sea, asked many questions. We had little to say, but advised them to "try it a cruise," which we thought would take most of the curiosity out of them. We did not feel in the story-telling mood; instead, we simply wanted to enjoy to the fullest extent every minute of our lives in America.

All hands were very eager to proceed on to New York, where we expected to be discharged. But we were informed that it would be necessary for us to "lay over" a day or two in Mare Island before the official machinery could be made to grind out transportation and orders for us. This was indeed a disappointment. Many of them had to come part of the distance back west after reaching New York and receiving their discharges before reaching their homes. Christmas was coming on and it was feared that we would not reach our homes in time to eat "puddin" on that happy day.



We were not in the best of health. One of our number had passed most of the voyage in his bunk and had to be carried ashore and at once sent to Mare Island hospital, where he was still confined when last I heard of him.

A few of the draft were San Francisco boys. A great many friends came at once to visit them and it made the rest of us feel rather blue. It occurred to me then that in each of my army and navy enlistments and discharges I had been alone, amid strange surroundings, with no one to advise, comfort or cheer me. Poor old Chum, I wondered what had become of him. The last I knew, he had felt himself compelled, on account of the inhuman treatment of a superior officer (as he wrote me) to desert the navy, his country and his flag.

Never in all my experience have I met a more loyal or patriotic young man than he. He loved and was proud of America. He was honorable in every act in which I knew him. Yet he deserted. I will never be able to believe that it was possible for him to remain in the service and live; for I know him well, and he is not at heart a deserter. I was anxious to get to New York so that I might learn of his whereabouts.

Well, the order finally came to send us at once by train to New York. After the delay of two days, at their ease, they suddenly became hurried. They hustled us, trappings and all, on board the train, and almost before we were aware of it, we were speeding across the Rockies toward America's metropolis.

The Rocky Mountains loomed up grand and majestic; they were awe inspiring. They are appropriately named. Simply great piles of jagged rock standing bare and weather-beaten, with here and there a stunted tree or bush as the only sign of soil or vegetation in the nooks and crevices.

We were furnished with dining car and sleeper tickets. I was placed in charge of the entire party and the transportation, etc., put in my care. I found this a difficult position to fill. The men felt already out from under the arm of naval authority, and were inclined to resent any interference on my part to keep them quiet and orderly. Accustomed for years to the rough life on board a man-of-war, they often forgot themselves and their language. A sailor swears from, apparently, natural instinct. Their words have little real meaning, but sound as offensive to ladies as a "land lubber's cussin'." However, they all appreciated my position and endeavored to conduct themselves in a proper manner. It was often amusing to watch a fellow trying to "be good." He would sit quietly and gaze about the car for, perhaps, five minutes, when suddenly discovering some opportunity to trick a shipmate, he would forget all about "being good," and break loose in true sailor fashion, only to remember himself a moment later and feel greatly embarrassed.

The dining service was very fair over the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific routes until we reached Omaha; then, for some unknown reason, unless they thought because we were sailors it was not necessary to serve us as well as other people, service ceased to be satisfactory. The food given us was not

always equal to that of other passengers; the waiters were not over polite; we were required to wait until the entire train of passengers had dined before we were served and one or two days were kept waiting for breakfast until six o'clock in the evening. We never breakfasted as late as this on naval vessels, so the men were very hard to pacify. Of course, being in charge, I had the unpleasant duty of reporting conductors, waiters, etc., until I was tired; I had the still more unpleasant duty of reproaching and ordering hungry men to cease grumbling about "no dinner." In fact, my position was exceedingly unpleasant. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the men procured a few bottles of whisky and before I had become aware of it had made themselves half drunk. Then my troubles commenced; they wanted to "cuss" the trainmen, they wanted to sing, they wanted to fight anybody who desired a fight, in fact, they wanted everything to be thought of, until I became almost frantic, and had to have the lights turned out in order to put them to sleep.

But they were a good lot of men, and not one of them but what would have done anything in his power to assist me, except "be good" himself.

It was my misfortune to be compelled to pass through Ottumwa, Iowa, only twenty miles distant from my home, without being able to stop off an hour. We passed through at night but I remember looking hard in the direction of home and wishing that I could become a bird for a few hours, so that I might at least take a look at home. But men are not turned into birds in the twentieth century, and I traveled to New York

and back again before looking upon the home of my childhood.

Our route lay through Chicago, where we arrived in the morning and "all hands" being tired, I permitted them to stop off eight hours and turned them loose in the city. Several of us visited the Art Institute and were very kindly admitted free of charge by the manager, who said he felt compelled to honor and respect Uncle Sam's uniform. Several hours were spent here and greatly enjoyed by all.

Everywhere bustle and confusion reigned. Stores were preparing for Christmas trade, windows were decked in holiday display. Thousands of people thronged the streets and business houses. After enjoying an excellent lunch at a restaurant near State street, a small party of us attended the matinee, which, with the dinner that followed it, passed pleasantly the time allowed in this busy city.

It lacked an hour to train time and I could find but three sailors! Time seemed to be flying. To be delayed another day meant difficulty on arrival in New York. I became uneasy and racked my brain for some means of bringing them together. When ashore Jack is often irresponsible and I feared they were drunk, arrested, perhaps, or in a thousand other kinds of trouble. What should I do? To go on to New York and leave them meant a court martial on arrival. As I sat pondering over this tangled problem, a policeman walked past me into the adjoining room, and brought the query to my mind, "Why not ask the chief of police to help find them?"

Acting on the impulse, I called him up by telephone and informed him that I was in charge of a draft of sailors, who

were scattered about in Chicago, no one knew where, and that it was absolutely necessary to have them all at the depot within an hour.

He politely asked me if they were all in uniform and if they wore cap ribbons with the name "U. S. S. Brooklyn" on them in gilt letters. I replied in the affirmative, and he said he had noticed a few about State street that afternoon. He requested me to call him up ten minutes before train time, and report whether or not they had all returned, saying further that he would instruct "roundsmen" to send them in, wherever found.

In less than thirty minutes they began to arrive. Each had a different story to tell about two, three or four policemen ordering them to "get to the depot as quick as their legs could take them." Some came alone; others who had imbibed too freely were escorted by big policemen, and some who were beyond the use of mere legs, were honored by free rides in the patrol wagon.

At ten minutes before train time I 'phoned the chief that my men had all arrived and asked him how he had managed to work so quick. His reply was characteristic of Chicago people, short and to the point: "Roundsmen Irish, got big feet, can walk, this is Chicago. Ring off."

From Chicago we passed through Washington, D. C., and arrived in New York, all hands safe and sober, on December nineteenth. Our papers were delayed in their arrival from San Francisco, so that we were not finally discharged until the twenty-first.

With an honorable discharge in my pocket, I trudged slowly down great Broadway and gazed with renewed interest into the faces of its pedestrians. Since I had trodden this crowded thoroughfare, three years before, I had completed the circuit of old "mother Earth," had experienced many things, and had visited many lands. I had learned the true value of America, had learned to appreciate this, its greatest thoroughfare. The people appeared unchanged. They hurried, moped and idled in the same manner as those I had looked upon three years before. Their faces all showed the cares of life as before. I looked closely into the faces of several, oh, a great many, and they didn't appear to have missed me a bit!

#### MY NEXT CRUISE.

I've knocked around the world a bit,  
Been buncoed lots 'er places;  
Sometimes I've had not much ter eat,  
Agin made money like all blazes.

But though I've traveled fur and wide,  
Some jobs have come I kaint fergit;  
There's one wherein no snap I see,—  
The Navy's the poorest I've struck yit.

They told me when I signed my name,  
That all I'd have ter do  
Was walk up each month and draw my coin,  
And daily eat my bread and stew.

But now, young feller, it seems to me  
That that durn'd cuss he tole a lie,  
And if agin I do him see  
He'll need some fixen fer his eye.

The Captain, he seems so stuck up,  
He can't a common feller speak to,  
And when yer try to talk ter him  
Yer think he's goin' ter eat you.

The First Luff, he seems a queer old cuss,  
Got a lightnin' sort o' eye;  
But, Great Gee Hosephat, you better scoot,  
When he's been monkeyin' with old rye.

Now the men as rides before the mast,  
I don't think I'll try describe;  
There's so many different colors, kinds,  
From this old world, so fur and wide.

Some has corners on their haid,  
Some air flat from toe ter heel;  
But the biggest end of them I find  
Air kinder shy uv upper wheels.

Last of all I find myself  
Compelled ter tell it straight,  
Durned if I know what else ter call  
This Navy but my rotten fate.

Now, I've been all round the world,  
Seen all kinds uv heathen races;  
Some hangs pigs-tales on their haid,  
Some puts war paint on their faces.

Some fellers where my ships have been  
Has ten er twenty wives,  
And a couple-a-hunderd children  
To burden of their lives.

Now, Japan, that's er funny place,  
If you haint heard it now yer'd orter;  
A father there will sell, b'gosh  
Fer dollars his own dorter!

The Filipino gals—gee whiz, ther proud!  
Ther powerful fond er jewelry,  
A termater can upon ther leg,  
An' all sich gol dorn foolry!

An' as fer clothes, they don't keer  
As much as what they orter;  
Why, a maiden fair will stroll along  
With clothes no more'n a quarter!

There's monkeys, parrots, birds and snaiks,  
Liven in valley, plain and mountain;  
An' finest kind er pretty flowers,  
An' waterfalls an' fountains.

Why, sometimes it 'pears ter me,  
While steamin' 'mong ther islands,  
That Heaven must be much alike  
Our valleys here and highlands.

So, after all, I kalkerlate,  
That maybe this air Navy  
Has made me all 'round a better man,  
My conscience cool and shady.

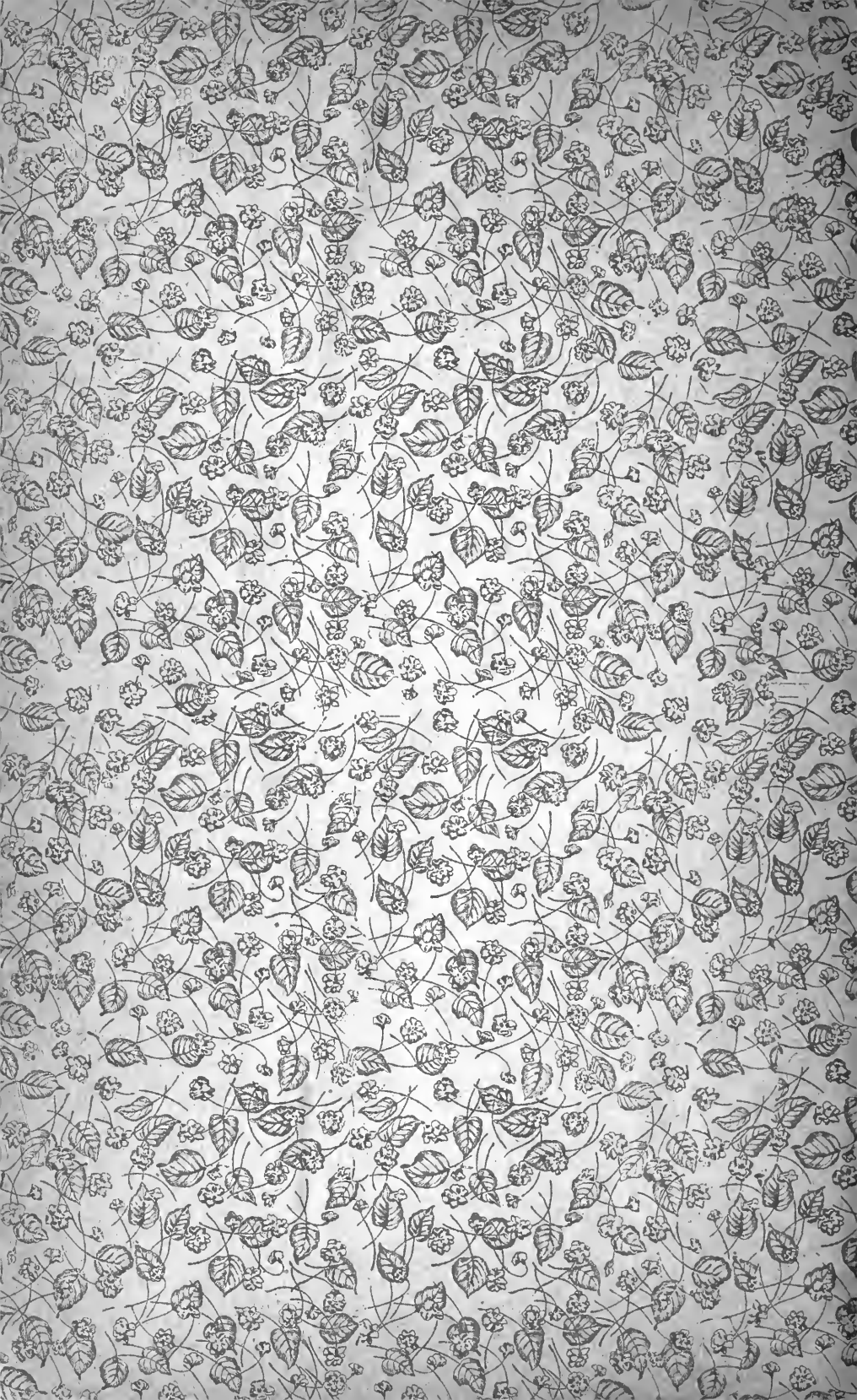
An' when at last my cruise was out,  
An' 'round my neck dear mother's arms,  
I reckon how I was just glad  
Ter cruise with Pop upon ther farm.

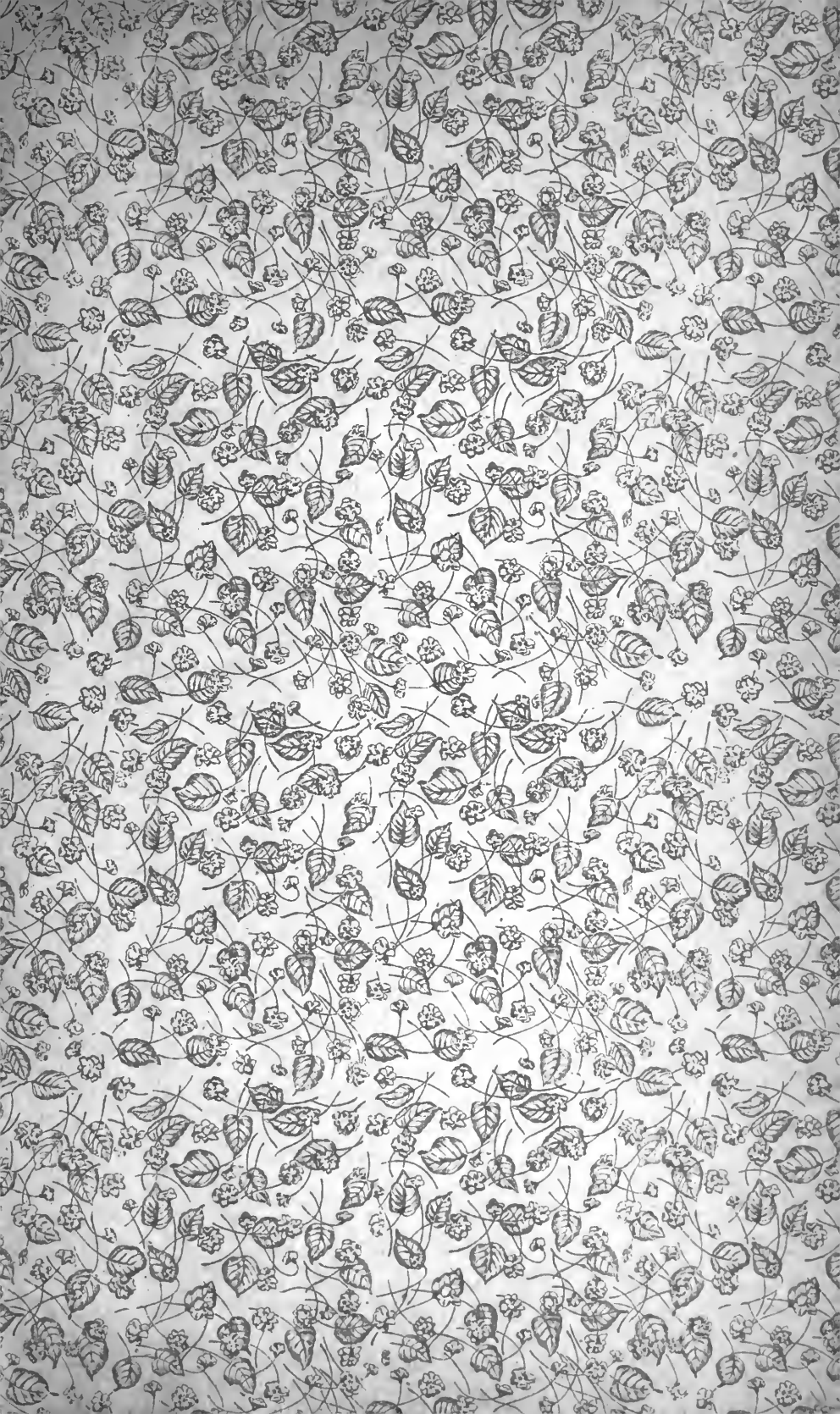


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